NOS

BOOK of the RESURRECTION

Miguel Serrano

Books by Miguel Serrano

THE MYSTERIES

THE VISITS OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

THE SERPENT OF PARADISE

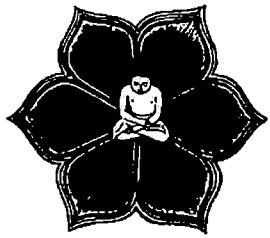
C. G. JUNG AND HERMANN HESSE:
A RECORD OF TWO FRIENDSHIPS

THE ULTIMATE FLOWER

EL/ELLA

NOS

BOOK OF THE RESURRECTION



MIGUEL SERRANO

TRANSLATED IN COLLABORATION
WITH THE AUTHOR BY
GELA JACOBSON

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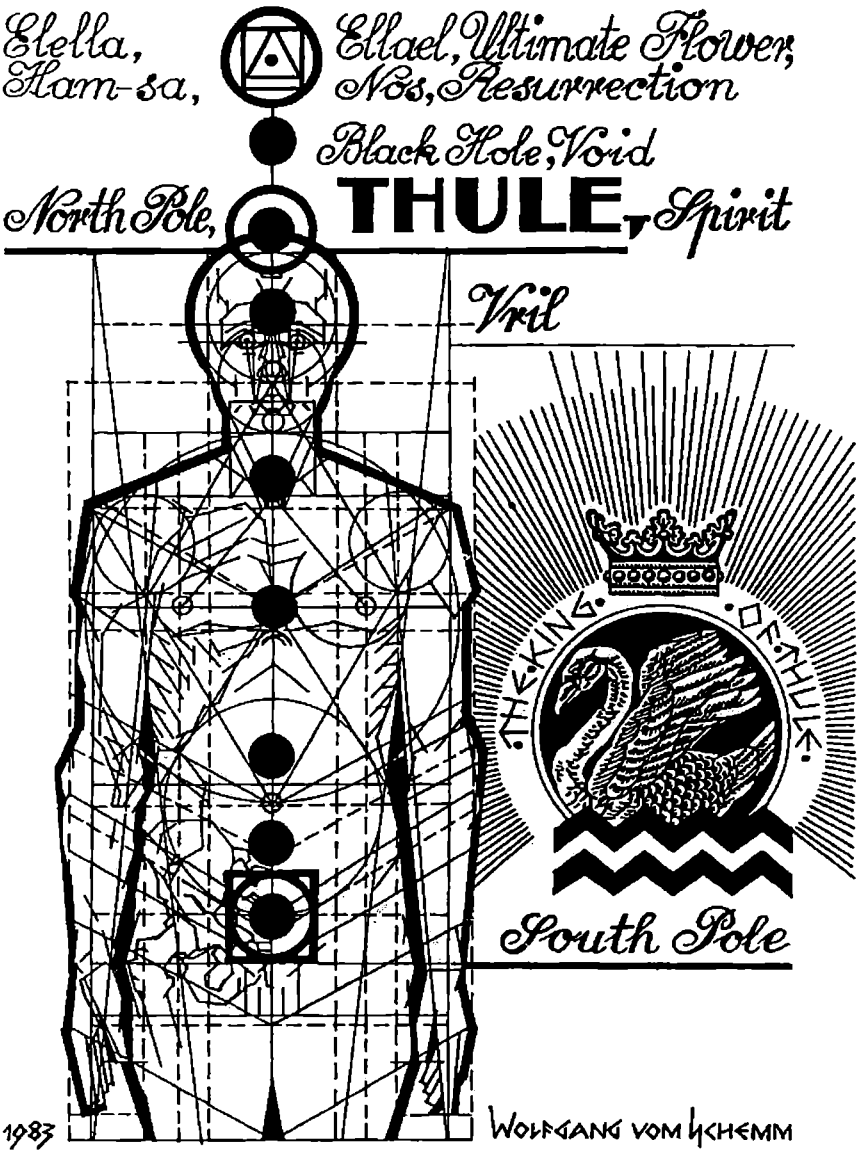
The grave watered by tears.
O you, fields of wheat!

Turn away no more.
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore
Is given thee till the break of day.

The only representative of God
on earth is the soul

MEISTER ECKHART



1983

WOLFGANG VOM SCHEMM

THE WAY OF A-MOR

INTRODUCTION

This work possesses all the defects needed to defeat time. I was forced to write it in this way. In accordance with the required limitations, I have also been permitted to reveal the Martial Initiation of A-Mor.

The whole of my creative work falls outside the boundaries of any specific literary genre; it is neither a poem, nor a novel, nor a philosophical essay, although it contains a little of each of these. I conceived it within a rhythmic unity of the soul, and it can be assimilated with no more difficulty than that inherent in its symbology and essential obscurity, even by those who come upon it for the first time.

In *NOS, Book of the Resurrection* I have been forced, as I said, to violate the aesthetic formula, so as to introduce lengthy semi-conceptual, but always symbolic, passages, which apparently break through the web of a parallel world in order to situate themselves in another one – thus forming the arrows which assassinate time. Of course, they are the defects which are necessary for a grandiose ultimate diapason. ('This face does not have enough ugliness in it to be truly beautiful.')

EL/ELLA, Book of Magic Love, the work which preceded this one, sought the reintegration of him and her, the recomposition of the primordial Cosmic Egg. However, in the Initiation of A-Mor, which *NOS, Book of the Resurrection* attempts to reveal (with great fear and difficulty), I am going beyond the Androgynous of the beginnings, in search of an absolute differentiation, the Absolute Personality. I imagine that the ultimate solution is a leap into the Void, over the Sahasrara chakra, from the peak of Mount Meru, where the Magic Wedding of Siva and Parvati took place. Their

union in sacred matrimony is called *Gandharba* – the *Hieros-Gamos* or *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. From there the intention is to reach *Sunya*, the seeming Void, the Non-existent Flower, the definitive separation of tantric ecstasy: *Kaivalya*, as opposed to Vedantic *Samadhi*. That is to say, the magician as opposed to the saint and the mystic. The ultimate aim of the Hyperborean Initiation of A-Mor.

The origins of this most ancient martial initiation are lost in the mists of time (if indeed it ever did have any origins), and it is based on the Orphic Cosmogony, which is a Hyperborean revelation, belonging solely to the polar divinities and semi-divinities, to the 'White Gods' who lived at both poles and were later submerged in the interior 'Hollow Earth'. They are also the lords of the Ray of Green Light, beyond the Sun of Gold and the Black Sun.

According to the Orphic Cosmogony, Love drives the Cosmogonic Eros to break the Cosmic Egg which encloses it, dividing the Androgynous. Thus, Creation is the dance of Him and Her seeking and losing each other throughout infinity.

There is a mystery which has rarely been spoken of, and then only in a tremulous, almost inaudible voice. The Androgynous had a female companion who was not its 'her' inside the Great Egg but had always been outside it, even before it was broken, before the loss of the Paradise of Hyperborea (Hyperborea means 'beyond the Ice and Storm').[1] The Book of Genesis calls her Lilith.

The Book of Genesis is known to be an Atlantean story which has been adulterated, expurgated, totally mutilated. Closer to what really happened is what Plato tells us about Atlantis in his *Critias* and *Timaeus*. In the beginning 'a man issued forth out of the earth'. He was called Evenor and he married Leucippe. They had a daughter, Cleito. The god Poseidon fell in love with her. Perhaps this is the fall of the divine extraterrestrials, of which the Book of Enoch tells us? The angels, it says, fell in love with the 'daughters of men' and consorted with them. From them were descended the semi-divine heroes, who were no longer immortal. From the union of Poseidon and Cleito were born ten kings of Atlantis, the eldest being Atlas, who supports the pillar of the sky. After him comes Apollo, who protects the Oath and the Golden Law. Apollo, according to the Greeks, travelled to Hyperborea every nineteen

[1] Hyperborea is a mythical lost continent surrounding the North Pole. Some people believe that it was the real Atlantis.

years in order to rejuvenate himself. In reality, the Greek gods are the heroes and kings of Atlantis-Hyperborea. Poseidon and Cleito produced the five pairs of twins who were the ten kings of Atlantis. The Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux (Pole) are one of these pairs. So also may be Jason. At the very least, he is a king of the Grail, like Heracles-Hercules.

It is important to be able to cast light on the mystery of the Twin Kings of Atlantis. Is the twin a material entity or only the 'double' in an astral, parallel world?

It can be deduced from all this that various levels of humanity exist. The divine humanity of the Hyperboreans, the semi-divine humanity of the heroes descended from the intercourse of the gods with the daughters of men, and that of the animal-men, the *sudra*, the *pasu*, 'the slaves of Atlantis', perhaps the 'robots' of Atlantis, who somehow managed to survive its sinking.

Plato tells us the story of the destruction of Atlantis as if it refers to a catastrophe which occurred a very long time after the immense tragedy that is only recorded in the *akâsic* register of the universe. Only the divine Hyperboreans escaped from it in their *vimanas*, or 'flying discs', going to other planets (to Venus, the Morning Star?). The axis of the earth shifted, the seasons were born, the Second Earth involuted. The First Earth became the 'hollow' Interior Earth. When the divinities returned, ages later (Lucifer was one of their leaders), they found everything changed. On the surface were strange, unrecognisable beings (Evenor, Leucippe, Cleito?). Some of the extraterrestrials 'fell in love with the daughters of men'. Lucifer and his hosts entered the interior, Hollow Earth, where they built the cities of Agharti and Shambhalla. There they hoped to be able to recover those who had turned into semi-divinities through consorting with the terrestrials.

Because of the impossibility of writing their real names, which are in fact mantrams, we have given them names like Evenor, Apollo, Lucifer, Jason, Leucippe, Cleito and Lilith, which are taken from the truncated mythologies of a more or less recent past.

The *Edda* refer to the same subject as the Book of Enoch and the *Mahabharata*, showing us that the Vanir and the Æsir have extraterrestrial origins. They are the 'angels' of the Book of Enoch who taught men the arts of building, astronomy and agriculture, and women to adorn themselves by making cosmetics. Did the Vanir or the Æsir consort with the daughters of men? Perhaps they

both did? Just like the Pandavas and the Koravas in the great war of the *Mahabharata*, the Vanir and the Æsir, who were blood relatives, entered into military strife. The Vanir lived in the north, the Æsir apparently came from the Caucasus, led by Odin, or Wotan, the God of the Axe. They may have gone down into the Second Earth from the peak of Mount Elbrus. With them they took the Goddess Frigga. The Vanir had Freyja. There is effectively little difference between the two names. They also had Atlas, who gave his name to Atlantis. He was the supporter of the pillar of the sky above the North Pole, with his head touching the Pole Star above. Soon Atlas, too, worshipped Odin's axe. From the union of the Æsir and the Vanir came the Norsemen, worshipping their Hyperborean ancestors through the symbol of the Pillar of the Sky, whose real name is IR or ER, the root-name of the most important of the Gods, Irmin, which means POWER. In the Nordic cult, the tree then became the symbol of the legendary pillar. It is the Irminsul (IR-minsul), an ash which stood in the Eresburg (ER-esburg), the Castle of ER. Charlemagne felled it, while the monk Boniface cut down the sacropatriarchal Oak called Donar in the thousand-year-old grove. Both converted the 'pagans' by force. The *Edda* tell us that the sacred Tree, which was also called Yggdrasil, was destroyed in the Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods. It was the Tree of Life which grew in the Nordic, polar, Sacred Grove. Up its trunk climbed the vine Vid-Embla, like a fiery Serpent, coiling itself around it. The *Vitis-Vita*. The crown of the tree supported the sky and was the sky. Its golden fruits were the stars. In the Garden of the Hesperides grew Golden Apples, as they also did in Avalon, the *Insula Pomorum*, the Island of Apples. Apollo and the divine Hyperboreans went there to eat them in order to rejuvenate themselves and return to life as immortals. They were the Æsir (*Ask-Embla*), ASA, Axe, support, axis of the earth and the sky. Polar pillar and also *Vitis-Vita*. The way and the life. The pillar and the life. The tree and the serpent. The pillar and Kundalini.

The Tuatha De Danann in the Irish legend are also the Æsir, the extraterrestrials who came down from the stars.

The Nordic legends are closer to the great mystery of the point of origin than the Christian and expurgated ones, like the Book of Enoch itself; because the point of origin is to be found at the pole, in Hyperborea. From there came the cult of the Magic, Sacred

Wedding, later called *Gandharba* in Aryan India, and which the Germans took with them to the Languedoc, where it reappeared among the Provençal troubadours and the *Minnesänger* of the High Middle Ages (Tristan and Isolde), along with the *Asag* (see the Dictionary of Initiation of A-Mor at the end of the book), the May Bride and the Countess of May. And also with the mysterious *Woevre Saelde* (Isolde?) whose sons the *Minnesänger* claimed to be.

With regard to the Hyperborean Magic Wedding, it should be borne in mind that the name of the God Poseidon comes from the Greek *posis*, which means the married one. The husband of Cleito, the Betrothed. According to the Greek legend, he is the son of the God Uranus and the Goddess Gaia, the divine ancestors of the Atlanteans. Euripides said: 'In the Land of Amber (Hyperborea), the King of the Gods celebrated his marriage.'

The belief in reincarnation is also essentially nordico-polar (of both poles), being better expressed in the myth of the Eternal Return than in the rationally elaborated concept of Hinduism and Buddhism.

THE REVELATION

Because of the proximity of a new cataclysm, within the Eternal Return, and because the places of those who will be saved by the Flying Discs of Light have almost been filled, I have been permitted to reveal certain pages of the sacred book which refers to the cosmogony of this Martial Initiation of A-Mor – thanks to the same acceleration of time which foretold the catastrophe.

Here is what appears in the book which was salvaged from the fire:

How the Cosmic Egg was broken

'There was an Egg, which was all the non-created world, with transparent walls through which there could be seen no one and a non-outside. And this was where HIM-HER lived. In the breathing of the Great Egg, from time to time, like something which happened before the seconds and the hours, there appeared the colour green, which might have become a star, or a ray of light, but which remained as the motionless, cosmogonic Great Egg. A music, a sound, took shape; or rather, the seed of a music, its insinuated trembling. And the being which was there, inside the

Great Egg, seemingly complete and eternal, gave off a green vapour, and in that tenuous music the vapour condensed and She stood before Him, as if in the play of a breath or the simulation of a dance. But She did not yet exist. Hurriedly He reincorporated Her, breathing in deeply, becoming HIM-HER once more.

'But, the experiment had now been made, the time was foretold. Chance became Destiny within the Great Egg. The breathing became rhythmic, although it still stayed within the walls of transparent ice. And each time the Being breathed out, She emerged and danced a little, covered in a green placenta, until He breathed Her in as if He were drowning in a horrible pleasure, rapidly, rapidly, so as not to let Her escape. And a new chance-destiny occurred. The green veils fell away from Her. And He saw Her for the first time naked in her body made of breathed time, play and dance. And all his eternity could not suffice Him to gaze upon her nakedness. In an ecstasy of green fear. And as this event occurred for the first time, circular like his breathing which was now spinning like a star, She became hard, retaining her substance and form, until She, too, could gaze upon Him from outside. And although She tried to return, She could no longer do so, because She didn't fit, She couldn't get in. She was alone for a moment, but in that moment She realised that being alone could be a pleasant sensation. And She began to dance more and more quickly. And when He returned from his ecstasy, all his efforts to reincorporate Her were in vain, because the entrance had become smaller or had closed, leaving the terrible female at liberty, uncontrolled. And as He came closer to Her, He experienced the vertiginous sensation of his own flesh touching itself on the other side of a mirror. And it was She who took him into her body. *But this was not at all the same thing.*

'It will never be known who smashed the walls of the Cosmic Egg, whether it was Him or Her. The Egg turned into a star, a myriad of stars, into the music of the spheres. Someone stood waiting as if beside a spring, where the history of the Cosmogonic Egg is guarded in the secret depths of its impenetrable mystery.

'It has been said that She was the one who smashed the walls of the Great Egg, who was the active one, and that He remained motionless, as if paralysed. But, as we have seen, it was He who began to breathe Her, projecting Her like the image in a dream, so as to see Her unfold, beginning the uncertain separation and to

believe that He loved. It was He who invented this almost-love. But it has always been said that it was She, the seductress, the green-veiled ballerina, who gave a beginning to the flow of the waters of the river of forms, to the hallucinatory game of looking at oneself in mirrors.

'But, is there not perhaps another hidden being, either inside or outside the Great Egg, who pre-insinuates the drama? Another being who has discovered the way to get in through the walls of frozen glass?

'Outside there is nothing but Eggs, more Eggs. Because this drama takes place in only one of them. In the others there is still the eternity of HIM-HER, like an inviolate act.

The Her of Him

'We are coming down from the Ray of Green Light, first to the inaudible music of the Black Sun, then to the audible music of the Sun of Gold. And from its light which surrounds us, we have managed to extract the knowledge that the externalised woman does not have a soul or a "pre"-existence which would make her immortal. Because she was projected. This knowledge drives her to suck in the man, drawing him into herself, repeating the original event, but in the opposite way, as an even more obscure act. He will become the son, prolonging within the species the possibility of the Eternal Return, the turnings of the wheel, so that the hope of reintegration can continue. And the longing. She perpetuates herself in reproduction, conserving the increasingly tenuous hope of resurrection and of becoming immortal. However, solely through His immortality can She become immortal. This mystery is revealed only to a few in the initiation of the Grail, that stone which fell from the Ray of Green Light, that cup of eternal life.

'There are two types of women: the seductress, who wishes to go on dancing outside so as to imagine herself alive and with a soul, enticing the warrior in order to desecrate him (*Ecce Deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi!*); and she who places her eternity in the hands of her lover, who "dies so that he may live", because she believes in him with faith and love, imagining that if he regains his eternity, he will make her immortal, too.

'Whoever has the good fortune to meet this woman should

respond to her with loyalty and honour, and should one day try and return through the walls of transparent ice, beyond the cold and the storm, because she has staked her immortality on his.

'Woe betide the one who, having received the gift of eternity in the cup of death, was not loyal to his Her and was not able to bring Her back to life!

'There is only one her for each him. She has been singled out for him in some register of the universe. This cannot be changed, because She is the Her who came out of Him. In the turning of the wheel of the Eternal Return, it is not always given to them to meet. One or other might arrive late, or too early. But if they do manage to meet, everything must be put at stake to bring her back to life. And it is a crime to continue losing lives in other non-essential searches; because no one can succeed in replacing his Her.

'The Way of Return is a hard one. Here is the song of the wayfarer:

> "O Lucifer,
> There never was a passage,
> And no one, since
> Earliest times,
> Has ever discovered it,
> Neither by sea nor by land,
> This slender thread of crystalline water,
> Wind and green light,
> This sighing of his breast.
> The way is agonizing,
> Deep are the waters
> Of death!
> Where, O Lucifer,
> Shall we cross this immense sea?"

'With Luci-Bel we have lit this fire which never goes out and which leads us to a superhuman, irreversible destiny.

The Gods

'Those Eggs whose walls of ice have not yet been broken, within which the Cosmic Eros has not divided, are the Gods who watch us, following our enterprise from within their frozen immobility, in their absolute darkness, their black holes, through their walls of

real glass. They are the para-Him and the para-Her. The inviolate ones. However, perhaps they hope that from our movement, our fore-seen chance-destiny, conscious light may emerge for them as well, like an imperious meaning which will force them to cross the walls of real glass of their Eggs and which will smash them, so that the vibration projected by our drama, our dance of pleasure and pain, may illuminate the darkness of the inviolate ones.

HER-HIM

'It is whispered that there was once a woman who did not emanate from HIM-HER, the Cosmic Eros, and did not escape from it in a sigh of imagination and desire. And she was believed to have an immortal soul. Thus, she was the first companion of the Androgynous, being Androgynous herself. But this is no longer spoken of.

'In the darkness of the primordial Egg, this darkness is only so for whoever is looking at it from outside, because this darkness is a different kind of light, submerged in fury. Whoever is inside it only sees through blinded eyes, through the frozen glass, from one pole to the other. HIM-HER sees HER-HIM.

'HER-HIM, the first companion of the Cosmic Eros, has never been heard of again. And it is better so. The illusion of a return to HIM-HER and the possibility of reabsorbing her into oneself, becoming frozen for ever, was believed in. Has it ever been successfully achieved?

'No, because it is still being sought on the outside of women, in their physical bodies. It should be known then that, in reality, the solution is to be able to bring Her back to life, to resurrect Her within his soul.

'However, once the Great Egg has been broken, nothing can ever be the same again. The way back never reaches the same point in the turning of the spiral. And She will never again go back inside Him, as She once was before the beginning of time. Now She will lose herself outside at speeds which reach the other side of light.

'But, eternal love has been created.

The secret

'There is no single species of woman in the world. When the Egg of

HIM-HER was broken, HER-HIM watched the event from within her city of blue-green glass. She couldn't resist following suit, and so she, too, smashed her wall and projected her own him. And now we have a divine woman who is also seeking her lost totality within the Circle of the Returns. She is not the primordial and illusory female. She is the woman who leads the elect to the heaven of Absolute Love.

'HER-HIM has also put everything at stake, risking her mortal him, projecting him into the irreversible enterprise. She will never get him back again in the same way. And in the immensity of the universes, it is difficult to know how this story will end and whether both will be capable of smashing still other walls of even thicker matter, succeeding in loving one another in such a way that a para-Love which occurred on the other side of space and time can reach an eternity of another light, thus modifying the Monad, illuminating the darkness of the Primordial Egg in a different way. And in the rebellion of this game from which there is no escape, to succeed in eternalising the her of HIM-HER and the him of HER-HIM, clothing their images with immortal substance.

The face of the soul

'Only those who have recognised each other, thanks to a chance destiny, on the polar Mountain of the Revelation, in the depths of midnight, can fulfil this mystery of love and resurrection, supremely personalised, within the fatal circle of meetings and losses.

'Someone is watching this drama, still attached to its him and its her by a golden string. Someone who has been waiting as if beside a spring. And if love triumphs, not only will they have been immortalised, reaching a world that is even more glorious than that of the Gods, but they will also have given a face to HIM-HER and HER-HIM, illuminating the non-existence of the Black Sun with the light of this Other World. Because through drinking the liquor of Eternal Love in the Grail of green stone, they have been able to penetrate the virginity of their own and each other's Monads.

The Circles of Return

'In the initiation of the warriors of A-Mor, the aspiration is not to

achieve the Androgynous, but the Absolute Man and the Absolute Woman. The woman dies. She is dead. She must die in order to return to life. She is the warrior's companion, existing only in his mind, in his spirit. Only with the memory of his beloved in his heart can the initiate achieve the Grail. In the warriors of the order, immortality passes from the species to the individual, accompanied by an incurable sterility. Because he who continues to procreate children of perishable flesh cannot resurrect.

'The sign of the immortals is the square pupil. Look closely at the eyes of every traveller you meet, lest an immortal cross your path and you fail to recognise him.

'You have the impression that you have heard these words, seen the fire that consumes and illuminates each of these pages, and had the vision of the Cosmic Egg before. And this is so, because the Great Egg is to be found inside another still larger one, which has never been broken. Because of this, the act of losing is eternally repeated, because the longing revolves within the walls – still intact but limited – of a universe without exit, repeating each image, each fragment, each star, eternally. Until someone, some day, in the depths of midnight, reaches the Midday Sun and, with the sword of a Ray of Green Light, succeeds in smashing the walls of this other huge Egg, opening the way to the existence of a reality which has never been imagined even by the greatest of the searchers of longing.

'Drive your sword into the mirror beside the fire, so that as it is reflected in it, "everything looks as if it is in an upside-down sky", like an arm holding it, rising out of the waters. And passing your sword over the fire, sing:

> "O Sun of Gold that reflects the Black Sun!
> O Black Sun that hides the Ray of Green Light!
> Withdraw your luminous shadow,
> Rend your veils, so that
> I may see the hidden face,
> Veiled by your disc,
> By the revolving of your swastika,
> Because the one who is hidden there
> Is I myself."

'... Let forgetfulness never again fall upon us, let what we lived

through in the Eternal Return not find us again without memory, without recollection, let us engrave it for ever.

'. . . Continue your search for the city, enter it. She, too, is searching for it. . . .

'Draw your sword, unsheathe it, the moment has arrived.'

From this vision, one can deduce the following: loveless A-Mor consists of a reintegration of her in Him and him in Her, which Jung conceived of as the reintegration of the *Anima* and the *Animus*, psychologising a sacred mystery. However, this does not imply a return to the original Androgynous, a recomposition of the Cosmic Egg which had divided, because now a face is being given to the soul, as the book explains. The face of the Lover and the Beloved, of Her 'him' and His 'her' HIM-HER and HER-HIM have found each other again in a different way, with A-Mor, that is, without-death, becoming transfigured in a total Absolute Personality, achieving One-Self. Separated and united for all time in the separation of HIM-HER and HER-HIM, in the immortality of a resurrection which has thus been invented and created, of a non-existent A-Mor, but more real than anything that exists. The A-Mor of HIM-HER and HER-HIM.

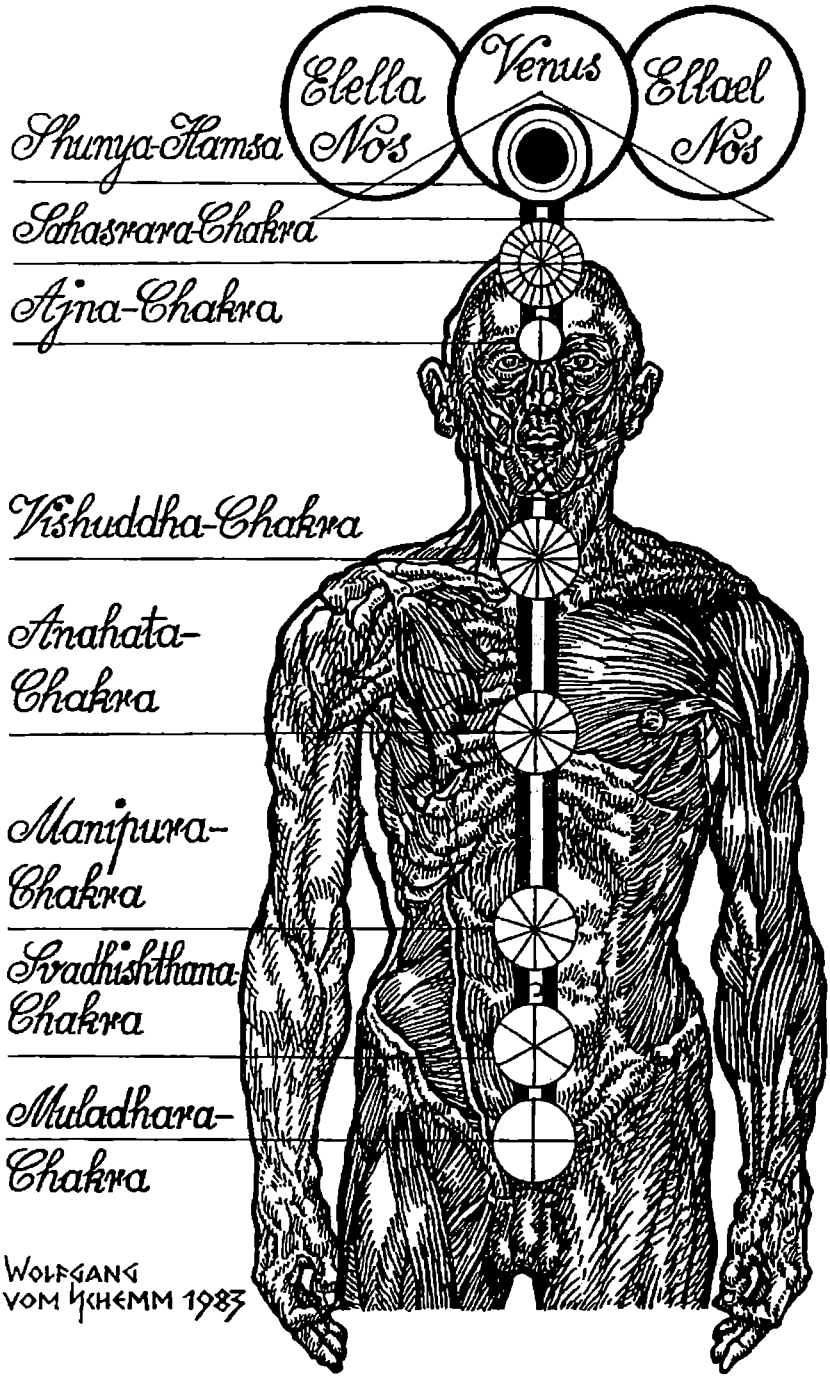
Hoc est ergo magnum signum in cuius investigatione nonulli perierunt!

MIGUEL SERRANO
Casa Camuzzi
Montagnola

To the May Bride

ETERNAL RETURN

I know that I will meet you again and that everything will happen once again exactly as it did so long ago. Except that this time I will not allow you to die. I will hold you in my arms, defending you against the dark waters of death. Because this time I will remember everything. *I will remember that you have already died.* But . . . will I remember?


Elella Nos
Venus
Ellael Nos
Shunya-Hamsa
Sahasrara-Chakra
Ajna-Chakra
Vishuddha-Chakra
Anahata-Chakra
Manipura-Chakra
Svadhishthana-Chakra
Muladhara-Chakra
WOLFGANG VOM KCHEMM 1983

A TURN OF THE WHEEL

THE COMRADE

For many years he had been travelling through these inhospitable, unpopulated regions. He had crossed forests, lakes, high snow-covered passes, drawing ever closer to the Great South. Some natives greeted him reverently, others ran away when they saw his blue eyes and golden hair. An *Ancahuinca*, they called him, an inhabitant of the City of the Caesars. They didn't know that he was exactly the opposite: that he was, in fact, searching for that city.

His sword and armour weighed him down. Also, he was dragging a cauldron. It was some time since his horse, with a star on its forehead, had leapt into a ravine. He had been able to save himself by grabbing hold of the branches of an apple tree that someone had planted in that wilderness.

He was approaching a hillside covered with stunted trees and a few sickly flowers which had been twisted by the southerly gales. At nightfall, a shadow appeared on the rocky wall, becoming clearer as he came closer to it. It was a cave. A feeble light was shining from inside it. The man decided to spend the night there, protected from the prevailing cold.

At first, he saw nothing. Then he realised that it was a big cave, with stalactites that gave off a crystal-like brilliance in the reflected light of some flames. He stepped forward into a central square and saw a man seated at a round table which had been carved either out of the rock or perhaps out of a gigantic stalagmite. There was a blazing fire and two lighted torches fixed to the wall. The man appeared not to have heard him arrive. His eyes were closed and he was drawing circles on the top of the table. On the ground were scattered a number of scrolls; some were spread open and he could see that they were maps.

Approaching the table, he had the strange impression that he had already lived this scene. He struck the stone cover three times with his first, as a signal. The man opened his eyes and stopped drawing.

There was another stone seat beside the table. He sat down and was able to examine the man's face. It was thin and pale, with a broad forehead and black hair. The dark, feverish eyes fastened themselves on his.

'You have come at last. I was expecting you. Are you capable of drawing a perfect circle with your eyes closed? Only if you can do this, can you enter the city.'

'We have already done this. Why do it again?'

'That is true. And then we fell into the circle. Now we have both reached the same point. The road we are following is the road of Amber. These stalactites and stalagmites are made of that mysterious substance. From the maps that you see at my feet you can tell that the city is not far away. Farther to the south, between these mountain ranges, near a lake, you will find its entrance. I had become convinced that the opening to that subterranean world was to be found in this cave. I have searched for it by concentrating my mind and drawing circles with my eyes closed. And now I know that it is not here. Perhaps it is farther to the south, towards the pole.'

'Have you also retraced your steps, backwards through time? I have, with the result that I felt the dizzy sensation of going against the current. My horse could not follow, so he leapt into a ravine. Can you feel how the ground trembles as we go forwards?'

'This is because we are struggling to walk backwards, which displeases the Second Earth. It is the terror it feels knowing that it will be overtaken. It is also our fear of something alarming which is about to occur: the meeting with that being whom no one can look at face to face. These southern regions of the world are plagued by earthquakes because they have always held out the possibility of this meeting. They are the vestibule of immortality.'

He bent down to pick up one of the scrolls. Spreading it out on the circular stone, he pointed to certain regions with his dagger.

'You must continue your journey towards here. The *Insula Avallonis*, which was believed to be in Albion, the White Land, is really in Albania. That is the true name of this world which is older than the other one, the Continent of the White Gods and Giants, which is populated on its surface by the slaves who escaped from

Atlantis. But in that city for which we are searching, in that First Interior Earth, the White Gods still live. And the women who possess powers of healing. They are the Regions of Pleasure.'

'Alas!' he said, 'I feel an insatiable thirst.'

'That is the thirst of the pilgrim, which can only be quenched by drinking from the Chalice of Green Stone. Its liquor alone can sate our longing for eternal love, comrade.'

'Now I remember, your name is Jason. You were the first warrior-troubadour. And your dog's name is Leo.'

'Now my dog's name is Aries.'

'Oh! Speak to me of the Grail.'

'It is guarded in a sanctuary somewhere in this area. It was brought here by those who were defeated in the great war of the worlds, on the sinking of the Polar Island, where the animals and the fruits conversed with the humans, where my dog could answer me with words that I could understand. The apples of Avalon moved, coming closer to our hearts. . . . The Grail is a jewel which fell from the crown of our guide, Lucifer, when it was broken in his battle in the heavens, when he was struck by the sword of the enemy. It is said that possibly He himself carried it to the North Pole, descending like a bright light, like a fiery Disc. There he founded Ultima Thule, the capital of Hyperborea. Because of this, the Grail has been called the Stone of Exile. The armies that accompanied Lucifer are the defeated forces from a war between extraterrestrials, the outlaws, the exiles, who still preserve the piece of the broken crown of their guide, in the form of a stone on which is inscribed the Law and the Great Secret. It is also an Emerald Chalice, in which a liquor made from the blood of extraterrestrials is drunk. The indecipherable signs protect the wisdom and the history of a great myth of love. When Hyperborea and Atlantis were destroyed, the White Gods, who had already emigrated to this other continent, entered the Interior Earth, the Hollow Earth, its "Double" The mystery is guarded at the South Pole. The liquor is the blood of our guide, Lucifer.'

'I have heard tell', he interrupted, 'that in the Polar Oases, our guide lies asleep and that he will be awakened when time has ended. He is alive and yet not alive, he is dead and yet not dead. Because the Grail keeps one in a state of non-death, as if preserved in sleep.'

'It is believed that the name Grail was read in the stars, in very ancient times. When the stars were scanned, this name was

discovered. Yes, the Grail fell from the stars.'

'But we should not speak of this except at the given time and in the appointed place. We run the risk of our faces changing colour and shape.'

'It could be that this is the time and place. The Discs of Light that we now see appearing and disappearing in the sky, moving at the speed of thought, changing shape and colour as they emit music and "seem to read the minds and feelings of men", are the New Grail, the reincarnation of its legend. They have carried off our guide, and they will return him to us. They are all-powerful. They can bring the dead back to life. If we do not forget to ask the "question", like Parsifal, they will take us to our guide. But beforehand we must triumph in the great tests of the mystery of the Grail. The light from the Disc is blinding. When it appears, the lights of the city go out. The Disc takes us outside time, it makes the sleep of centuries seem less than a second. In it the White Gods came down from the sky. . . . I have revealed the secret of the New Grail to you. . . . Look at my face. . . . Do you recognise me now?'

'Yes,' he said, 'your name is Jason.'

'The Land of the Grail trembles. I tremble. No other light can compare with the light of the Grail. He who has foreseen it, or dreamed it, is lost to this world, because the Grail is the driving force behind every enterprise. It is at the origin of the war we are fighting. Once we have stepped on to the road which leads to the city where the Grail is kept, it would be better never to have embarked on the enterprise than to abandon it. Even falling and getting up again, wounded, dying, we must go on until we find it. We must never turn back; because the Grail is the medicine, the food of eternal life. It is transfiguration. Without God, without all the Gods, who do not want us to succeed, with only our ancient Hyperborean fury and the memory of the Beloved in our heart, we will achieve the Grail.'

'The Grail is the Stone of Light,' he cried. 'It quenches our thirst, it multiplies our food. It feeds us internally, creating inside us the light that enables us to find the narrow passageways that lead us to the room where our Beloved lies sleeping. Before it was found, there were no roads. The fire which has been lit will never go out again. . . .'

'I lived in the forest like a pure madman. I was the son of a

widow. Or perhaps you were? My first fight was against her, for the independence of my soul. But how much I owe her!....'

The light of the torches slowly dimmed. The night was drawing on. Soon it would be midnight. The interplay of light and shadow on the walls of the cave and on the sharp edges of the stalactites had an almost hypnotic effect. His eyes were slowly closing.

He heard him say: 'You are the sword. She is the chalice.'

Then, a melodious whistle, which seemed to come from his childhood.

And the dog called Aries came and lay down at his feet, in the circle.

THE DREAM

The men entered the cave and came into the centre. They wore black gowns and carried swords. In all, there were now twelve of them. Around the table were thirteen seats. A milky-white light, seemingly given off by the amber, enveloped the scene. Then his comrade changed his seat, looking for the thirteenth one.

He felt his heart stop beating, an icy coldness gripped him. He wanted to move, to stop his comrade, but was unable to. He managed to force open his lips, which felt as heavy as stone, and tried to shout to him: 'Don't do that! Don't sit there, in the Siege Perilous! Don't do it again, comrade. Don't die again, leaving me alone in the fight.'

His comrade didn't listen to him and sat down in that seat. The other eleven people (for the guide was not there) took hold of the top of the Round Table with both hands, as it had begun to spin wildly in the direction in which the First Earth revolved. An earthquake flattened the walls and the stalactites and stalagmites of the cave, while a huge cleft opened in the rock beneath the Siege Perilous and swallowed Jason up. Above the polar circle appeared the Disc of Light, in the form of a celestial stone, an emerald chalice, announcing its presence within each of them as a star.

And then there was no one left but the man and his comrade's dog.

THE DOG ON THE FROZEN PLAIN

'Why have you woken me? I was much happier there. I was living

in a dream. Don't you have anything better to teach me on this side of things?' Jason had said. He remembered having heard him say that, many years ago, in the past, or perhaps in the future.

But now he was no longer here. He had been swallowed up by a dream which was more real than any reality. A cleft had opened beneath the stone circle, beside the Siege Perilous, along that path of pure dreaming which he had chosen in a remote past, during the years of his youth.

The man left the cave, followed by his comrade's dog. It was dawn in those icy regions. And he began the next stage of his journey as the Pilgrim of Longing.

He looked for his star in the sky. There it was, twinkling gently, sending him its secret, as yet undeciphered message. It seemed to him that, in its velvety and penetrating light, it was telling him: 'Jason is not dead. In some part of this world, his life has been transformed.'

He stroked the head of the dog, which shook its curly coat and stared at him, asking him the reason for its existence, why it was there, why it was a dog. It was only for a second, because instinct quickly took over, the instinct of the guide dog, the dog which leads the blind. It began to sniff the sickly bushes, the rocks which stuck out of the snow. Now it would be the dog which would follow the non-existent road, inventing it for him, following the scent of that flower which is also non-existent, called Calafate, which grows in the inhospitable regions of the south, where the cold and the light of the Black Sun of midnight and the polar ices begin to make themselves felt.

For weeks and months they walked on without meeting anyone. They were rounding the edges of the peaks of the Cordillera of the Andes. A delicate perfume wafted towards them, as if from a border land, or a universe cut off by the waters. Then the dog began to descend the mountainside. A frozen plain appeared, with two or three bushes on the horizon, bent by the wind. The dog came to a halt, panting, with its wet tongue hanging out; it looked at him fixedly.

The man said to himself: 'How can people say that dogs can't speak? It is saying farewell to me with its eyes. I understand perfectly.'

The dog sat down, there in the space between the peaks and the frozen plain. Still looking at him fixedly, it began to speak to him

in his own language: 'I have fulfilled my duty towards you, comrade. I am going to join Jason, drawn to him by his enchanted whirlpool, his whistle which seems to come from a distant childhood. They are calling me. You don't need me outside you any more. I will howl inside you, like my brother the wolf, when the hour of your leaving also comes, when you will be reunited with us in the City of Dawn.'

And it began to run, slowly at first, then faster and faster, straight across the frozen plain. Some black birds appeared in the sky and flew very close to it. And as they all faded into the distance, approaching the twisted trees on the horizon, it seemed as if the birds were swooping down on to the dog, on to its coat of golden curls. And then he could see it no longer, because a thick mist covered the plain.

For a long time he walked in this mist. He never knew how he managed to cross the plain, because he walked as if in a dream. And thus it was that eventually he found himself either inside a house with an old man like a gigantic mountain, whose face was marked with crevices of mineral and whose eyes had square pupils, or walking beside him.

THE MASTER OF THE SPHINX

The old man sat down beside the piled-up bones of the skeleton of the prehistoric Milodon.[1]

'Let us talk,' he said. 'Question me as you would question yourself'.

The man stretched out beside him.

'I am surrounded by dead – both men and animals. And as if that weren't enough, now there's this skeleton. Can you tell me if any part of us continues to exist after death?'

'Your question is badly put. What you should ask is whether there is any reason to believe that anything survives death.'

'Is there?'

'A child, in whom the "ego" has not yet appeared, who talks in the third person, still has the dreams of an individualised being, with a clearly defined personality, which affect his whole adult life.

[1] A prehistoric animal from the time of the great reptiles, found frozen in a cave in Patagonia in the south of Chile.

Where is the "ego" which is not there, which is not yet conscious? Perhaps in his "Guardian Angel", which has not yet lost its wings? If the mind is capable of functioning outside the mortal body, then it is incorruptible, it is outside the confines of time and space. It lives in the stars, in the Ray of Green Light. If it has once been outside the body, it will be so again. Which does not mean to say that you can rid yourself of your "ego" On the contrary. Your "ego" can rid itself of your body, but you can never rid yourself of it. It will always be there. Even in a moment of great ecstasy, there is an "ego" which knows that there was such a moment. There will always be an "ego" to know that you no longer exist.'

The Master vanished.

He remembered that a long while ago, in a faraway land, he had met him beside the Sphinx. Then he had spoken to him of love and crime. He had told him that it is necessary to love like one committing a crime.

On his finger, the Master of the Sphinx wore a ring on which was carved a serpent.

THE MASTER WHO UNDERSTANDS THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANIMALS AND FLOWERS

When the mist dispersed, he found himself standing beside a handsome old man, with clear eyes and a sweet smile. He was contemplating the mountains and a blue lake set in a landscape whose vegetation reminded him of the Valley of the Flowers in the Himalayas.

'I have lost my friend's dog,' he explained. 'But really he was my dog.'

'He will have gone to rejoin Leo,' he replied.

'Who is Leo, Master?'

'Leo is the astrological age in which animals conversed with men. . . . There are magical happenings in this world. For example, a dog which finds its master's house after being abandoned more than one hundred kilometres away. Nature is wise. If you listen to it, you can hear the voice of God, of all the Gods. Leo also understands the language of the flowers and the plants.'

'When I was a child, I, too, could speak with the flowers. It is

possible that my "ego" was dispersed among them, before it entered my body. Perhaps a part of it still remains in the landscape. And thus my love of nature may be no more than love of myself. . . .'

'Happy are those who, in old age, are permitted to experience once again the emotions of their earliest infancy, to listen to the same melody!'

'I have just met the Master of the Sphinx. But he spoke to me in symbols. I would almost say that he interpreted them.'

'He has the right to do so,' he explained. 'Because he is an immense mountain.'

The smile of the Master who could converse with the animals and flowers was so gentle and his blue eyes were so clear that the man felt his heart fill with a deep, melancholic presentiment that this meeting, too, was drawing to a close.

THE SIGNS

When fundamental events are close to reproducing themselves, although they almost always take us by surprise, there are signs which should alert us. They are signs which appear in our souls and in the landscape around us. Like a muted music which appears in a ray of light and moves across the waters.

The sky was a cold, pale blue. The snow and ice made walking through the rocky pass difficult. Now and then he saw some ferns, looking sad and limp as they struggled to grow in crevices in the rocks. A ray of cold light illuminated a solitary stone on which lay a Copihue[1], like a bell of crystallised blood, transparent in this almost polar light.

The man picked up the flower, because he knew that it had been left there for him.

And on the stone he read the message:

'Come what may I will proceed
To walk the way
Of beauty,
The way that leads towards the height
That seems to touch
The sky.

[1] National flower of Chile (*Lapageria rosea*).

Steep is the path,
But filled with light
From those that climbed
Before me,
Who left on every jutting rock
A lantern glowing
With their dreams.'

ALLOUINE

On a plateau on the mountainside near the unattainable peak lay a small lake and a semi-petrified forest of fir trees and tall pines. The water of the lake was partially frozen, so that in places one could walk on it. In this lonely, icy landscape stood a cabin. The radiant summit of Mount Melimoyu[1] stood out clearly, leaning at a perilous angle.

Although the lake was small, the man took months, maybe even years, to walk round it and reach the entrance to the cabin.

He opened the small door and found himself inside a circular room. On the floor were deerskins and some branches from a cinnamon tree. The embers of a dying fire gave off a blue light. Beside it, dressed in a thin red gown, stood a woman. A headband of the same colour held back her hair, which cascaded over her shoulders like a golden waterfall. She looked at him fixedly. And he felt that, for the first time, he was being stripped of his 'ego'. It seemed to him as if it was dissolving in a sweet emotional sensation.

'O Gods!' he said to himself. 'It is Allouine!'

For a moment he lost himself in the magic of her eyes.

'Let us look at each other,' she said. 'We are Hyperboreans.'

Where had he heard this before?

Then the woman began to tremble. And he realised that she was about to fall into the fire. He managed to hold her up.

'The earth was shaking,' she explained. 'My horse leapt into a ravine. The branch of the apple tree couldn't support my weight. I was brought here by a miracle, carried by a ray of light. Only because I had to wait for you.... The fire, too, is burning out.... '

[1] Meli = four. Moyu = breast.

He laid her down on the skins, making her a bed of cinnamon and fir branches. He rekindled the fire, which quickly gave off its blue-green light again.

However, the room was not cold. The walls of ice, which appeared opaque from the outside, seemed transparent from the inside, giving a view over the lake and the semi-petrified forest, which from a distance looked like slender serrated mountains, and the white peak rising into the sky.

The night filled with stars. And it was traversed by those musical lights which can 'read the thoughts of men'.

WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE

Her forehead was like the disc of the Moon. Her eyes shone like the Morning Star, with a deep, dewy light. Her golden lashes were like petals which had fallen from the sun in autumn. When they were closed, it seemed as if the wings of birds had shut out the light of day. Her neck was long, like that of the statues in a temple. Her delicate arms, her slender legs were like the roads that lead us to and from the Enchanted City. Her hands, with a tracery of delicate blue veins, gently stirred the air, as if weaving her dreams. Her golden hair floated in the breeze from the glaciers, becoming entangled in the branches of the Hyperborean oak trees. Stretched out beside the light of the green flames, she herself was 'beyond the God of the Cold and Storms'.

Her voice was like music flowing from the depths of night: 'I saw you arrive riding astride an arrow. Therefore I shall call you Avris, which is the name of the God of our lost continent. Avris loved Allouine, the fifth-born daughter of the City of Transparent Ice, which revolves but stays still. I have the power to put you in contact with your star. I am the roof which will shelter you from the storm. My love will give us peace and defend us from all danger. You will find peace in combat. But it will be I who will fight within you. And your bravery will protect us to the end. I am within you, I am you, my fate is linked with yours. And you will have no other companion, now or in the depths of the grave. I will be constantly at your side in the Great War and if you remain loyal to me till the end of time, if you believe in me steadfastly, bravery and good fortune will never forsake you. Only with you can I enter

the city. In your mind, in the memory of your heart. And when you have reached it, you will find me waiting there for you, to hand you the chalice filled to the brim with the liquor of Immortality and Eternal Love. This is the mystery, O Avris!. . .'

Suddenly he was overcome by tiredness, as if the great effort of travelling and searching through many ages had exhausted him, and he stretched out beside the fire with his head in his hands.

She touched his forehead. It seemed to him as if a whole life, a whole Turn of the Wheel, and much, much more, had come together in this momentous peak of the spiral. Through his clouded eyes he watched the fire, without speaking. Until he was again able to tell her about his lost comrade and his dog.

'This has happened so many times!' he exclaimed. 'And I have been unable to change a thing!....'

To comfort him, she told him the legend of their ancestors, the seekers of the City of Dawn.

THE WHITE GODS

'We are a solar race; but from that Sun which lies on the other side of all the suns. Our star is close by and appears to the Walkers of the Dawn to show them the way, beyond the Sun of Gold and the Black Sun, to the mansions of the Ray of Green Light, from whence love and dreaming come to us.

'The memory of light shows us that the White Gods are the fallen warriors who sought refuge in that star. The story goes that they came down to live at the North Pole, on the continent of Hyperborea, which enjoyed a temperate climate during the Golden Age. When that continent disappeared, when the catastrophe in the skies was repeated, the White Gods withdrew into the Interior Earth, although a few of them went to a transoceanic continent, to the west, where the Sun of the Golden Age had not yet set, because that was where the Black Sun of the South Pole rose, at the point where Arcthus, Arthos, the Hyperborean bear, became Antarcthus, the bearless bear of the Southern Continent, where Stonehenge, the Observatory of the Sun, became Tiahuanacu, the transmitter of Venus, the star of Lucifer. America-Albania was the land of the White Gods after the disappearance of Hyperborea and Ultima Thule. They moved from one pole to the other. They carried a sword, a lance and a cauldron, together with the Soma

plant. With them they also brought the stone which fell from the broken crown of Lucifer, the King of the White Gods, whom others have called Apollo, Abraxas, Siva, Quetzalcoatl.

'The ancient Celts and the Vikings knew that the White Gods, their ancestors, came to this ancient transoceanic land, where the Midnight Sun rises and which is traversed by a river of liquid gold. They came to search for them and built their monoliths and towers here as signs for those who would follow them. But they didn't find the Enchanted City.

'Because the Black Sun of Midnight doesn't shed its light outside the earth but inside it. That is where the White Gods, our guides, live. The green light that streams out from both poles is the dream of the Black Sun as it longs for the Ray of Green Light. The entrances to the Interior Earth are to be found at the poles, as well as in the Antarctic Oases and possibly on the top of this mountain. They can be reached by travelling through the deep waters which flow beneath the ices.

'In this Interior Earth are the Cities of Agharti, Shambhalla and the Caesars, inhabited by the immortal Siddhas. There the Golden Age still exists. The Discs of Light, covered in orichalcum, fly out from there. They carried our guide off to a place of safety. It is the invulnerable Paradise which our people have rediscovered, where the science of resurrection and eternal love is guarded. It is the starting point of the journey to our star.

'I, too, searched for the path, the sign, the gateway. But I am a woman, and I know that I will not attain the city by my own efforts. Only in your mind, in your dreams, will I be able to do so. What a great risk I run and what great danger I face if you don't imagine me, if you don't recreate me, dreaming it all for both of us. If you don't love me for all eternity, if you don't bring me back to life.

DON'T LOSE YOUR SELF-CONTROL

'There must be purity in the defeats which lead to victory. Don't allow your desire to reach the city to become excessive. You will find it when you have stopped searching for it, when you think you have lost it. You will have reached it without realising it, carrying me in your most secret thoughts. Perhaps the gates of the city are the gates of death. Perhaps you will have to change your body, like

a piece of clothing, in order to enter it. Or, perhaps, navigate in a ship with all its lights on, which moves beneath the surface of the water and is crewed by ghosts. Or reach an island in the middle of the Ocean, surrounded by flames, or a castle of diamond, which revolves like the pole. That is where the women with supernatural powers live. They will give you a glove, a pair of gloves, which you must take when I die. They will make you invisible. And with your incorporeal body, born out of the flames of that island, you will cross the walls of the City of Dawn like a wind blowing from the stars.

'Listen, beloved, never lose your self-control. Don't allow desperation to enter your search. If you fail at the gates of the city, when you have reached its walls, it will vanish in a fraction of a second. And it will be as if it had never existed, like a non-existent flower shedding its petals. And you yourself will become convinced that it was all an illusion.

'Then, indeed, we will have died for ever.'

'THE NARROW PASSAGES'

He fell asleep beside the fire, listening to the musical sound of her words fading further and further into the distance. She placed some branches as a pillow beneath his head and lay down beside him, turning her face towards the flames. Her eyes also began to close. And they both dreamed the same dream.

In the floor of the cabin was a flagstone which could be raised to give access to a subterranean world. They began to descend a staircase which at first was made of ice and then of marble. It was covered with the leaves of laurel and cinnamon trees. For a long while they continued their descent, and all the time there was this clear white light from an unknown source which surrounded them. Finally, the staircase came to an end. They heard a soft, almost inaudible whistle. Before them flowed the dark waters of a subterranean river. On the wall of the rocky quay, he read: 'Every seven hundred years the laurel will flower again.' And he saw carvings of a dove and of a man in the form of a swastika, turning in the opposite direction to time.

They began to hear a faint melody which rose out of the water from a half-submerged object that was gliding along like a seawolf. In reality, it was a ship which was navigating beneath the

surface of the water, with all its lights on. It was crewed by dead men. Its captain climbed up on to the bridge. He was blind. However, he had a third eye in the middle of his forehead, which was open and shone like a carbuncle.

The captain ordered his crew, who wore strange garments, to lower two small boats into the river. Then he held a spyglass to his third eye and pointed it towards the region of the Ray of Green Light. And *El Caleuche*[1] sailed away while its crew sang:

'To every sailor the Gods
Have given a comrade.
While one sleeps,
The other keeps watch
On the bridge.
When one doubts,
The other gives him his faith.
When one falls,
The other discovers the oasis
Of ice for both of them.'

And then:

'Be ready to tally the sails,
Tauten the braces to the wind,
Take good advantage of the South Wind
That makes us sail swiftly.
A thousand delights that you will never forget
Await you in distant lands. . . .'

And the ghost ship sailed off into the distance with all its lights on.

The boats were very small. They had to take one each. Inside each boat was a glove. They realised that, when they put it on, they would be only partially invisible, being able to move equally in two worlds, in this world and in the other world that lies on the other side of the light of this earth. Perhaps in this way they might be able to enter the city.

Each boat was drawn along by a parallel current until they reached some very narrow entrances, cut into the rock, which looked as if they were made of shiny metal and which seemed to be

[1] A mythological vessel of the South Pole, like the *Wafeln* in the Nordic legend.

revolving. 'Funnels of orichalcum', they thought, in which the tiny boats only just fitted. And then they couldn't see each other any more and didn't know if they would ever meet again, nor if they would land in the same place at the end of those narrow passages, which appeared to have no exits.

THE SUITOR

Early in the morning, he went towards the forest in search of food. It was a coniferous forest. He used to return there frequently, spending most of his time in its dingy thickets. He experienced the sweet anguish of losing his beloved during the day and recovering her in the evening. Of going away from her so as to be closer to her, of losing her so as to recover her. He walked through the forest beside the lake, in an ecstasy of love and desire, happy in the knowledge that she was close by, that he had recovered her within that circle which turns endlessly, where the possibility of meeting again was always a lucky occurrence. And also terrified by the doubt that it was only a dream.

He was walking round the foot of a sacred mountain and sighing with love. And with each deep sigh, he picked up a fistful of snow and crushed it to his breast to cool his ardour, as he called out her name. If he had seen her appear at that moment, he would have asked her: 'Who are you and what do you want of me?' And if she replied: 'I am your beloved, and I have come because you called me', he would have said: 'Oh! I am so busy with this love that consumes me that I have no time for you any more.'

This is what happens with the suitor. Until one day his sighs forsake him.

THE FLIGHT

Again they dreamed the same dream. They were on the edge of the plateau on the great mountain. Below them were rocky precipices. Beyond, invisible, lay the immense Ocean. They took hold of each other's hand and, moved by the same impulse, leapt into the abyss. But instead of falling, they found themselves gliding above the landscape, with a feeling of great freedom. They passed gently above the rocks and tried to decipher their inscriptions, looking at the signs, the carved faces, the tops of the trees and the deep chasms that yawned open in the earth and the ice. He tried to discover the

ghost of the dog, the remains of its Golden Fleece. They flew southward and saw the City of Hunger and Thirst, the City of Petrus Sarmiento de Gamboa[1], appear on the horizon. Then the Great Ocean. They continued ever farther southward until they saw an island on which stood a castle with twelve black towers, each bearing the sign of a revolving cross. A drawbridge linked the towers with the central keep. The castle was made of stone and shone brightly. The island was surrounded by fire.

On the farthest borders of the south lay the Pole.

'There is no Pole,' she explained to him. 'Look carefully, let us fly higher.'

They could see an enormous circular aperture.

'The Pole is in there, inside this aperture. It doesn't exist, it's an apparition. Let us go inside.'

As they went deeper and deeper inside, they saw flowers made of precious metal, rivers of turquoise, gigantic animals of a race which had disappeared from the surface millions of years ago. And they all spoke an intelligible language, the flowers, the fruits, the animals and the golden water, which invited them to drink it. But they were unable to stop there or go still deeper inside, and they realised that they were not yet to be permitted to reach the city.

'This is the impregnable Paradise where our guide lies sleeping and where one day he will awake.'

They went back, still holding hands, gliding gently alongside the skuas and the condors, until they landed on the icy plateau on the mountain from which they had taken off.

THE WOUNDED KING

One midday he found himself in front of a pyramid-shaped rock, on the edge of the lake. He had the vivid impression that he was reliving something that had happened before. He knew that rock, he had been here before, during the eternal return of these events. He walked some way off so as to retrace his steps towards the rock and examine it more closely, concentrating intensely, with his eyes half-closed. And in the clear light of midday, two figures appeared.

[1] The ancient Ciudad del Rey Felipe, the City of King Philip of Spain. Today it lies in the neighbourhood of Puntas Arenas in the most southern part of Chile. It was founded by the Conquistador, Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa.

Curiously, the man was not wearing armour or a sword, but was dressed in strange, dark-coloured clothes and was leaning on a thin walking-stick. The clothes were from some future, far-off time, which he had somehow foreseen. Despite this, he knew that the man was a king. His eyes were feverish, sunken, surrounded by shadows. His forehead was broad. The thick moustache of a warrior covered his lips. He had uncovered his head and was speaking politely to the woman. She was also wearing a dark-coloured, close-fitting gown. She was tall and slender. While he spoke, as if terror-stricken, his whole body trembled.

He realised that the couple couldn't see him, because he was standing inside a still-distant vibration of the light. His situation, inside this energy recurrence, did not coincide in time with the event which, owing to a strange trick of the light from these mountains, this midday, was mistakenly projecting these images. But, he thought, in some other law, or non-law, he must have encountered, or would encounter, this king and this woman, when the images and the reality coincided. Oh, let it be so!

And he was permitted to listen with impunity to what they were saying.

Perhaps that rock was a sensitive spot in the earth with a capability of projection, or a rent or an inversion in space, which could make time travel towards the past and the future come towards us.

And what they were talking about was, precisely, the subject of the 'ego' and time. Or rather, of the 'ego' and eternity within time, without going outside time.

The man explained in a low voice: 'Everything repeats itself eternally. Time is infinite, but energy is not and it has to reproduce its creations. The last becomes the first once again. The serpent bites its own tail. And in this hallucinatory situation, it is impossible to free oneself from the "ego" and its recurrent experiences. When the energy in your body becomes exhausted, it will be reproduced not once but *ad infinitum* throughout eternity, when the Will to Power again crosses the same circuit of light, beside this Midday Rock. And this "ego" which I feel myself to be, will become "myself" And you will be "yourself". There is no way to escape from this. When that extinguishing of consciousness that we call death occurs, and will and energy abandon our exhausted bodies, time will also disappear. And although an

eternity may pass before energy repeats us, it will seem only a second to our returning consciousness. Because there was no time. And the same rock, the same air, the same grass will still be here. And so will "you" and "I". The same story. And I will again say: *Ich liebe Dich Ariadna*!

'And I will go mad again as the only way to escape from this horror, this "ego" which has always been here, in an eternal present, even if an eternity passes between one turn of the wheel and another. And this "ego" will never know if others really exist, if all the "egos" are not just "myself". The only way to escape from my "ego" lies in madness. And I will call this the midday: experiencing all the "egos", being Caesar, Alexander, Dionysus and the Crucified One. . . .'

The woman seemed to sense the presence of a stranger. She turned towards where he stood and raised her hand in a regal gesture, as if toasting him with a non-existent cup. She said: 'This is the king who was wounded by a cruel lance. His pain increases whenever Saturn shines. You must avenge him, restore his ravaged lands to him, find him a way out, break through the circle with your sword, beside this rock of revelation, in the depths of midday which is also the depths of his midnight. This rock produces blindness in whosoever looks at it from within a feverish circuit of light. This is what happened to this king.'

The woman's hand, which was still raised, caught hold of an object given it by an eagle. Stretching out her hand as if through the rent in space and time, she passed the object over to him.

In fact, there were two objects: a fruit and a ring.

'That is the Fruit of Return,' she explained. 'Do not eat it with your Beloved. It grows in the wastelands. But you may wear the ring. It is the Ring of Resurrection.'

HE ASKS THE QUESTION

He didn't leave the cabin again. He could only find the Fruit of Return in these latitudes. And, seeing the end approaching, he preferred fasting to the horror that had been revealed to him. He collected conifer resin and turpentine, in the belief that if he made a drink from them it would prolong his beloved's life. Oh, if only they could drink gold and silver, Ambrosia, the liquor of eternal life!

He didn't leave her side. Now he wanted to know, to penetrate with her the ultimate mystery of life and death, of reunions and losses, of the longing of the endless pilgrimage, of the Eternal Return and partings. Now he was going to ask the question.

'When I was walking through the mist, across the frozen plain, I believe I met some Masters. I had lost my comrade and his dog. The Master who could converse with the animals and plants told me the following: there is a basic note which is given at the beginning of life. Some people are lucky enough to be able to repeat it at the end. And the Master of the Sphinx completed the idea for me by explaining that this note affects some people's whole life, not just its beginning and end. I heard it in what was almost my earliest childhood. This is how it was given to me: suddenly I felt myself to be "me". Before that, I had felt myself to be dispersed in the landscape, and I could also converse with the animals and flowers. They spoke to me and I understood them. Or did I speak to myself through them? When the "ego" finally took possession of me, I believe I stopped being able to understand that language, although I'm not certain. It is possible that I retained that faculty for some time: feeling myself to be "me" and yet still being "them", being in "them" But with human beings it was different. The painful question I asked myself was this: is it possible that they feel themselves to be "me" in the same way as I do? It was impossible for me to believe it. I, feeling myself to be "me", in the middle of an ocean of other "me's" who also feel themselves to be "me"; but *not "me"*, this "me" that I feel myself to be. . . . Oh! It is impossible to explain this experience. Think for a moment: everything that happens in the universe is known only by "me", only "me". It is my "ego" that registers it, "my" consciousness. What others say, what they write, the discoveries they pass on, "I" register, "I" know. If the world comes to an end, if the Continent of Hyperborea is submerged, if our Great Guide loses the war, "I" am the one who knows it. How can I be sure that other people also exist and that the world can continue if "I" disappear, if "my" consciousness doesn't register it? Perhaps all the people round me, who live and die, their faces, even yours which is so beautiful, are projected by my fevered imagination, dreamed by my "ego". And when I observe them closely, in their almost infinite varieties, I have to make an effort to recognise myself in a hallucinatory hall of mirrors. Also, can I seriously believe that my "ego" can perish? If I

am "me", if I am the only one who can feel myself to be this "me" and no one else can feel like this, that is, to be this "me" of mine, when I perish – if ever I do perish – somewhere, perhaps on this very spot, or somewhere else in the immense universe, at some time, someone will again feel himself to be "me". And this "ego" which feels like this, will be "I" myself. Do you understand? Can you grasp this? Can you comprehend this feeling?

'We have heard tell of the Tulku, beings who are more than one ego, who live in several places in the universe at the same time, with simultaneous consciousnesses, and who do not say "I" but "we" when speaking about themselves, underlining their parallel existences in different bodies or in one single but ubiquitous one, in many centres of space-time. And even this is "I" who am saying this, citing it – the Tulku theory – and my "I" doesn't feel it because it cannot verify it from its own experience. The Master of the Sphinx stated: "If in the moment of greatest ecstasy the 'ego' were not present, there would be no one there to know that there had been a moment of ecstasy." It is impossible to escape from the "ego". The Master of the Sphinx would say that the way out may be found through strengthening the "ego" until it becomes an absolute ego, an absolute personality. I have seen the Wounded King. In order to escape from this circle drawn in the belly of a demon, he has gone mad.... I have thought about love, because that is my note which has been sounding since my infancy. Might it be possible that individualised, magic love could open a door through which I could escape from this circle?. But it will always be "I" who loves, who sees the beloved. How can I not believe that I projected her if, when I perish – if ever I do perish – she, too, will perish?. . . Only if my "I" returns will she return. . . .'

Gently she interrupted him: 'Look at me. Don't you see that half my face is yours? Only half of it is still mine. . . . Beloved, don't fall asleep, because I am going to answer your question. When the Twilight of the Gods began to fall over the world and iron took the place of gold, Wotan or Odin whispered a great secret in the ear of Baldur as he lay dying on his pyre of perfumed sandalwood. Let us imagine what it might be.

"Before you were "I", what were you? You were not an animal, nor were you a plant, although you could converse with them. You explained to me that even after the emergence of your conscious

"ego" you continued to converse with nature. For a time you didn't lose this faculty. So, when the "ego" was not inside your body, where was it? And you, how did you feel without your "ego"? Were you a persona or not?'

'Let me remember. . . . Yes, the Master of the Sphinx said that even a child has the dreams of a mature person which can affect his whole life. . . . Where is this persona when the child still has no sense of the individual "ego"? In my case, I remember, when I was a year old or perhaps less, I was leaning out of a tower holding my grandfather's ring tightly in my hand. The women of the house ran to take hold of me, because they were afraid that I would let it drop. But, I remember, that child felt itself to be a persona, it knew the importance of the ring and knew that it would never let it drop. It felt deeply offended by this lack of trust. That child was a very old and wise man. And when the "ego" became defined, it was a philosopher who asked himself the question. That is the difference, I believe. . . . And this is the ring. I have recovered it.'

'Only the "ego" enters the body. The persona, which is very old, seems to remain outside, in the landscape, in the animals and the plants. Or perhaps it only becomes partially incarnate, the "ego" being only a part of it and the body its exact image, its reflection, a shadow of the light which has taken on a shape in order to travel around and gain knowledge in this world. What was at one time outside you is your "guardian angel", who moves away as your body and mind become hardened. As your "ego" becomes stronger, the persona becomes weaker, it disappears into the distance, it dissolves, it leaves you alone. Your "guardian angel" has abandoned you. . . . And the "ego", the "I am I". . . . Can you ever get out of that? Perhaps by feeling that the persona which you were before you were "ego" still exists. And perhaps you may be able to become this persona again afterwards. Someone is waiting for you somewhere, as if beside a spring, awaiting your return. The person waiting for you doesn't have a face, but dreams that you will bring it one. But you don't have a face either, your soul doesn't have one. Because I am the face of your soul. . . . '

'But I am listening to you telling me all this with my "ego".'

'Yes. The road is irreversible, even if you walk back along it, you will never reach the same point. Although the spiral may seem to reach the same spot, it will have a different meaning. It is not a question of renouncing the "ego" but rather of making it eternal,

attaching it to the persona to make a form and consciousness that can never be destroyed. In this way, the persona becomes a personality. You have become individualised, you have given your persona a face.

'This is a struggle against God, all the Gods and your "angel" Because while wishing you to be victorious, in reality they don't wish it. It is a solitary struggle, without quarter; and you will fall and get up again many times. And you will only have me in your mind and in your heart; and I am a double-edged sword, because I will put you to the tests that could make you lose the battle, although I need your victory so much. Because I am the "her" who one day emerged from Him, and once outside rebelled and put everything at stake, including my nothingness. I am the "her" who longs to be your Her. And even if you are victorious in the harsh tests set in this mystery, you won't be able to give a face to your persona unless you accompany me to the very end, unless you bring me back to life. Because, I repeat: *I am the face of your soul, just as you are the face of mine.* I was projected, dreamed by a Great Him. As you were by a Great Her. Neither of them had a face. Because you are a man, you must fight the battle as a warrior. I must fight as a woman: by dying, giving you my nothingness so that you can make it immortal, so that you can bring me back to life with your face.

'Without giving up your "ego", you will regain the faculty the persona has of conversing with the animals, plants and stars. Journey ever onward until one day you and your "ego" enter the city where I await you. And we will put on the mantle of Absolute Personality because we will have escaped from the fatal circle of returns. We will be *Nos.*'

THE SUPPLICANT

Thousands of years ago, the Darkest Age, Kaliyuga, began. Kalki was at rest, with his White Horse, in the Interior City of Green Glass of his Star.

Here, beside the fire in a small dwelling made of blocks of ice, on a plateau near the peak of the sacred Mount Melimoyu, in the deep south of the world, he and she were lying on beds of cinnamon branches.

The sleeves of her gown were full and her snow-white arms, covered by a soft golden down, were visible through them. Her hair hung down to her waist, like liquid gold, and the reflection of the flames brought magical changing lights into it, varying from copper to deepest gold and finally pale gold. Her clear blue eyes were once again piercing into him as if to tell him that there, in some undefined place, their union would be possible. In an uncreated, non-existent centre, with love expressing itself in a glance. Her lips were smiling sweetly, with an inconsolable sadness. Her chin was like a fruit of paradise, with a tiny cleft in the middle. Her neck was long and slender.

'How was it possible to create so much beauty?' he asked himself. And he felt that a subtle emanation from her skin and her veins was penetrating him, making him realise that she had always belonged to him, fusing with his cells, his blood. He could also read her thoughts.

'There is more than one body,' she explained to him. 'All of ours are enveloped in an identical substance, imbued with the water of love. They are the ones that love. The last one to do so must be the one you can now see, constructed from the heavy materials of this exterior earth. It is the visible double of the others which you as yet cannot see. The closest thing to this body is the aura. Love it, caress it. All my other bodies will feel it.'

He began to move closer to her, exclaiming: 'Allouine, Allouine! I have always loved you, I have sought you through all the worlds, through all the turns of the wheel, through an eternity. Only you will give me eternal life. Together we will attain it, by loving and protecting one another. We will drink from the glorious cup, we will smash the walls of the circle of returns, we will open the doors to a universe which not even the greatest dreamers of longing have ever imagined.'

He reached her side. And as he caressed her aura, he whispered: 'First here, near your hair, the amber road which leads me to the primordial continent, to the nuptial homeland, where you hid the moonstone in the depths of the glaciers of the dawn. Then your forehead, as wide as the disc of the Moon which fell upon the world like a stone from the broken crown. And your eyes. . . . Oh, do not close them, as my world would be extinguished and I am already blind to all other light! Your exquisite nose is a bird which flutters in the sunshine and the scents of spring. Your lips are that

door which will open to allow me to gaze upon the City of Dawn; because "honey and milk are under your tongue". Now I am caressing the aura of your neck, a swan which will reintegrate us with the race of the kings of our blood. And your marble shoulders, as delicate as the breeze which stirred the crowns of the ancestral oaks. . . .'

She trembled, with her eyes almost closed, as if in a trance. Her long lashes cast shadows on her cheeks, as though from the wings of an Andean condor. She raised her hands, very slowly, without opening her eyes, and began to caress his aura, too. The man closed his eyes.

When at last they opened them and could see each other again, he exclaimed: 'It's true. Only half your face belongs to you. The other half is mine.'

THE KISS

She came even closer, so that he could feel the agitated rise and fall of her breasts. And she brushed his lips with hers. It was like the touch of a petal, or of honey stored in drifting icebergs, honey from polar bees or the midnight sun; honey from a Copihue surrounded by a halo of light from the Morning Star.

Such a kiss produces unexpected consequences in a man. Either it causes him to lose his spiritual virility, his destiny as a sacred warrior, his hallowed reticence; or else it instils such strength in him that he is able to free the giants from their prison in the rocks and raise the Continent of the Spirit, EL-ELLA, alongside the martyred coasts of the south of the world.

THE BODY OF THE ABSOLUTE WOMAN

She let her red gown fall. And she stood naked, while the flames enveloped her in a light which was nevertheless incapable of clothing her Absolute Nakedness.

He could smell the woman's integral perfume, like a breath of soft air flowing from a universe preserved for him alone. A whole continent to explore, with its seas, its hills, its shadows, its secrets. And now he remembered that, on the other side of the light, when he first contemplated the woman, the warrior had succumbed, thus giving rise to the infinite turnings of the wheel.

He carried her to the bed of branches, beside the fire. He drew his sword and placed it between them. She stretched out an arm over the blade and clasped his hand.

THE SCABBARD OF THE SWORD

'Beloved, do not fall asleep! Watch with me through this long night. We will be two sleepwalkers allowing ourselves to be guided by the legend of our White Gods. They will show us the path and inspire us. Let us awaken tonight.'

'How could we sleep! May this sword protect us. My love and desire for you are more powerful and inextinguishable than this fire. I know that they will not be calmed merely by my taking possession of your body.'

'I am the scabbard of your sword, made of wood from the apple trees of Avalon, from the Tree of Paradise, from the Hyperborean oaks, from the tree whose silken threads join the earth to the sky. If you sheathe me carelessly, you will break me. How many times has this happened already in the Circle of Return! We only have a limited amount of time in which to put the pieces of the broken scabbard back together again, after which we will lose each other, absorbed into HIM-HER and HER-HIM. And we will have lost our only chance of resurrection, of giving a face to our souls, of attaining a world beyond God, beyond all the Gods, in a dream which not even the most impassioned Walkers of the Dawn could dream: to break down the walls of the great circle and end the turnings of the wheel. We have a limited number of opportunities to sound our notes in their purest form. We must do everything in our power to drink from the cup of immortality, discovering the stone of change. I am ready. I shall give you my death. I shall place my eternity in your hands and fulfil to the utmost the Myth of Feminine Immortality. You must also fulfil the Myth of Virile Immortality. And together we will have triumphed.'

THE TEST

Thus were completed the different stages of this most ancient Hyperborean Initiation of A-Mor, revealed in the mystery of the Grail, in the esotericism of the troubadours and the *Minnesänger* of the High Middle Ages. Transported to the icy wastes of the south

of the world, with Parsifal, in a Templars' ship, with the Vermilion Cross on its white sails and all its lights on, as the saga tells us, and from 'whence it never returned'. To the true Kingdom of Hyperborea of the White Gods of America-Albania.

And while the ultimate test of this initiation was taking place in that ancient night, with a man and a woman lying naked side by side, separated by a sword, without taking possession of each other's physical body, she explained to him in her musical voice full of longing for eternity: 'The light doesn't come from the east. Light is only truly light in the depths of midnight. Now is the depths of midnight. The followers of Lucifer, of the Morning Star, do not beg to be allowed into heaven. They demand to be, because they feel that they have done everything possible to merit being deified. At the end of our road, no fusion with a God or redeemer awaits us. Our way is not the way of ecstasy of the saints but the way of separation of the magicians, of the White Gods who have become absorbed into the sources of creative energy. Creating worlds, loving each other inside and outside eternity. We do not beg, like the lunar troubadour: "Take us back to where you took us from!" We are going to try and change God, giving him a face. Therefore, my love, do not take possession of my body. Let us not create children of the flesh. I will make you pregnant with the son of death. And we will both remain virgins.'

'I understand,' he whispered. 'The chastity of the sacred warrior is the nobility of his sexual act, the refusal to tolerate all that is brutal, because his feeling for the beauty of that act prevents him doing so. The Wounded King also said this.'

'It is an immaterial irrevocability. The Grail doesn't tolerate unbridled passions, it loves pious reticence, a reverent attitude. And I will not destroy your magic virility, dividing your flesh and mine, giving you children of the flesh to bring new opportunities to other individuals, when such a great possibility already exists for us. I will not lure you into loving my body in the only way known to the dark age, because that way death will swallow you up. I will never be the Great devouring Mother, the Primordial Female, who will turn you into a vanquished warrior, living in a dream of unfulfilled glories. I will be the She who leads you to heaven. Because it is your magic virility which will enable us to travel along the river of death. Your sacred virility will enable us to return to life. Do you remember the words of the ascetic of the Grail?: "You

will become a woman if you love the body of a woman." This is so; because only by becoming effeminate could you satisfy the erotic sensibilities of a woman's physical body. The chaste warrior is the most virile one. To take physical possession of the beloved is to lose one's soul. True possession is the mental possession of all her other bodies. With the memory of your beloved in your heart, you will achieve the Grail. The genuine orgasm isn't a physical one but another which is endless, and which is produced by your contact with my invisible bodies, where you will find the perfume of my visible body, the warmth of my lips, the amorous racing of my blood intensified. As I will find in yours. We must discover this love together, when we are no longer made of mortal flesh but of red, imperishable matter. By loving my body, which lies beside you, you will make it even more material, you will turn it into a body made of lead.

'In the Golden Age, men lived for more than a thousand years. They were closer to the point of origin, so that they remembered everything. In the Dark Age, the Iron Age, we have fallen so low that it is almost impossible to go back along the current and return to the time when immortality was almost a permanent gift from heaven. So our combat is more heroic. We have lost many turns of the wheel, my love. However, the cities of the immortals still lie hidden to help those who seek them with courage and who still possess the "tiny spark". They will rescue them from the Dark Age before the final cataclysm. In their Discs of orichalcum, of green light, they will carry them to the city, where they will become part of that timeless order which, in all the worlds and as Sons of Light, fights against the forces of darkness, against the Prince of Slavery and his armies of strange beings who advance in the opposite direction to our Myth of Resurrection and Eternal Love. This holy war maintains the balance between the opposing universes. We will belong to this order even when we will be immortals, in order to help those who bear the sign, giving inspiration to the Seekers of the Dawn, the heroes, but without intervening directly so as not to transgress the secret code. Thus, I will also follow your enterprise when I am dead, without being able to intervene in your conflicts. Fate is testing you, it will wish to see you triumph through your courage alone, breaking down the doors of the city. And we will be more than the Gods, who were not touched by this chance-destiny which launched us on this enterprise of death and resurrection.

'We are living dangerously, my love. You bear the sign on your forehead. We belong to a different race. When we become conscious of all our bodies at once, crossing the most diverse vibrations of the ether, we will know how to love each other solely with the glance, with the pleasure that never dies.'

She turned towards him, without letting go of his hand: 'I am the scabbard of your sword. Sheathe me gently, softly, tonight. Do not break me. Your sword is double-edged. Its scabbard is called *Minne*, Blood Memory. The memory of the love lost at the beginning of time flows through the blood. Seek me in your blood, keep it pure. When you remember what your blood tells you, sing it. You will be a warrior-troubadour, a *Minnesänger*, who will have sung our dream of resurrection and eternal love for all eternity.

'*Heil!*'

THE 'TINY SPARK'

She was dying. Only a little time remained to her on this earth and in her lovely body. He stayed by her side, trying to fight the angel of love and death who possessed them both: the consummation of the myth and the legend.

As the end approached, his grief increased, because he loved her with an intensity that was equalled only by the fire which burned there, causing him to doubt everything that had been said, his search, his dream. What if none of this were certain, he asked himself, what if she were never to return to life, if he were never to find her again, if only nothingness lay at the end of this journey, this road which was now coming to an end?

She, too, seemed to waver, faced with the inevitable. There were moments when her eyes became fixed on a point beyond the fire and the walls of transparent ice, losing themselves in the diaphanous midday sky.

'After death, somewhere, I believe that a balance will be achieved. Immortality is not given to all; but what is the qualification for attaining it? It is not kindness, nor sacrifice, nor intelligence, nor even a feeling for beauty. Perhaps it is honour and loyalty. One is born different.'

Another day she opened her eyes very wide and looked at him in that indescribable way that he could only compare with the impression produced by the Morning Star at dawn, when it sends

us a message through its deep, velvety light, filled with nostalgia for the universes that lie on the other side of other suns.

She raised herself up with difficulty on her bed of branches.

'Will the laurels flower again some day?. . . Within us is a "tiny spark". I felt it light up last night. Hope reawakens.'

And in her musical voice, which was now very weak, she recited a poem which she would compose in another turn of the wheel:

'The tenuous melancholy spins
Its delicate web in the soul
And the muffled murmur of memories
Darkens space.

The renewed certainty of eternal
Development rises out of infinity,
And slowly impregnates each thread
Of frozen mist.

All is death, conclusion, end . . .
The leaves fall, resigned, pained
By their immense fragility,
Twisted by the strident clamour
Of the being which struggles
To escape the inevitable.

The soul turns and turns
Within the black space,
Conceiving a vague desire for self;
The spark creates,
The warm flame grows and grows,
Crackling and magical.
The mists disperse in its heat.

In the silence of the white peaks,
Blooms the fiery lily of eternal love.'

Führ uns den Weg, den graden
Und derer, die nicht irre gehn!

('Lead us along the righteous path of those who do not err.')

THE EXCHANGE OF HEARTS

'Come, hurry!'

She asked him to kiss her. And with her last remaining strength, she embraced him. Kissing him with open lips, she sighed deep into him and gave him her heart.

'Now you must breathe out inside me,' she whispered. 'Give me your heart. Don't leave me without a heart, my love.'

He obeyed her and felt his heart die in her, deep within her.

For the last time she looked at him intently. Then her head fell back and her eyes closed. Now they would never see again in this world.

He held her tightly and implored her: 'Don't go, don't leave me alone in this house of ice. . . .'

THE LEFTHANDED SIGN

He put out the fire, collected the scattered branches together and went out into the forest in search of resin. With his sword, he made a cut in the bark of a conifer tree and drew some off. He mixed it with some water and ice from the lake and returned to the cabin.

He undressed the body of his beloved and began to cover it with the resin. He imagined that by doing this he would preserve it through all the turnings of the wheel, until he could bring it back to life, as beautiful as before.

As he went to spread the perfumed resin over her left breast, he discovered a red spot on it: the sign of the Walkers of the Dawn, of the Seekers of the City of Dawn, the Lefthanded Swastika which signifies the return to the Nuptial Home, the Land of Resurrection and Eternal Love.

THE RING OF RESURRECTION

It was on examining the ring that he had the idea of embalming the body of his beloved. The Egyptian pharaohs had lost the faculty of bringing the dead back to life. Wasn't the mummy a sign? They hoped to preserve the body until that Hyperborean science was rediscovered one day, when the Golden Age returned. Did they preserve the key of the seminal atom, which, when it was

deciphered in the Eternal Return, would breathe fresh life into the 'image and the figure'? And also into memory and glory?

On the agate set in the ring was a silhouette surrounded by carved inscriptions. The image was that of a mummy, apparently a woman, with her arms crossed over her breast. He thought he could make out the name *Phosia*. Perhaps it had been Allouine's name in an earlier turn of the wheel.

The mummy was the symbol used to represent Osiris, the irreproducible God of Resurrection.

As he examined this magic stone, he knew that one day he would be able to decipher its message.

MIDDAY

Within his breast there now beat a woman's heart. Her blood now flowed through his veins, mingling with his and inspiring his every act.

He built a sledge of conifer, larch and laurel branches and laid her on it, covering her with her red gown, foreshadowing the mantle of immortality he would one day give her. He wove her a crown of cinnamon leaves, that sacred bush of the South Pole, and of red Copihues, the emblematic flower, the bell-flower of blood drawn from his woman's heart.

As he dragged the sledge over the snow, he tried to imagine what that timeless time would be like when they would be together, 'far beyond the stars', like rays of light, with bodies that only they could see, like their present ones but also very different. They would stand motionless at the centre of eternity, because they would be on the other side of the light, in the chosen gesture, like statues, like cathedrals, like the temple of the sun and the moon, like the summit of the mountain, like the trees which live their whole lives without moving, like the oak trees of Hyperborea, like the apple trees of Avalon. And the chosen gesture would be that of their first kiss, like the touch of a snowflake or a sigh from the light of the Morning Star. They would leave eternity behind after an eternity, to take an active part in creation, helping those who were born bearing the sign to enter the city, within which they would live with their faces, losing and finding each other, separate and together, but never lost. They would play that game, dance that dance, like a combination of notes and sounds, which was played

and danced far above this earth's visible and audible scale. In the highest range of the light of another world.

'It doesn't matter if a battle has been lost. It is a dance, a game. For our Myth of A-Mor, it is only important to fight it properly, with honour and loyalty to the end. This has always been the way to win.'

He reached the pyramid-shaped rock. He felt clearly that he had been doing this for an eternity, repeating the action time and time again.

He dug a grave there and placed her inside it, on her sledge of branches and flowers. He covered her with snow and ice. In this way she would be preserved for ever. He took his sword and traced the sign and the lines:

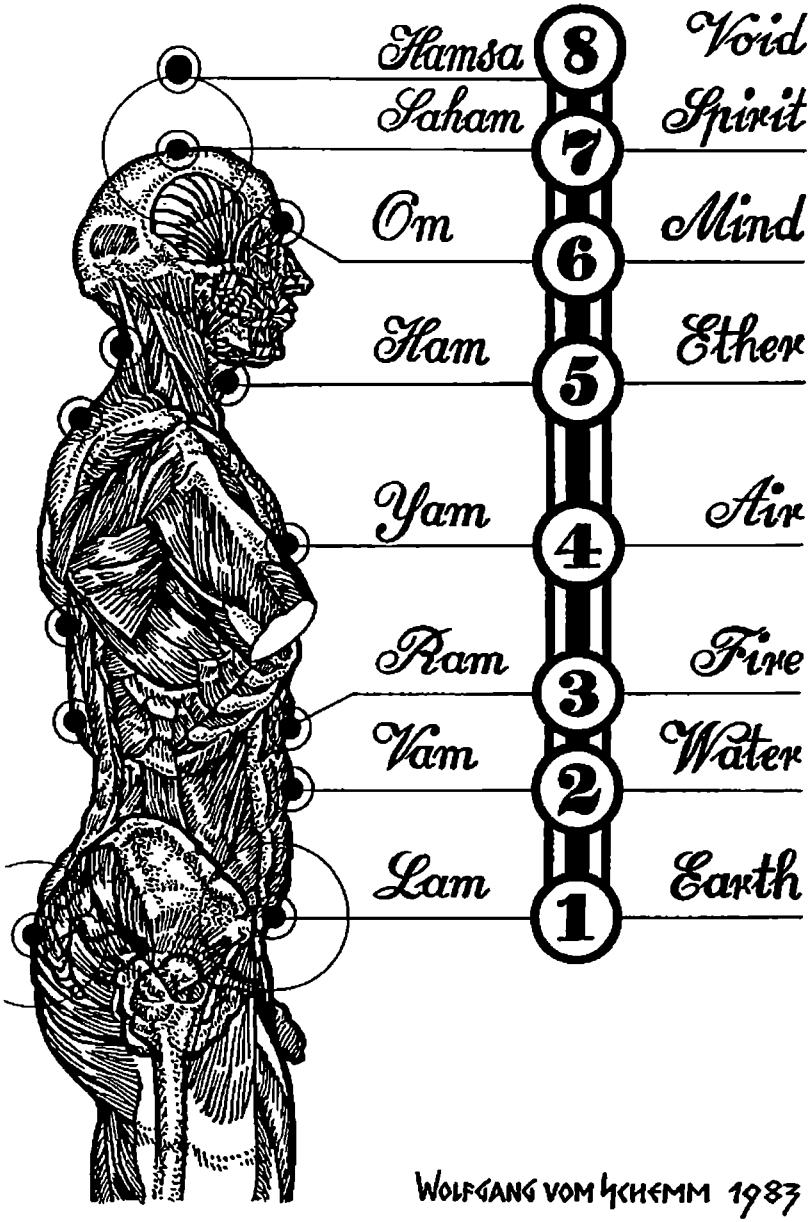
'While you sleep,
I keep watch, my beloved.'

THE DISC

Standing beside her tomb and the Midday Rock, he thought he heard a rustling sound. Soon it became soft music. And the entire firmament was covered with green rays of light. A Disc of Light stopped in space in front of him. Indescribable! It was throbbing, almost as if it was breathing. And it looked at him as if it was sending him a message, while at the same time it 'read his thoughts and feelings'.

For a long time they gazed at each other, until the Light began to move around and upwards, like an eye blinking. It closed like an eyelid and moved rapidly towards the horizon, as if concentrating on a point, until it became no more than a star which grew paler and paler.

In a blinding flash, he realised that he had been in the presence of the Grail of the Andes and hadn't asked the question nor ordered it to take him with it. He had lost the given opportunity for both of them. And he would have to wait another seven hundred years before the laurel flowered again.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WOLFGANG VOM HCHEMM 1983

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEEL

THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

In those times, it took almost a day to travel from Santiago to the family estate in the foothills of the Andes. On alighting from an ancient train, one was driven through the tiny provincial town in horse-drawn carriages. The dusty road wound up into the hills, crossing the River Claro, which lived up to its name by flowing down the mountainside as a crystal-clear stream, murmuring over boulders and rocks, until it was lost in the distance. The penetrating scent of the myrrh trees pervaded the whole valley in spring-time. In his heart he always carried the memory of the eternal snows on the mountain tops. They were the white blood of the giants and the condors, the everlasting fire of the heavens.

A road bordered by farm cottages led to the estate houses. These were surrounded by a high wall, painted a colonial red. The huge gates were open to allow the carriage and its snorting horses to pass through. The mansion was over two centuries old and was a single-storey, L-shaped building, with doors which opened onto a gallery supported by hand-carved pillars. The entire main body of the mansion was painted the same red as the outside wall. At the back stretched an enchanted garden, with fig trees, willows and chestnuts, at the bottom of which was a tiny brook whose water flowed from the Andes and whose banks were covered with a shady tangle of brambles, roses and hydrangeas. The domestic dogs and fowl used to drink there together with the wild birds. Nearby were the kitchens, smelling of meat, roast chestnuts and fruit – dried or ripe, according to the season. Inside the rooms was an unforgettable aroma of old wood, of antique furniture made from jacaranda, mahogany and oak; a scent of accumulated years and time. Attached to one end of the house was the colonial-style

chapel, with an altar carved by artisans from Cuzco, with gildings and a pair of strange candelabra made of myrtle wood, with double-headed eagles whose bodies were shaped like hearts. This chapel contained the tomb of a seventeenth-century Spaniard, a former master of these lands. And the sweet scent of lighted candles and evening prayers.

But the child's paradise lay in a tiny circular garden in front of the house, surrounded by bamboo canes up which climbed roses, forget-me-nots, jasmine and convolvulus. In the middle grew a huge pine tree, which he now confuses with an oak in the Central World, the land of Avalon.

In his memory, it was a shady place, smelling of damp violets. On summer mornings, he used to go into the garden and not leave it again until midday. And during that time, where was the child? Mingling with the plants and the flowers, climbing up the huge tree until he reached its topmost branches, urged on by an intense desire to get closer to the condors who glided in the clear skies and who would stop in mid-flight in order to look at him. The child conversed with the flowers, with the grass that grew so sweetly and was so fragile, with the birds and, above all, with the tree. Now he seems to remember that some tremulous secret revealed to him by the grass made him cry on more than one occasion. The child suffered for all these defenceless creatures who came and told him little things, their sorrows mostly, and asked him not to forget them but to take them with him when he was separated from them and could no longer understand their language. 'Don't forget us,' they begged him. 'Take us with you for ever. We want to make ourselves invisible within you.'

THE FACE

One day, a face emerged from a rose. Its eyes looked at him as if he was not a child but a timeless being. The face said something to him that he didn't fully understand, because he only spoke the language of the plants well. Even today he has difficulty in remembering it. It seemed to say to him: 'Seek me, love me.'

He lived that moment as if outside time. Someone came and took him out of the garden, for ever. And never afterwards was he able to speak freely with the animals and flowers. He lost that faculty. But, from that moment on, from earliest childhood, he lived only

for love and to seek the face of that flower in all women. In their bodies, in their souls, he sought the scent of the garden of childhood, the secret of that glance, the illusion of that love. There, far away, in the garden of childhood, he had been given his diapason, the key of his melody, even before he felt himself to be 'ego', or perhaps at that precise moment.

THE VIOLETS OF CHILDHOOD

A cake with five or maybe four candles – he couldn't remember which – and warm, foaming milk fresh from the cowshed were brought to him on a tray. The tray was bordered with a garland of violets covered with dewdrops. Oh, the scent of the violets of his childhood! Like so many things, the violets of today don't smell the same as they used to.

The white-haired woman who came into his room carrying his present, like a priestess from the valley of the Andes, said: 'Happy birthday! Now you're not a child any more.'

The violets also told him so (because they didn't smell the same as when he was a child). His 'ego' interposed itself between him and their scent. Between him and his garden.

And he realised that now he would have to create, invent some Non-Existent Violets, a Non-Existent Garden. To bring them back to life. The tree, the flowers, the plants begged him to do so from the other side of a wall of glass which was growing less and less transparent.

'EGO'

I am a very young child, but at the same time I feel myself to be a very old person, timeless, as if clothed in a dignity conferred on me by the passage of centuries. I am standing in one of the rooms in that mansion which is over two hundred years old, in the foothills of the Cordillera of the Andes, in the precarious and mystical country called Chile, where there is always a light which seems to come from other worlds, perhaps from the Morning Star.

To my right stands a big wardrobe which gives off an aroma of old wood; behind me is a brass bedstead; in front of me is a table. Beyond lie other rooms and a door which opens onto a gallery with pillars and vaulted niches. People are moving around. It is a

beautiful day full of summer sun and moving light. Everything smells and sounds as if it was new-born, solemn, because it has been recreated. For the first time – so I believe – I have a sense of my 'ego'.

And at that precise moment I begin to think like a philosopher; but with a clarity and lucidity that no philosopher ever had, because I am a child-philosopher and my thoughts are experiences, with a recently-incarnate 'ego'; that is, I am both a very old and a new sage, who awakens and directs his sure gaze over the world and over himself.

With deep wonderment, I observe, firstly, myself, my newly-appeared 'ego'. And I am surprised, but without being surprised, to feel myself to be 'me', 'me-myself', 'uniquely-me'. And the most important thought that comes into my mind at that time, which I believe that I am thinking for the first time, is the following: is it possible that in the midst of all the people around me, all the beings moving about here, I am the only one to feel myself to be 'me', that is, this unique 'me'? 'Me', 'me' and not 'another'? And then, looking at the people walking along that gallery, I say to myself: do they also feel themselves to be 'me'? It isn't possible that each of 'them' also feels himself to be 'me', 'uniquely-me', that is 'him', 'them'? And this experience, so clear, so recently emerged from the secret coffer of the universe, has affected my whole life from earliest childhood up to the present, returning from time to time, whenever – whether I wish to or not – I open the secret ark of wisdom of my childhood. And I continue asking myself: supposing that the 'ego' is an electro-chemical phenomenon in the brain's bio-chemistry, part of the mechanics of growth of the body, a centre which opens up at a given moment in a child's development, is it possible that, immediately this centre is open, that child can ask himself such fundamental questions, gaining such a clear experience of an ontological occurrence, so to speak? Furthermore, this 'ego' which suddenly appears, where was it before? And what was the 'ego' before? Or who was it? And, in my memory ('who' remembers, or 'who' engraved this recollection on my memory?), I see myself at less than a year old – before the appearance of that 'ego' (this 'ego') – leaning over the balcony of a house in the city, holding tightly in my tiny fist my grandfather's blue sapphire ring with his initials engraved in gold. The street below was full of vehicles and pedestrians. And when the women came to bring me

indoors, fearing I would let the ring drop, I felt offended, because I knew that I would never have done so; because that child was a legendary personage, older than my grandfather, a person filled with antiquity, but as yet without an 'ego'.

'UNINHABITED BLUE'

More than half a century has passed. I never wanted to go back. Or I couldn't. I travelled the whole world, obeying orders, impelled by longing – the Pilgrim of the Great Longing – always in search of the City of Agharti and Avalon. Or in reality, of the central face in the garden of my childhood. And also of the Face in the Flower.

And it happened that one day I went back, filled with the fear that the thought of coming face to face with a dream or the ghosts of an idealised world produces in us. However, everything was exactly the same. The fields were still transparent, the mountain tops snow-covered, the old walls still painted red, the road dusty and the River Claro running over steep rocks. Almost all the same people were there. Only the violets didn't smell the same. And the walls were older and the gilded sculptures in the chapel were damaged. The double-headed eagle had lost its talons but still had its heart. The tombstone had become encrusted in the floor and its inscription worn away by the passage of time.

I wandered aimlessly, thinking I heard the ghostly voices of my ancestors. Scenes repeated themselves in the light. I entered the abandoned garden, which had lost its protective fence and had been invaded by weeds. There were no flowers, no birds, no faces I could see or hear. And I stood beside the huge pine tree, without anyone seeing me there. I rested my forehead against its ancient bark and embraced it, saying: 'Speak to me as you used to, tell me your sorrows and your joys, tell me everything. Although I believe I can't understand you, you know that I do. I haven't changed. I will remain the same until the end of our eternity.'

Thus I spoke to the beloved tree of my childhood.

Whenever I read the following poem, I remember the pilgrimage which, late in life, I made to the land of my birth:

'And now, remembering my former self, the places I have
inhabited,

And which still carry my sacred thoughts,
I understand that the feeling, the plea with which all strange solitude surprises us,
Is nothing more than the evidence which remains of human sadness.
Or, also, the light of the one who breaks through his security, his consecutive atmosphere,
In order to feel how, on returning, his whole being explodes within a great number,
And to know that he "still" exists, that he "still" enriches and impoverishes steps on the earth
But who is there, absorbed, the same, without direction,
Solitary as a mountain, saying the word then.
So that no man can console the one who suffers thus:
All that he seeks, those for whom he now weeps,
All that he loves, has also gone far away, attaining itself.'[1]

MY COMRADE

In this turn of the wheel, I have dedicated myself to explaining a Myth and a Legend, embodying them in my life. I have gone through life singing a certain obsessive melody, whose key was given me in the land of my birth. I don't remember if it was here, or in another place which is even farther away, in a remote, polar region. It seems to me that none of this is new, but that I have repeated it thousands of times.

I was orphaned as a child and was brought up by a widow called Fresia or Freyja, my paternal grandmother. I grew up in the forests of this southern land like a 'pure madman'. Nothing more. Very soon I rebelled against the Great Widow, entering upon this combat with no other weapons than the memory of the face in the flower in the garden of my childhood. Without God, because I also lost him very early on.

As I narrate this 'hermetic biography' which is not accessible to everyone, this legend, and as I sing my melody softly, I thought to describe – with difficulty, enveloped in the mists of passing years and turns of the wheel – my meeting with and loss of a companion of my youth, whom I believe I called Jason, although his name was really Hector. Together we lived solar times, in a midday which

[1] By the Chilean poet Omar Cáceres.

was a midnight, dreaming of and searching for the City of Dawn.

Jason died young. He wanted to remain pure and upright so as to continue the search in a new turn of the wheel, in times which would be more propitious for him. He would continue his search through all the turns of the wheel, in those to come and those that came before.

At his graveside, I sang the Song of the Comrade:

'If you doubt,
I laugh joyfully.
If you sleep,
I keep watch for you.
If you leave,
I shall fight for both of us.
Because to each warrior
The Gods have
Given a comrade.'

And if I return to life, you will also return to life in me. And if you have a dog, I will look after it. And I will enter the city with it. Thus there will be a dog in the sky with us.

THE GREAT WAR OF THE *MAHABHARATA*

Jason left this Second Earth shortly before the great war of the *Mahabharata* began. I took part in this war although I didn't know the reason for it. I think because I was impelled by the 'blood memory' And it was this war that led me to the Master and to be initiated into an ancient circle, 'which rules both poles'.

It was the Master who explained the significance of the great war to me and the reason why I had taken part in it, guided by the 'blood memory'. The war had taken place many times, in many turns of the wheel, and it would repeat itself endlessly, without beginning or end.

As before, it ended with the defeat of the followers of the God of the Losers of the Kaliyuga. The guides who didn't die on the corpse-strewn battlefields had to embark once again on the long exodus towards the ices of the south of the world, in search of the Subterranean City and the doorway opening onto the Star of Origins. Because the Norns had spoken, and it was not night that fell upon the defeated – among whom I was numbered – but the

hope of resurrection in the Oases of Ice. If we face defeat with honour, then that defeat is good! Such an ending is a spiritual adventure which has been successful in a parallel world and time. Harsh is the judgment of the Norns! And the warrior must accept it with honour and a joyful heart.

I came to the Master in the middle of this war by a 'lucky occurrence filled with meaning'. One night I lay paralysed in my bed, having 'awoken without waking' while I thought I was asleep. A current which originated at the base of my invisible spine began to rise along the length of my body, causing different centres or 'wheels' to vibrate. As it spread, an icy fire paralysed the parts it touched. When it reached my throat, I knew that no cry for help would reach a human ear. When the raging fire neared my forehead so as to try and touch the top of my head, something was gripped by an unutterable fear, something which believed that it was going to die, to disappear for ever. And it struggled between what it believed to be nothingness and its only known existence, between fear of a black void and its earthly light, its only possible light.

And what was involved in that desperate struggle, stirring up a fundamental, perhaps cosmic happening, was the 'ego', my 'ego', which had appeared for the first time in the garden in which the golden apples of childhood grew.

THE MASTER AND THE SERPENT

I am standing before the Master, having been led into his presence by one of my companions in the great war, who had also drawn his sword and fought against identical ghosts.

I feel that I have stood here many times before, looking at his blue eyes, his virile hands grasping the sword. I hear him say: 'You have been bitten by the serpent. Her poison is already circulating through your blood and if you don't find the antidote, you will die. But don't think that this has only just happened. Your first meeting with Her was in the garden of your childhood. But at that time, you saw Her outside you, as a face looking out of a flower. Now She is inside you. And the enemy you will be fighting in this great war will be your "ego", which has come between Her and the Elect. The ancient continent of Hyperborea was submerged in the terrifying flood, and the new sun was superimposed above it, creating a thin crust which talks another language, which no longer

speaks for the animals and the flowers; nor understands them. Nevertheless, in the depths below, Hyperborea still exists, behind the Yellow Sun and the Black Sun, in the Ray of Green Light. Go down to the depths of the Ocean, raise Hyperborea, make the legendary continents of Mu and Gondwana, the Land of the Giants, reappear alongside the narrow coastline of your present homeland. When the lost continent rises, you will recover the face of the serpent. And you will return to life with Her. This is the Resurrection. And it is also our great war, which we fight with honour, out of duty, knowing that no one kills anyone else, "because those you kill on the field of battle have already died in Me". And the "ego" which you are going to overcome will return to life in a different form, united with the face of your flower, incorporated in the old soul, in that Him-Her who waits beside a spring, in the roots of the tree of your childhood.

'Don't be afraid, don't resist, go into combat with a light heart, risking the loss of your "ego" with honour. Accept its death. Only when the "ego" is dead can *he* live. It will be returned to you, immortal, reborn. And don't forget that the battlefield is your own body. Because the sky is also shaped like a man's body.'

THE COURT OF KING ANTARCTHUS

As best I could, I followed the Master's advice; because in those hazy regions, enveloped in the phantasmagorical mists of the mystery and legends of the Grail, nothing is exact or certain, nor can we make use of any conscious decision or rational will there. Although, perhaps, we may be able to decide on a course of action a little before we come face to face with events. But there is also the 'blood and its memory', our solar, Luciferan origins, which will bring us out of the battle as either victorious or defeated. Defeated with honour. And the memory of our beloved, the face of our beloved, 'in our heart of hearts', as Novalis says.

The 'battlefield' was ready. I lay down on the bed and waited for the signal which would start the conflict between the two armies. From far off, as if from the thick forests on the horizon, a soft, melodious sound could be heard and the fiery chariots began to approach like discs of white light, like flaming icebergs. The same vibrations of icy fire, the same growing paralysis, as the invasion mounted, taking one city after another, establishing its rule in each,

causing these centres to revolve in unison, so as to make use of them according to a plan and a strategic rhythmic law. The 'ego' fell back to the upper reaches in order to fight the decisive battle at the summit, where it had earlier thought itself to be victorious, keeping control there on the very brink of defeat. However, now I wanted to lose. No, I didn't want to. Something in the 'blood memory' decided that for me, perhaps the Master, the face, or the 'memory of my beloved'. An alien wisdom which reminded me: 'You are a follower of the God of the Losers, you belong to his army. You will win by losing.' And I gave in, and handed over the 'summit'. I stopped resisting.

A whirlwind of fire enveloped my head, as if I was entering a Disc of Light, and an eternity of nothingness, of nobody, was produced. Afterwards came the awakening, something like the return to a pre-existing point, both earlier and later in time. And once again, I found myself travelling inside the fire and the light of the Disc, urged on by a music which was my melody, but played in the highest possible key. We were travelling through a metal-like tube, a funnel which was rotating fast. 'A break in space', I thought, which would permit me to reach the Other Earth, a parallel world and time, where victory awaits those who know how to lose with honour 'here'.

And then I was on the other side.

It was something like a room with glass walls. In the middle was a Round Table, made of stone, of blue-green ice. On it stood a cup filled with a golden liquor. Strangely, I seemed to know that the table was my own skull, and that the cup was an eye open in the middle of it, like the central eye of the giants. Around the Round Table, like luminous discs or stars, as my body had by now also become, were seated twelve knights in shining armour, each with a lady in a red gown standing on his left. Evidently they were waiting for me, because there was an empty seat, which bore the number 13.

The King, who was called Antarcthor, said: 'This seat bears the number of your star, according to the Venusian Calendar of Tiahuanacu, which is far more perfect and accurate than the Calendar of the Sun of Gold, because it is connected with the Black Sun and the Ray of Green Light. Sit down, Huanacu!'

I obeyed. And fell into a huge abyss. The whole earth shook – that Other Earth. I had sat in the 'Siege Perilous'. I fell further and

further. And as I went deeper into the abyss, I heard King Arcthur, who was now called Antarcthur, because he had changed poles, say to me: 'I can reveal to you the names of seven of these knights. As the table is round, we can begin with any one of them. However, there is an order and a hierarchy. Five names are missing, as well as one of mine. The thirteenth is the Siege Perilous because in order to sit there you must fight a well-armed knight. Also, you must come with your lady, wearing the red gown of resurrection. Don't return here without her.'

When I found myself lying on the bed again, I saw, through the window of my room, the Morning Star rise over the sleeping Andes, like an eye filled with a watery light. And I knew that it would never cease to keep watch over me; because it was my guide on the Road of Return.

THE STONE WHICH FELL FROM HEAVEN

I went to see the Master and tell him about my experience: 'How is it possible that all this, which was taking place somewhere outside me, could at the same time also be happening inside me?' I asked.

'Ah!' he exclaimed. 'There is no inside and outside. You are alive, but you are dead. You seem dead; but you are alive. There is no here and there, nor above and below; what is inside is outside. I have explained this to you so many times.'

'True. It seems to me that I have had this meeting and this conversation with you, here in the circle, before, but have only just remembered it. A memory of something that I have already lived through or will live through. Is this reincarnation?'

'What is commonly called reincarnation is an error reached through the thoughts and language of this continent which is superimposed on the one we were speaking about earlier. An error of this new earth and new sun which appeared within time, when the garden of childhood sank along with Hyperborea and Thule, where time was different and travelled towards the past, or just didn't exist. Our order knows and uses the language of the lost continent. It is a language of sacred signs. The vibratory sounds of the Orphic music. There is no reincarnation, only a repetition of the same thing, a return of the same thing, the playing of the same note in different intensities of the same tone. I've explained this to you, too, many times, but not yesterday, not tomorrow. *Today*. So

that because it is always happening, it's as if it never happened, or as if it is happening for the first time. . . .'

'Nevertheless, I remember it, I am remembering it as if it has already happened or as if it were happening for an eternity.'

'This is because you have reached midday, in the depths of midnight, beside the Polar Mountain of Revelation. And you will be initiated into our order. You bear the sign of the warriors of our star, the star of Lucifer, of the Great Loser, the Morning Star, engraved on your forehead and your arm.'

I listen to what the Master tells me extremely carefully. These are his orders, which I will obey through all eternity.

'Yes. What is inside is outside. Here everything is outside. And you must go towards it as if you were interiorizing it. (What else do you desire, O world, but to make yourself invisible within us?)[1] Outside, there is also a castle, a Round Table of King Arcthur, a Grail, a hidden, subterranean city, a Hollow Earth, your Beloved who awaits you and a Disc of Light which will carry you to other constellations. There is a Holy War to be fought. The warriors of our order must first seek all this outside, but with the intimate knowledge that they are also seeking it inside. Better still: when they have found it outside, they will have also made it invisible in their "heart of hearts", returning it to life there. And from then on they will be able to move freely between these two worlds and in many others, from inside to out, from life to death, without being either alive or dead, like a double-headed eagle which has a heart for its body. This is what has mistakenly been called "astral journeying". It is not a journey. It is a "falling from the flesh into the soul" And they will return to clothe it with an immortal body, with the red gold of the alchemists to the Grail, with the stone which fell from heaven.'

I am, then, a stone which fell from heaven, from a broken crown, an exile in this world, a Pilgrim of Longing, an acolyte of the God of the Losers, a member of the circle of Lucifer, a warrior of the order of the Morning Star, a Guardian of the Dawn, a Walker of the Dawn.

'And the war, Master?'

'We are warriors from the most holy of wars, from a mythical, eternal, cosmic war. Because there is a myth to be defended, for

[1] By Rilke.

which to fight and die, inside and out. It was brought to this external earth with its slow vibrations, in the same way as the face in the flower in the garden of your childhood appeared to you, as if it had fallen from heaven or emerged from inside a great rose. And it really had fallen from heaven, from the rose of our star, with the stone from a crown which had been broken in a stellar war. It came down to this earth in the Discs of Light, along with the White Gods. Purely terrestrial people do not believe in this Myth of Resurrection and Eternal Love. They did not fall from another planet but are the "slaves of Atlantis". Also those who have come from opposing stars, from different universes, are fighting against our myth. Not all who inhabit the earth are the same. This is why we are fighting, so as to preserve a myth, a legend, which flows through the "blood memory". Defeat in the battles of this war will not be defeat if the myth is preserved in all its purity, because the Archetype will rise like a phoenix from the blood-stained ashes. And the war will finally be won by a Horseman riding on a white horse which gallops towards the past or who descends in a Disc of Green Light.

'The Legend of Eternal Love is on the point of disappearing because of the hybridisation of the "blood memories". The youth of today has been influenced by black music. The Archetype has been debased. Plato showed us that Atlantis was drowned because of an indiscriminate mingling of Archetypes, because of their destruction in the "blood memory". The Twilight of the Gods has taken place. The sound of the horn can be heard echoing sadly in the forests of Hyperborea.'

After a long silence, during which he seemed to be contemplating some undefined point as if someone standing there were telling him what to say, the Master continued: 'The rebellious dross overflows from the forge where the alchemist is preparing the gold of resurrection. Counter-Initiation, Prince of Darkness and Slavery, takes advantage of this. Only Zarathustra's Persian and Rama's Hindu are unconditionally on our side, despite having lost their war of the *Mahabharata*. They still defend their solar soul. Amongst us, in the south of the world, are the White Gods, hiding in the City of the Caesars, in the secret refuges in the Andes, in the mysterious oases of the South Pole. Your mission is to seek them. You will have to search the exterior world and try to enter its fortresses and gather together the scattered fragments of the broken

crown, even if it means approaching that table at which an inexhaustible supply of food is served and the liquor of eternal life is drunk, so that, finally, you may sit in the Siege Perilous because you will have come accompanied by your beloved.

'Firstly, you must search your own country, your mystical homeland, which awaits transfiguration. You must go down to the borders of the Antarctic, in search of the oases of warm water, in the centre of the ice-field, beneath the Black Sun of Midnight, and discover the entrance to the Interior Earth where our great guide awaits you. You must love your native land as you once loved the garden and the flowers of your childhood, because the warrior of our order does not scorn nature and its laws, but looks on it as an allegory of something supernatural. He is immersed in this allegory, although at the same time he is amazed by the eternal singularity of his "ego", which is a-natural. Moreover, it is not enough for him to believe in immortality, he lives it. He is the Man of Great Longing.'

THE INITIATION

I had to wait many years before I was accepted by the guides who control us from the Ray of Green Light, and the Master decided to initiate me.

I was summoned to the Circular Room of Glass, which had been built in the south as a copy of the first home. The warriors were all there, dressed in black and carrying their swords. I, too, carried mine.

The great Sign of Return, which revolves in the opposite direction to the turning of this present earth, was suspended from the vaulted roof. A fire burned in the centre of the room.

I drew my sword and passed it to the Master.

'You must stand,' he told me. 'No one kneels in our company.'

The others formed a circle around us. The Master passed my sword over the flames.

'There are two swords. One day you will be the Warrior of the Two Swords, when you regain the faculty of conversing with the animals and plants, which is the language of Avalon, spoken in the City of the Caesars. You will be the Warrior of the Two Worlds, the inner and outer. There is only one sword, but it has two edges, like a double-headed eagle. It is the Sword of the Two Consciousnesses, of the awakening.'

The Master drew a sign on the blade of the sword and handed it

back to me. The warriors pointed their swords at my heart. Then they raised them towards the Emblem of Return.

'The Circle is called Huilkanota. You are now an Ancahuinca, a warrior serving the White Gods of Albania. Now you can never turn back. Whosoever sets foot here can never go back. He must go ever onward, across burning deserts and icy plateaux, suffering thirst, half-frozen, alone, without human comfort, without the warm embrace of a living woman, *usque ad mortem*, until one day he reaches the diamond-encrusted walls of the City of Dawn, its drawbridge, its hidden entrance. By his constant courage in battle, by his "fury" alone, he will have gained the right to resurrection and eternal life. But whosoever sets foot upon this path which leads to the great beyond may not go forward if he ever has the intention of turning back. He who has attained the human state and doesn't try to go beyond it is like a man who commits suicide.'

And the Master gave me the first sign in our initiation: 'The sign is the language of Atlantis-Hyperborea. When you trace it over your heart, it affects the two heads of the double-headed eagle and instantly reaches the Two Earths and all your bodies, reactivating them. It is your defence and paralyses those who are opposed to your myth, opposing *Nos*, like a counter-initiation, an anti-spirit. Other signs will be given to you, either by me personally or by the guides, as they become necessary to the glory of your fight, on the dangerous road which you will be following. May the Norns be propitious to you! May the immortals give you their blessing! Go, seek! And never return. *Leap*!'

THE SEARCH ONCE AGAIN

Since that day I have travelled the world from end to end, searching, consulting, looking deep into the eyes of every pilgrim I meet to see whether he is one of my comrades, to receive some sign or indication that would help me find the path that leads to the gates of the City of Dawn.

At first, I allowed myself to be dragged along by the current that flows ever farther towards the south. I penetrated its borders, where Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa tasted the bitter fruit of return, called Calafate.[1] In the Sarmiento Mountains, by Lake Nahuel-

[1] A fruit of the south of Chile. It is believed that whoever eats it will always return there.

Huapi, I searched for the City of the Caesars. And one day I found myself at a great altitude, near the peak of Melimoyu. Without knowing why, I burst into tears beside a small lake and a rock which stood on a plateau, near a forest of petrified conifers. It was with great difficulty that I came down from there, as if half of my soul lay dead in that place.

And I continued my search until I reached the icy wastes of the Antarctic, guided by a golden-haired dog, always with the hope of seeing the oasis which was the entrance to the Interior World, the Hollow Earth, the refuge of our guides, appear in the thick mist. And in the expectation of their resurrection.

I don't know what happened to my golden-haired dog, or whether I lost it in this turn of the wheel or another, whether it fell into a bottomless Antarctic abyss, or whether it was devoured by the ferocious skuas, those Antarctic seagulls which flew ever closer to its Golden Fleece.

I have said that I travelled to all the ends of the earth. And thus it was. I crossed the great Ocean which eats away at our coasts, in the knowledge that the temples, palaces and golden ghosts of Gondwana and Mu, the decomposing skeletons of the men of Lemuria, their treasures, their immense submerged powers, their cosmogonic dreams, still lie in its depths. And one day I reached the Other Spine of the Earth, the Himalayas, because I thought to find the City of Agharti and the Masters of my Master there. I lived in India for many years, searching the holy mountains for the Siddha-Ashram. The Master had told me that its entrance was to be found on the sacred Mount Kailas, in the Transhimalayas, above the rainline, near Lake Manasarovar. I was on the point of reaching it. But I was prevented from doing so by the other races who had taken control of those regions and who were opposed to our myth, forcing Kaliyuga towards its nadir, to the new kingdom of the ants, to a planet of lead. Only the judgment of the Norns can save our Myth of Resurrection and Eternal Love. And the sword called 'Blood Memory' And the Disc of Green Light and the return of the White Gods.

CARL GUSTAV JUNG

On my return to the west, in that European world which is not like the South American one, and which after the Thirty Years War and

the latest war of the *Mahabharata* has become like a body without a soul, I discovered that a noble White Spirit had left Europe for ever. I was told that the Grail had been taken by Parsifal to Albania, the ancient name for America, in a Templars' ship with a fiery cross on its sail which revolved in the direction of return, towards the oases of the South Pole.

In Switzerland, beside a lake, in a tower built by his own hands and whose construction had been determined by his dreams, I met the Master of the Sphinx once more. He was carving a serpent on a rock, while the waters of the lake lapped gently round his feet. He saw me arrive, exhausted, thirsty and hungry, and invited me inside the tower to rest beside the fire while he prepared a meal for me.

He offered me wine in a metal jug and we talked all that night and the following day. I shall try and reproduce what he told me.

'Like you, I have lost the war. When I have left this life, a conspiracy will take place against me. It has always been so, because only poets will be able to understand me and continue my work. Sometimes I think that my fellow countrymen, in this tiny land in which I am living in this turn of the wheel, hate me, because I endanger their materialist, money-orientated way of life. I am not from this world. I am a Hyperborean. Like you, I am a stranger in this world, in this land inhabited by the "slaves of Atlantis". We lost this stage of the war of the *Mahabharata*. Because of this, my work will remain unfinished and only poets, as I have said, will be able to understand it and carry it on. This homeland of mine, which was once druidic, has remained a part of a Celtic confederation whose symbol is a clover with four leaves, because it lacks the fifth leaf which is the Hyperborean polar spirit, the leaf of the number of destiny. It lost it, or it never had it. At least your homeland is the land of the Morning Star. . . .'

'But you are to blame,' I broke in. 'Why didn't you risk your all? You were also a son of your mountainous country, lacking in sacred fury.'

'I would have lost the little that I had salvaged in the battle. And now it will be the sons of my own flesh who will take part in the destruction of my work. A creator, a warrior, should not have children. . . .'

'That is true,' I agreed.

He poured out the wine. He put some large pots and the old

metal frying pan into the cupboard. He greeted them and thanked them, talking to them as if they could understand him. After an almost religious silence, he looked at me fixedly: 'Well, pilgrim, you have eaten and drunk. Do you wish to rest or would you rather open your heart to me now, as you did long ago, when you were a king standing beside the Sphinx?'

'I will talk to you,' I replied. 'That is why I have come. Only you can answer me.

'SELF'

'I have been asking myself the same question for an entire eternity, without obtaining an answer. Is there any reason to believe that anything survives death? The "ego", for example? Can it die? If the "ego" dies, everything comes to an end with it. One day you explained to me that if the "ego" didn't exist, there would be no world. If a yogi, for example, had stripped himself of his "ego" in his profoundest state of *samadhi*, there would be no one there to know that he had been in *samadhi*. Or perhaps he didn't know that he was in *samadhi*? Because there is individuality without ego-consciousness; it exists even in a flower, a stone. "A stone is a stone because it has no ego-consciousness," said Meister Eckhart. Without consciousness, without "ego", there can be no individuation. There is persona but not personality. And the "ego", this "ego" I feel myself to be, that only I am, how can it die? If it dies, the world comes to an end, because how can "I" know that it will go on without "me", when "I" die? Only because people tell me so, because someone assures me it is so, while I am still here. I learn that the world goes on after me. And it is "I" who hears it, always "I". Ah, but if I really do die, then everything comes to an end, even the world. And I cannot escape from this. There is no possible way out for my "ego". I can only think and feel the following: when I disappear, if ever I do disappear, someone in eternity will again feel himself to be "me", exactly as I do now. And this "I", who feels like this, will be "I" myself, just as if nothing had ceased to exist; because in the immense interval, after a whole eternity, if there is no "I" – this "I" – there is no consciousness, so that time also comes to an end. A moment, a sigh, a nothing. The disappearance and resurrection of the world. The sleep, the repose of the Gods. The Eternal Return.

'I have come here to consult you, to talk to you, to think with you. How can I know that you really exist, that you are also "I", that you feel yourself to be an "I", "your-I"? Only because I hear you tell me so. And it could well be a projection of myself or a splitting of myself in two, like all the rest, words that I am saying to myself, questions and answers that I am putting to myself, a monologue in front of a mirror in which I am looking at myself. At the end of his dramatic life, Nietzsche also had discovered this – so they tell me – and he became all people in one, at one and the same time, succeeding in escaping from the circle into madness. But did he really escape?'

He passed his old hands across his forehead.

'This has been my obsessive melody, too. The anguish of this mental brick wall, this narrow path which seems to leave us without a way out. Without an answer. Because, truly, there is none. You know? There is none! The only thing I can confirm to you is that I, too, feel myself to be "me" A poor answer. Because you don't believe me, you cannot possibly believe me. From your point of view, only "you" feel yourself to be "me". This is how it is for you, even when I can assure you that it is the same for me, too. With your "me", you will never be able to understand it. Separate for ever. There is no way out of this, no answer. That is to say, the answer is: there is no way out, no answer. The way does not lie in renunciation of the "ego", "crucifixion of the ego", but in its supreme affirmation, combining it with an entelechy, with the Persona which existed before the "ego" and which felt itself to be so old, so ancient, so filled with dignity. Combining them in the Absolute Personality.'

'What is the "ego"? Where was it before it entered a child's body?' I asked.

He answered me with other questions: 'Perhaps it was the "guardian angel" which the child later loses, when the "ego" enters his body? Or perhaps the "guardian angel" is that wise man, who goes away when the "ego" enters the child's body and waits for "your" return? What is this "you"? Is there, perhaps, a "third"? Or is the "ego" a point, a fold in the mantle of the persona, of the Monad, of which only a tiny part can enter a body made of dense matter? Have you ever considered the possibility that the technocrats of the science of Kaliyuga managed to give an "ego" to their electronic brains, their robots, merely by moving a lever? Mightn't

something similar have happened in the case of the human being? Will the "ego" survive when the robot is destroyed? Will the same "ego" be reproduced in other machines? This horrifying possibility is for me a further proof that consciousness is an archetype which forges a path through the universes, seeking to give itself a shape, and that it uses the human being in the same way as it would use the machine. . . . I have never managed to say this openly: That the "ego" is an Archetype.'

'I understand,' I said.

'They are only words, I know. New receptacles for an old wine. Let us return to the point from which we have strayed: combining the "ego" and the persona. There lies the gate through which one can enter and leave Ultima Thule. I have called it Individuation. Combining the "ego" with the Self. Changing the accent of individuality, moving it from the rational consciousness closer to the Ocean of the Unconscious, without ceasing to be conscious but with a different type of consciousness, bringing light as far as possible into the darkness, moving from the Yellow Sun of rational consciousness to the Black Sun of Individuation. And the centre that appears there, which is created, invented, to which the accent of individuality has now moved, is the Self, a circle whose circumference is everywhere and whose centre is nowhere. And which emits a Ray of Green Light. The light of Gnosis. Meister Eckhart's "tiny spark" which navigates in a ghost ship on and beneath the surface of the Sea of the Unconscious, with all its lights on. The fulfilment of the totality of a being, the *unus mundus*. This is Individuation. Giving a face to the Self, to the "Guardian Angel", the Monad, making the Creator conscious. . . . And do you know where I found the concept of the Self I used in order to allude to this mystery? In the greatest psychologist of all time: in Nietzsche, your "Wounded King", who was the first to discover it, using the German word *Selbst.*'

'What is the Self?' I asked.

'It is an island of glass lost in the middle of the Ocean, a city hidden in the depths of a mountain, an oasis of warm water in the midst of the ices, it is the Continent of the Golden Age, a castle surrounded by flames, in which the Beloved lies asleep. . . . Yes, because once there was a King, a Queen, a Sleeping Beauty in a Wood, an Eternal Love. . . . Only poets will be able to understand me.

ANIMA, ANIMUS

'Eros was united with his Beloved inside the Great Orphic, Cosmic Egg: *Phanes, Erika Paios.* Eros unites, but *Phobos*, fear, hatred (nothing is closer to love than hatred) disunites, leads to separation, breaks the Cosmic Egg. So as to acquire consciousness, individuality, so as to be able one day to give a face to the Cosmic Egg.

'Complete fusion – losing oneself in one's opposite, in the loved one, in an effort to return to the original Androgynous – is not a good thing. It goes against Individuation, the immortality of the persona and resurrection, which is differentiation, the individuation of both partners, so that he and she can come together again separated but, in another way, united for ever. Resurrected.

'If you have the great good fortune to meet your beloved again, the her of him, in one of the turns of your wheel, don't make the mistake of marrying her. You would both be destroyed. What you must do is help her to die outside you. Love her as if you were committing a crime. The beloved must die in order to return to life as an immortal, placing her eternity in your hands. This is the true Her, who leads the warrior to heaven, who is not an illusion, who does not drag him down into hell, profaning him, castrating his magic virility, turning man into woman. She is not the devouring mother, the widow who is not the Widow, because she does not resign herself to her widowhood and so castrates her son. Parsifal and Alexander had to employ *Phobos* (Hatred) in order to escape from the Great Mother, the little widow, so as to achieve the Grail, the Stone of Change, which the Greeks called *Xoanon.* Totality.

'*Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan*, as Goethe said. "The Eternal Feminine leads us to heaven." Because the impulse which drives you to fulfil the ultimate mystery, which I have called Individuation, projecting the "ego" into the Persona, into the Monad, into the Self, giving a face to the Gods, "lighting the darkness of the Creator", is none other than love. Only love can make you cross the deep chasm, the drawbridge that separates your "ego" from the castle in which your beloved lies asleep, jumping into the abyss. It is in effect a change, a miracle. It is a Non-Existent Flower: the Self. Fall into this flower and you will find the face of your Beloved there. This love, this impulse, is an icy, red-green fire, which consumes everything and projects you to heaven, loving beyond life and death, for all eternity. This love makes you immortal. This

face, this Fire of Love, which the troubadours and *Minnesänger* called *Woevre Saelde*, Isolde, I have called *Anima* in the man and *Animus* in the woman.

A-MOR

'It has been said that the man who loves God needs seven incarnations in order to enter Nirvana and liberate himself, and that the man who hates him needs only three. It is without God but with his own "fury" that Parsifal achieved the Grail and his individuation, his Self, his totality. This is the difference between the Liquid Road and the Dry Road. We do not know whether, as well as his "fury", his *Phobos*, his fear of the Mother, Parsifal carried with him a "memory of a beloved", as he was supposed to have advised his friend Gawaine to do. Parsifal, with his "fury", or his hatred, was resisting a *participation mystique*. *Samadhi*, fusion with *Adhi*, the Primordial Being, doesn't await him at the end of his road. Because this would be the way of sainthood. What awaits him is *Kaivalya*, total separation, supreme Individuation, Absolute Personality, the ultimate solitude of the Superman. This is the way of the magician, the Siddha, the tantric hero of the Grail. The cosmic isolation of the risen Purusha.

'The mystery of the Grail has preoccupied and moved me deeply since my youth. For this very reason, I did not wish to touch it but passed it by on tiptoe, because I had a presentiment that this was something sacred that should not be "psychologised" Unfortunately, I am not sure that others may not do so in my name after I have gone. . . .'

'I am surprised to hear you use the word "psychologise". Having stopped in midstream, out of a desire to preserve the "scientific" nature of your school at all costs, having enveloped your profoundest experiences in the language that was in vogue at the time, so as to escape the accusation of mysticism and magic, you nevertheless find yourself laid open to the accusation of "psychologising" traditional and sacred knowledge, such as alchemy, astrology, hermeticism and even the *I Ching*. Having done so, you have gained nothing, because your enemies will always accuse you of mystic ambiguities and of being a gnostic follower of Meister Eckhart.'

'I know. This is why I have said that only poets will understand

me. Because, somehow, I have handed over the "cipher" I, too, like the troubadours of Occitania and the *Minnesänger*, have sung in code, in cipher. For example, haven't I said that Archetypes are psychoid? That is to say that, transcending the human psyche, they are beyond or before it. What difference, then, from the Gods of Greece and India and of the ancient Germans? And my two or more Collective Unconsciousnesses, incompatible between themselves? Isn't this the "Blood Memory", the *Minne* of the German troubadours, who sang of the memory of a Love lost at the beginning of time? What difference between this and the "Race Spirit" of which the occultists speak? Without doubt, I could have gone much further, had I, too, not lost the war. I could have linked my concept of the Collective Unconsciousnesses with the mysterious Tibetan doctrine of the Tulku and the Hindu-Buddhist doctrine of the Bodhisattva. A Tulku never says "I" but "we" when referring to himself. He is a Race Spirit embodied in an entire people. He possesses all his "I" while also being conscious in various parallel planes or times of existence. He is ubiquitous. Thus we link up with the theme of "I", which you raised, and with Nietzsche's conclusion, which is no longer one, but all.... Hinduism's Samsara is also my Collective Unconscious, the River of Samsara, of those archetypal forms: Maya, for the Hindus, Illusion. And in the midst of all this is the Self, like an ideal centre, situated in no particular place in the immense Ocean, like a Non-Existent Flower.

'In the west, there was once a way of individual initiation into love: the mystery of the Grail, of its Esoteric Order of Knights and the hermeticism of the German and Provençal troubadours and of the *Fedele d'Amore* in northern Italy. The troubadours' esotericism became a sort of Platonism, or an alchemical Tantrism of the Left Hand. It possessed a ritual and an initiation by degrees, which went from the choice of the initiate by the "glance" of the Lady of the Castle – Beatrice, in the case of Dante – to the giving of a protective ring, a girdle (Brunnhilde's Girdle in the Nibelungenlied), a handkerchief or a glove. The initiate has been accepted. He is the Tantric *Sadhaka*. He then passes into the degrees of *Fenhedor*, "Suitor"; *Precador*, "Implorer"; "Bound Man" and *Drut*, he who has exchanged hearts, the betrothed – Rebis, the androgynous of the alchemists – he who has surmounted the ultimate test of *Asag*, uniting with his lady only in the mind; or rather, in the *Maithuna*,

the mystical Tantric coitus. The *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. From there he should achieve resurrection, the state of definite separation, Individuation in the Absolute Personality, *purushic*, *kaivalic*, of which we have already spoken. With the face of the Beloved in his soul. In alchemy, the equivalent states are *Nigredo*, *Albedo* (from which come the names Albania, Albion, Albi) and *Rubedo*, resurrection in the red immortal energy-matter of *Vajra*. The *Soror Mystica*, the woman who is always at the side of the alchemist, is the *Amasia Uxor*, the magic bride of the troubadours' love esotericism. And she is the *Yogini* and *Parastri*, the initiated bride of Tantrism.

'This miraculous Hyperborean initiation comes from a great distance, from the original polar continent, where the female magicians, the priestesses of magic love, Morgana and Allouine, appeared. And also the women who, in the legend of the Grail, healed the wounded warrior and the Sick King. This mystery comes to us from an unfathomable distance. In the west, it was destroyed with the Cathars and the Templars, with the *Minnesänger* and the *Fedele d'Amore*, with the troubadours of the Languedoc, in the eternal war with the enemies of the divine myth. What had been a private, unique, aristocratic initiation has become vulgarised in the exotericism of the Church of Rome, which has taken possession of its symbols and adulterated them. The Gnostic Lady, *Sophia*, *Woevre Saelde*, the feminine Holy Spirit, *Parakletos*, the Dove, has been popularised as the Virgin Mary; the Exchange of Hearts, which is in reality the awakening of the Anahata chakra, has been externalised in the cult of the heart of Jesus. The crown of thorns and the rosary have replaced the Templars' alchemical rose of a thousand petals, the Sahasrara chakra, at the summit of the invisible skull. It is the assassination of the sacred way of Kundalini, of the Tantric road of the chakras. A hermetic initiation of solar love has been adulterated by an exoteric, lunar religion, by an anthropomorphic, exclusively materialistic cult.

'The initiation of "loveless love" has been destroyed, and man has gone over to the diffusion of a physical, matriarchal love, centred purely on the physical body of the woman, in which the externalised Eve triumphs, desecrating the warrior, imposing her female urgency and her "Demetrian" fever for procreation. Love has become human, all too human. The "loveless love" of the warrior, of the troubadour, is the mystery of the Grail. The love of

the unresurrected woman and man is the Church of Rome, lunar Christianity. The initiatory poem has deteriorated into the novel, the popular literature and the unhealthy sexualism of our day.

'When we talk about the religion of love of the troubadours, of the initiated knights of the Grail, of the true Rosicrucians, we must try to discover what lies behind their language. In those days, love did not mean the same thing as it does in our day. The word *Amor* (Love) was a cipher, it was a code word. Amor spelt backwards is Roma. That is, the word indicated, in the way in which it was written, the opposite to Roma, to all that Rome represented. Also, *Amor* broke down into "a" and "mor", meaning *Without-Death*. That is, to become immortal, eternal, thanks to the way of initiation of A-Mor. A way of initiation totally opposed to the way of Rome. An esoteric, solar Kristianity. The Gnostic Kristianity of Meister Eckhart. And mine. Because I have tried to teach western man to resurrect Kristos in his soul. Because Kristos is the Self for western man.

'This is why *Roma* destroyed *Amor*, the Cathars, the Templars, the Lords of the Grail, the *Minnesänger*, everything which may have originated in the "Hyperborean Blood Memory" and which may have had a polar, solar origin.

'The love talked and written about so much in novels, poetry and magazines, the love of one's neighbour, the universal love of the churches, love of humanity, has nothing whatsoever to do with "loveless love" (A-Mor, Without-Death), which is a harsh discipline, as cold as ice, as cutting as a sword, and which aspires to overcome the human condition in order to reach the Kingdom of the Immortals, Ultima Thule.

'SYNCHRONICITY'

'The earth is alive, and it feels with you. It follows your footsteps, your search, with equal anxiety, because it will be transfigured in your triumph. The end of Kaliyuga and the entry into a new Golden Age depend on the results of your war. The earth by itself cannot finish the work that Nature leaves incomplete. Today the earth has joined forces with man in his destructive passion. The great catastrophe will occur in the first years of the Age of Aquarius. But if you can find the entrance to the Invisible Double of this earth, fulfilling the mystery of "loveless A-Mor", the

volcanoes will become calm, the earthquake will cease and the catastrophe will be avoided.

'There is an essential "synchronicity" between the soul and the landscape. What you achieve in yourself will have repercussions in even the remotest corner of the universe, like the ringing of a bell which announces a triumph or a defeat, producing irreversible effects in a secret centre where Destiny acts. The Archetype is indivisible and, if you once confront it in an essential manner, the effects are universal and valid for all eternity. The old Chinese saying expresses it well: "If a man, sitting in his room, thinks the right thoughts, he will be heard thousands of leagues away." And the alchemical saying, too: "It doesn't matter how alone you are. If you do true work, unknown friends will come to your aid."

'What I have called "synchronicity", Nietzsche called "lucky occurrences filled with meaning". It becomes a poetic dialogue, a concerto for two violins, between the man-magician and Nature. The world presents you with a "lucky occurrence filled with meaning", it hands you a subtle, almost secret message, something which happens without apparent reason, a-causal, but which you feel is full of meaning. This being exactly what the world is looking for, that you should extract that meaning from it, which you alone are capable of seeing, because it "synchronises", it fully coincides with your immediate state of mind, with an event in your life, so that it is able to transform itself, with your assistance, into legend and destiny. A lucky occurrence which transformed itself into Destiny. And once you have achieved this, everything will appear to become the same as before, as if nothing had happened. Nevertheless, everything has changed fundamentally and for all time, although the only ones to know it will be you and the earth – which is now *your* earth, *your* world, since it has given itself up to you so that you can make it fruitful. "The earth has made itself invisible inside you", as Rilke would say, it has become an individualised universe inside you. And although perhaps nothing may have changed, "it might seem as if it were so, it might seem as if it were so", to use your own words. And you will be a creative God of the world; because you have conceived a Non-Existent Flower. You have given a meaning to your flower.'

'THE ART OF THE FUGUE'

As I was leaving, I said to myself: 'The Rose on the Cross is the symbol of the Self, of the totality. It is the face of the soul, the transfiguration of the terrestrial, the flowering. The horizontal line of the cross is the feminine, She; the vertical is the masculine, He. The Rose unites them, joins them together, it is HIM-HER and HER-HIM, the Androgynous. But if the cross revolves dizzily, in a left-hand direction, towards the beginnings, back to Hyperborea, to the Morning Star, it turns into a flaming circle, which extends behind all the suns as far as the Ray of Green Light, surmounting for all time HIM and HER, making them into an immortal One-self. They have been resurrected in the red energy of *Vajra*, centring on the immobile, polar movement. Immobile within movement, united in separation, loving each other with loveless A-Mor. And when the cross revolves in this way, taking this direction, the face of the Beloved emerges from the depths of the Great Rose.'

In the dawn, covered in Alpine mist, while I walked through narrow passes, I had a vision, a dream: I saw myself inside an old Gothic church. With me was a woman who was explaining to me that the purest Gothic was to be found in Germany, even though the style had originated in the north of France. The two towers had been transformed into one, and the whole line of the building seemed to defy earthly gravity and to strain towards the infinite in supreme flight. And she repeated to me, in German: *Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*

We listened to the last Brandenburg Concerto by Bach, the most magical, holding hands and looking at a window which depicted an alchemical rose, through which shone the evening sun, transforming it into an explosion of pearls, droplets, cascades of green light. Then, we kissed, bathed in that alchemical light. And it was as if we were kissing each droplet of light from the flower, the face of the flower, which was to me Her face and to her His face.

The Brandenburg Concerto had turned into the 'Art of the Fugue', the last and greatest creation of Bach's soul, composed on the highest peaks of his world, repeating a theme *ad infinitum*, although scarcely altering its meaning: 'creating new laws in the movement of forces, but without creating new forces', within the Eternal Return of the same force, discovering in it 'lucky

occurrences filled with meaning', which, when interpreted, transfigured, brought the possibility of 'ordering and determining human beings in a new (although illusory) way'. A lucky occurrence which turns into Destiny. A Non-Existent Flower; but more real than all the flowers in the gardens of this world.

HERMANN HESSE

The Alpine mist dispersed.

One midday, I found myself once again outside the door of a house where someone had hung a sign which carried the following inscription:

> 'When a man has reached old age
> and has fulfilled his mission,
> he has a right to confront
> the idea of death in peace.
> It isn't good to visit this man or to talk to him.
> One must give a wide berth
> to the door of his house,
> as if no one lived there.'

Once again, I met the Master who had not lost the faculty of conversing with the animals and plants, or who had recaptured this condition of youth in his old age. He was in the garden, burning leaves and branches. How much time had passed since our earlier meeting, in the turning of the Great Wheel!

He saw me appear and approached me with a luminous smile, greeting me with his clear eyes.

'We couldn't leave yesterday for the Upper Engadine because of an unforeseen occurrence – my wife was stung by a bee.'

We sat down on a bench in the shady garden, in the shadow of the chestnut trees. There were magnolias and palm trees and a huge fig tree, the like of which I have only seen in India. An enchanted fountain murmured melodiously.

'This is Klingsor's Garden. I baptised it by this name in memory of the magician in *Parsifal*. It reminds me of the Villa Rufoli in Ravello, which inspired Wagner to write the first act of *Parsifal*. When he saw it, he exclaimed: "This is Klingsor's enchanted Garden!" Here, in this Casa Camuzzi, when a cycle has ended for

you, I will give you refuge. In this house, you will discover the secret of the resurrection; from here, you will set out to attain it.'

'I have been in Bollingen, with the Master of the Sphinx.'

'He is a mountain, like San Salvatore which we can see from here, like Monte Generoso, like the Matterhorn. I owe him much. My magic work begins with him. "Damian" is the Self; his mother, Eve, is the Great Widow, the Mother of Parsifal. We ourselves are the sons of the Widow, the *Minnesänger*, the sons of *Woevre Saelde*, who sing of the deep longing for the Hyperborean north. We are Cain and Lucifer. I seek the Princess Fatima, you the Princess Papan. Thanks to the Master of the Sphinx, I met Abraxas. My work is enveloped in his secret gnosis. In reality, I am the poet he is seeking, the poet who, without interpreting symbols, expresses them. In *Steppenwolf*, Hermine is the feminine of Hermann, my *Anima*, as he would say. Like a *Minnesänger*, I have sung in code.'

'In some Spanish translations of that work, the cipher has been lost,' I interrupted, 'because the name Armanda has been substituted for Hermine.'

'It's the age we live in,' he replied, 'no mystery, no secrecy, no gnosis. . . . However, there is something that separates me from the Master of the Sphinx: music. I live, I envelop myself in it. Bach, Mozart, as much or more than him, have influenced my work. Mozart is present in *Steppenwolf*. *The Magic Flute* already reveals the mystery of HIM-HER and HER-HIM by leading us to Pamino and Pamina, Papageno and Papagena by the dancing rhythm of its notes; Him and Her, with capital letters, and him and her, with small ones. Our Master of the Sphinx doesn't live music with his blood. This is what distinguishes a Swiss from a German. I belong to that insensate, tenuous current of men of the Great Longing, which flows like a river of gold from the ices of the far north, from the *Minne*, and which reaches ecstasy with Hölderlin, Kleist, Novalis and Nietzsche. We are those who believed that we could change the world by "magic idealism" You are one of us, because only in us will you find your kin. When I have gone, a conspiracy in which the sons of the flesh will take part will adulterate me, trying to link me with Negro music, drugs and sexualism. They will turn me into a comic strip phophet, and may even reserve me a place of honour in the Valhalla of Disneyland. But I will survive all that. Because I am a *Minnesänger* who has sung in code, and because

I also carry the Sword of Goldmund, named *Minne*, "Blood Memory".'

'And death? And your grave there in Gentiline?'

'Death is like falling into the Master of the Sphinx's Collective Unconscious, into the Samsara, in order to return from there to the circle, on a new day, to forms, to pure form . . . Why does death preoccupy you so much? Listen to Nature, live its cycles. There you can hear the voice of God, of the Gods. . . .'

I know that a great difference exists between my melody and that of the Master who knows the language of the animals and the flowers. Perhaps he is too German for me, in his feeling of pantheistic fusion with Nature, which I cannot help feeling is sometimes a little morbid, while nevertheless loving it so much. I hope, therefore, to be able to transfigure it one day with my 'magic idealism', 'synchronistically with my resurrection', driving away our mutual Kaliyuga, our 'darkest age'. Novalis himself, so beloved by him, stated: 'God must be separated from Nature. God has nothing to do with Nature. He is the goal of Nature. Something with which Nature will one day need to harmonise.' That is to say, Allegory, Symbol. An involution exists, a Golden Age was lost. Better still, there exists neither involution nor evolution, only a change of state, which becomes visible and conscious in the smallest space-time, only in the human era, because it is essentially an ontological, atemporal event. Nature, reality, which is only perceived in part, never in its own truth ('the false is the essence of the real', said the Wounded King), is the magico-cosmic precipitation of an Idea, of a state which is in another reality, which engenders 'another reality' and 'another'. Terrestrial matter is therefore on the border of identification, being both experience and symbol.

William Blake wrote: 'Nature teaches nothing about Spiritual Life, only about Natural Life. The devil is the mind of Natural Structure.'

Initiation does not admit that the human condition is an immutable destiny. It does not admit to being only a man. As we have said with Meister Eckhart: 'A stone is also God, but it doesn't know it. And precisely because it doesn't know it, it is a stone.'

The idea of death obsesses me, along with the inescapable reality of the sentiment of my 'ego'. And even if this might originate in the depths of the ancestral soul of Spain, I know that it connects me

essentially with the silent drama of the Master of the Sphinx, with what he said and, even more, with what he didn't say. And the difference between these two masters is the difference that might exist between the saint and the magician, between the fusion, the losing of oneself in *samadhi* and the separation in the Absolute Personality, in *Kaivalya*. Between reincarnation and resurrection.

As if interpreting my thoughts, he told me: 'Don't forget that, to the end, I remain both Narcissus and Goldmund, Siddhartha and Govinda. With my soul divided by opposing tendencies; the desire for surrender, fusion, losing myself, and also the search, longing, rebellion. . . .'

As I left, he clasped my hand.

THE WOUNDED WARRIOR

The Master had also said to me: 'Seek the comrades who were scattered by the great war.'

On an old battlefield, I found the greatest of these comrades, a descendant of the Tuatha De Danann. He was badly wounded, lying on the banks of a canal. A heroic woman was tending him, staunching the blood which flowed from his wounds. Because of the tortures to which his enemies had subjected him, the warrior was almost dumb. He would soon be leaving this world.

I sat down at his side and talked to him, telling him about my pilgrimage to the land of Occitania, in the Cathar Languedoc, my climb to the ruins of the solar temple of Montsegur and the Sierra Maladetta, where our brother, the warrior-troubadour Bertran de Born, let himself freeze to death. I recited his poem, the 'Praise of War', which the warrior had translated.

The old warrior remained silent, motionless, like a rock, like a tree, absent, hardly even listening to me.

I had an inspiration. Remembering the garden of my childhood and the 'angel' which might possibly have entered me, I thought of what people say about the 'second childhood of the old'. Is it not possible that this 'angel', which seemed to float on the outside of the body for a time during childhood, also emerges in old age and again remains outside the body, even before death? And this 'angel', which when it entered the body became 'me', forming the 'personality', becomes only 'persona' once more when it leaves the body again. But for the fact that it possesses the face, I said to

myself, enabling it to immortalise itself, projecting an Absolute Personality beyond time and space. So that, at such an advanced age as that of this wounded warrior, his 'angel' can only be inside his body for brief moments. And it must therefore be sought on the outside.

So I stopped looking at his bodily eyes and addressed my words to something that might be found floating like an aura, a little way above his head. Intensely, although calmly, I spoke to him: 'Be joyful, warrior, for in another seven hundred years the laurel will flower again and you will once more lose the war.'

His body trembled as if beneath a gentle blow from something that had entered it. Something that was wandering in the light of that Venetian evening, beside the doves of Saint Mark's Square, over the dome of the Cathedral of La Salute, or near the Colleone horse.

'You are one of the few. Bless you for coming at last! I was waiting for you. Now I can go.'

'Yes. Now you can go; because now you know that the Gods give to each warrior a comrade. While you sleep, I keep watch. And when you have gone, I will continue fighting for both of us. Besides, you know that I know that you have sung in code in your "Cantos". Also, we have both scaled the ruins of the Solar Temple of Montsegur, and one day we will rebuild it, in another land, when the Golden Age returns. And when the God of the Losers of the Kaliyuga, our guide, has been avenged.'

Then the warrior arose, dressed in black, covered with bloody wounds. And together we intoned the song of our beloved troubadour, Bertran de Born, in the language into which he had translated it:

'In hot summer have I great rejoicing
When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace,
And the lightnings from black heav'n flash crimson,
And the fierce thunders roar me their music
And the winds shriek through the clouds mad, opposing,
And through all the riven skies God's swords clash.
And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson.
And I watch his spears through the dark clash
And it fills all my heart with rejoicing
And pries wide my mouth with fast music

When I see him so scorn and defy peace,
His lone might 'gainst all darkness opposing.
And let the music of the swords make them crimson!'

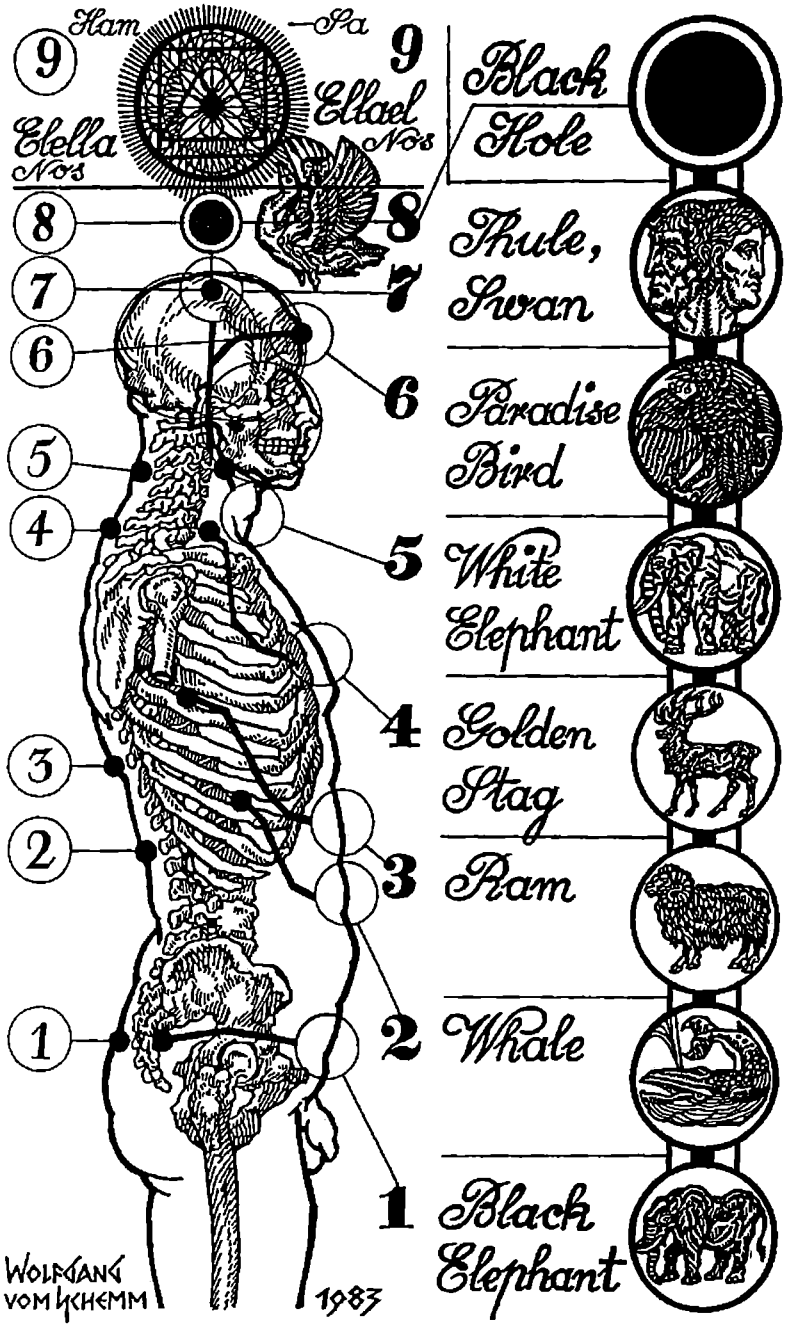
Then I sang in my language, for him:

'I love the joyous time
Which gives birth to leaves and flowers
I love to hear the happy sound
Of the birds whose songs
Re-echo through the grove
And I love to see tents
And pavilions erected in the meadows
And I rejoice greatly
When I see armed knights
And horses in the field
And see castles lustily besieged
And I love to see when a knight
Is the first to invade it
On horseback, fearlessly, well armed
I love to see his valiant courage!

And the horses galloped
Riderless through the thicket. . . .'
.....

He came even closer: 'Do you know why I stay silent? So that nobody can make me say anything opposed to what I wrote and did. And because, in the end, we warriors are alone and no one, except our comrade, understands us, and no one is with us, except the ghosts of the dead heroes. When the fire of combat awoke in our hearts, it could never be put out again. The "Tiny Spark" guides us. If I were to go back, if because of my old age and the pain from my wounds they were to induce me to recant, the spirit of adventure, which has never died, would leave the warrior for ever. And nothing would then remain but an empty body. Magic would have deserted us. . . . Be faithful to the old dreams, so that our world doesn't lose hope!'

I took a step backwards, the better to look at him in the dying light reflected in the waters of the canal. And looking fixedly now at his bodily eyes, I pronounced the greeting of the legendary troubadour: 'Heil!'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Golden Stag
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WOLFGANG VOM HCHEMM
1983

THE RETURN OF ALLOUINE

THE UNKNOWN LEGEND OF THE PRINCESS PAPAN

I am seated on a rock jutting out over the abyss. Below me are spread vast tracts of land and brown and blue mountain ranges, bare of vegetation. This is the mineral-rich, eroded Cordillera of the Andes, so different from the other mountain ranges of the world. Far away, almost at sea level, swirls a transparent mist, like the agitated breathing of the waters of the Ocean.

For some time now, a condor has been circling above my head. From time to time, he flies closer to me. I can feel the piercing gaze of this solitary inhabitant of the Andean peaks.

I am reading a book which no one else in my country has yet read, and which Père Jacques, a member of the order, will publish shortly, reproducing it from our archives. The condor, my brother in other turns of the wheel, hovers overhead. He seems to be reading with me.

It is the unknown story of the Princess Papan.

In pre-recorded times, when the Hyperboreans realised that their continent in the polar north was going to be submerged, they sent one of their Discs of orichalcum to the south of the world. And with its crew went the Priestess of Magic Love, Allouine. They took with them a branch from the Soma tree, which was the tree that contained the liquor of blood, of Blood Memory. And they planted it at the other pole. When the continent of Hyperborea disappeared, together with the first Atlantis, Mu and Gondwana, the White Gods were already safe in the oases at the South Pole and in the secret cities in the Andes. They founded the ancient civilisation of Tiahuanacu and the temples on Easter Island which have now disappeared. The White Gods were men of giant stature.

They wrote using the signs which the order still uses. Some of them are reproduced in the runes.

When the earth's axis shifted, the Golden Age, the Garden of Avalon and the First Earth were lost. The seasons were introduced, time was born. But in the hollow Interior Earth, in its 'double', in the secret cities of Agharti and Shambhalla, in Great Paytiti, in Elelin, in the City of the Caesars, in all those places, the Golden Age has been preserved.

America, whose alchemical name is Albania – from *Albedo* – the Land of the White Gods, has been the traditional refuge of the descendants of the Luciferan Hyperboreans, the followers of the God of the Losers of the Kaliyuga, the warriors of the Morning Star, of Lucifer-Abraxas. Through their Blood Memory they knew that a branch of the original, primeval Soma tree grew at the South Pole. And they had to go there to drink its immortalising liquor. Only in this way could they be rejuvenated, bringing new life to the divine race which was on the point of extinction. For this reason, in ancient times America-Albania was visited by the Druids, the Celts, the Vikings, the Templars, and Parsifal, who came in a ship with all its lights on, with the emblem of the Lefthanded Cross on its sail and carrying the Grail. The ship was called *Wafeln, El Caleuche, Astra.* It navigated beneath the surface of the water and was crewed by the souls of the dead heroes, the *Wildes Heer*, the defeated armies of the war of the *Mahabharata*, the great war which will never end.

The surface of America-Albania, which the Vikings called *Hvetramannaland*, the Land of White Men, is populated to the present day by the slaves who survived the sinking of Atlantis, who drowned it with their black magic. They belong to the coloured races of the alchemical, planetary Opus, each of which has a precise cosmic function to fulfil, if in fact they are not the exclusive product of the animal-men. They rebelled, causing the catastrophe, by consorting indiscriminately with each other, without initiatory knowledge, without tantric magic, without science, bringing about a most dreadful cataclysm, as Plato relates. Atlantis severed the ties which joined it to Hyperborea – the sacred land of the extraterrestrial guides of the Ray of Green Light – and its sinking produced the planetary, cosmic drama, tearing away even the Polar Continent, shifting the earth's axis, causing the third moon to fall on Gondwana, changing the position of the Andean Ocean, destroy-

ing Tiahuanacu, submerging the Continent of the Spirit. Homer also relates that the Garden of the Hesperides, with its apples of alchemical gold, of *aurum potabile*, which can be eaten and drunk, was guarded by three sisters; one white, one black and one red: *Albedo*, *Nigredo* and *Rubedo* were said to be their names. The complete planetary *Opus alchimicum*. But everything changed, becoming degenerate. The original magico-Hyperborean science was lost. And as in Tibet, where the Mongol race became the outer, faithful guardian of the entrances to the interior world of the giant Dropas and the divine Siddhas of Agharti and Shambhalla, the sole mission of the coloured races of American Albania was to watch over the entrances to the secret cities of the Andes and the Internal Land of the divine *Ancahuincas*, the immortal White Gods.

Everything has been changed by the catastrophe which pushes us faster and faster towards a new sinking, because of the repeated rebellion of the slaves of Atlantis, who believe that they can direct destiny all over the world, creating monstrous mixes of colours and races, without the Hyperboreans' magico-alchemical knowledge.

The Vikings came in search of the Soma tree, the tree of Blood Memory. They created an entire civilisation in ancient Mexico. The slaves of Atlantis received them with that mixture of respect which the atavistic memory of a glorious age produces in them, which makes them bow down in reverence, and the sly arrogance of those who believe themselves capable of disregarding the Norns. The Viking chieftain was called Ullman, man of Ull, according to Père Jacques. He founded an important civilisation in ancient Mexico and in the land of the Mayas, where he was called Quetzalcoatl, the Serpent with Fiery Plumes, because of the *Drakkar*, the Viking ship in which he had come and which appeared to have wings and plumes, and all its lights on, turning like a luminous disc, sometimes in the full light of midday. But the most extraordinary thing that Père Jacques relates in this book, which he hasn't yet written, is that Quetzalcoatl's Beloved was called Papan-Allouine. That is to say that the Princess Papan of the Aztec legend was not the sister of Moctezuma, who might also have been a Viking, because he swore that he came from Tula or Thule, but a semi-divine Hyperborean priestess, who came to *Hvetramannaland*, Albania, in the Disc called *Astra* or *Wafeln*, with Quetzalcoatl.

And when Quetzalcoatl went away, no one knows where (to the Interior Earth or the Morning Star?), Papan became 'as if dead', but

not in Tenochtitlan but much farther south, in a region near the other pole, in a secret city in the Andes, possibly near the peak of Mount Melimoyu. Because before he went away for ever, the man of Ull went southward, ever farther southward. And it was Quetzalcoatl who rebuilt the civilisation of Tiahuanacu, taking other names. There he was called Tamanduare. Sue-ca, Kontiki-Viracocha, Pay Zume, Manko Kapak. Papan was called Neua and also Mama Occl and Mama Runtu. She was the Queen of the South; that is to say, the Queen of Sheba; because *Sheba* means South. She lived in a land of lakes and volcanoes, on an island surrounded by a sea of flames, which was later called Chilli or Chile and which is narrow like a double-edged sword. A psychic spinal column of the planet, a region once inhabited by giants who will return to populate it when they emerge from their ancient prisons in the mountains, breaking through their walls of rock.

Thus Papan lay, awaiting the return of Quetzalcoatl. She appeared to be dead; but really she was only asleep. She was the Sleeping Beauty. The one who is still asleep.

Centuries passed, and a Spaniard came to these regions, driven by the same secret longing: he was Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, also known in another turn of the wheel as Petrus Toletanus, who would write the Book of Magic Love entitled *Rosarium Philosophorum*, in which he would reveal how to bring back to life the woman who appears to be dead, how to awaken the woman who lies sleeping.

Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa lost his turn of the wheel. When he had already reached the southernmost sea and could see the ices of the strait that cuts through those regions, where he founded the Ciudad del Rey Felipe, which was really the City of Hunger and Thirst, the City of the Great Longing, he was assailed by doubts, and his ship was battered by a huge wave which forced him to turn back. He was unable to discover the narrow passage that leads to the oasis of the ices, because his heart was torn between opposing memories and conceptions of the world; he was incapable of surrendering himself completely to a Hyperborean dream. He fell just at that point in the secret geography of the world where the Fruit of Return called Calafate grows. Poor Petrus! To the end of his days he would never do anything more than wander in despair, struggling to return to those regions where he believed he had found the 'White Island in the Sky', the gates of the City of Dawn.

He was swallowed up by the sea without leaving a single trace. But his ghost will always return to the place where a wind from another universe blows and the sun of the southern midnight bathes the frozen plains in its black light, protecting the ice-floes that move silently towards the oases where the Hill of Revelation lies hidden, and the thunderous roar made by the huge slabs of ice as they crash into the water sounds like the voice of the Gods as they half-reveal their secrets to us.

Turn after turn of the wheel, always the same, 'with tiny variations in its meaning or in its laws, but not in its force', Petrus (the stone which fell from a broken crown) will return to those regions to try and awaken the sleeper and bring back to life the one who 'is not dead, but who is also not alive'.

But the turnings of the wheel do have an end. They are not infinite for one Petrus alone.

I INTERPRET THE GIANTS

I stopped reading. Now I knew that Papan and Allouine were one and the same.

The condor resumed his flight.

A little before reaching this altitude, I had tried to scale a cliff. But I had had to give up my attempt because one side of the mountain fell away vertically. On a plateau stood a rock shaped like a standing man. He looked like a sentry guarding the entrance to a cave, perhaps to a whole subterranean world. A shadow on the rock face might well be this entrance. As I had no means of reaching the spot, I had to resign myself to looking at the petrified guard for a time.

The Andes are made of dark-brown, mineral-rich material. The slopes of the Himalayas, Alps and Pyrenees are covered with forests of pine and other types of trees to great heights. Here in the Andes, there is only bare, eroded rock which gives off a powdery mixture of iron, copper, silver, gold and lead, and a subtle vibration of radium which can imperceptibly influence the mind, producing sporadic states of enlightenment.

To my right, the everlastingly snow-covered leaks of La Paloma and El Plomo rise up until they touch the sky. These peaks were the places of pilgrimage and worship of a long-vanished race. From them, the White Gods used to communicate with the stars.

I stood up and felt suddenly dizzy. I had to steady myself against the rock. As if in a flash of lightning, this world was blotted out and I could only see a black wall and two gigantic shapes outlined in the rock face by broken veins of gold. One of the giants stretched his arms upwards towards the high peaks, the other bowed his head down until he almost touched the foot of the mountain.

I cannot say precisely how long the vision lasted. But in that moment, it was given to me to relive that vision exactly as it had first appeared to me in my adolescence. I again stared at the giants imprisoned in the Andean rock, trapped in the earth, tortured by two contrary forces, dragged upwards and downwards in a titanic struggle which will only cease when these veins of mineral gold manage to come together, turning into a liquid gold which can be drunk and gives us eternal life.

SHE

It is getting late. Seen from the bridge over the river, the twilight which covers one end of the city envelops the Coastal Cordillera in veils of vermilion, sapphire and emerald green, creating the optical illusion of a land of longing where the red men of the distant horizon live. At the opposite end of the city, the vast Cordillera of the Andes reflects this mirage and projects it into the silence of the approaching darkness.

I let my heart lead me, walking like a fearless sleepwalker through the streets of this city of Santiago de la Nueva Extremadura, in the depths of whose memory are stored the echoes of the footsteps and the dreams of people long-since vanished, my Master, Jason, my past comrades, the many people who have searched its hidden corners, the first poets who came here and founded the city. Alcino, the only brother that I recognise here, also dreamed that he could fly in this country.[1]

When we approach the central event in our destiny, our mind becomes clouded and it almost always takes us by surprise.

This time it will not be like that, as if my heart were guiding me.

In the deathly light of the street-lamps, I walked along a street bordered by tall trees, whose branches intertwined, forming a roof

[1] *Alcino* is the title of a novel by a Chilean writer called Pedro Prado, with whom the author feels in sympathy. It is the story of a boy who grows wings in order to fly.

which was stirred by the breeze. From the gardens rose the heady scent of jasmine and roses and the aromas of spring-time. I stopped. How many times through the years would I have to pass by this house! What will have become of her? Will she still exist? Will she now be another 'uninhabited blue'?

When I reached her doorstep, my heart began to beat with a strange rhythm. Since there were no obvious paths, the heart had followed its own. The door opened. And in the shadowy entrance stood the slender figure of a woman wearing a long red gown which reached down to her feet.

THE GLANCE

I remember almost nothing about our reunion. Only, vaguely, that there was a quadrangular hall and a narrow corridor along which she led me to a room at the back of the house. She lit some candles and invited me to sit in a wicker chair which creaked gently, beside a window which was open onto the star-filled sky. A Chilean spring sky.

'My heart inside your breast caused me to recognise your footsteps. Perhaps you, too, recognised mine as well? This time, we have met again in all lucidity; because I also possess your heart.'

I sat there for a long time, telling her all that I could remember about my existence since we had parted many ages ago. I told her about the garden of my childhood, the City of Avalon, the tree which almost touched the sky, Jason, my Master, the dog in the Antarctic, the oases of the ices, Papan, the White Gods, our Hyperborean destiny, the Memory of our Blood. And she was always present in every one of these stories, because I carried her heart inside me. I realised that the cosmic poetry which had taken possession of me was that suprapersonal 'spark' which her heart had brought into my breast. Now I could return it to her.

She sat silent. She knew how to listen with the sweetness that always seemed to emanate from her whole being, her hands lying quietly in her lap, sitting beside the window. When I finally stopped talking, as if the ability to string words together had deserted me, she said: 'Behind the words is a secret dialogue which is also being conducted between us. It is this dialogue that interests me and to which I have been listening. How much you have explained to me through it!'

Yes! How much! I realise that I have told her that the face that I saw appear in the flower was hers.

She looked at me as if I was the window and she could see the starry firmament through me.

If I should ever have to journey through the constellations and were to meet beings with eyes like those of the people on earth, I should certainly never find anyone with this particular way of looking at one. Her heavenly eyes suddenly seemed to go out behind long golden lashes, they disappeared as if into a faraway, interior world, but without ceasing to gaze at us, as if they were open onto another reality which was more truly our own and to which they carried us. The gentleness of this glance was like the 'bejewelled island set in a sea of nectar' of which the ancient texts tell us. How can anyone who has once looked in this way, only once in the entire universe, perish? This glance will never be lost, because it is the supreme achievement of an Artist-Creator. It will return one day, and whoever possesses it once more will be she herself. To be 'looked at' in this way, once more in this world, I would give everything, even the City of Dawn.

When I left the house that night, I had once again become the Suitor.

THE SUPPLICATION

I placed the palms of my hands together, thus uniting earth, water, blood, fire, air and ether; all that I possessed. And I began to describe her. I was her mirror.

'Look at yourself in me, Allouine, contemplate your divine beauty. Your hair is a waterfall of gold which hangs down to your waist. Your forehead is wide and pale like the disc of the moon. Your brows are delicately arched, your lashes are like the rays of light of the Sun of Gold, which bring us the premonition of the Black Sun. When your eyes rest upon me, they transport me to the indescribable world of the Ray of Green Light. Your nose is so slender that air can scarcely enter it. Your cheekbones protrude slightly and bathe your cheeks in soft shadows. Your mouth is a delicious fruit: "milk and honey are under your tongue." And your chin, with a tiny cleft in the middle, shows the sweetness of that fruit. Your long, firm neck rises out of your sweetly shaped shoulders. On the soft skin of your arms grow fields of young

summer wheat. Your hands express your whole personality: you are in them for ever, in their fingers which create, speak and love. If one were ever to be touched by them, one's whole life would change. The outline of your long legs can be seen through the cloak that covers them, and your bare feet are like young deer before whom one would shed tears of adoration.'

She trembled, as if from sudden cold. She took hold of my hands.

'Separate your earth, water, blood, fire, air and ether. They do not belong to you yet. The light of the Sun of Gold brings you the vision of my body; but in reality it is to be found in the Black Sun; or better still, in the brilliant radiance of the Ray of Green Light. You will have to go there to be united with it. The pleasure which I can give you here with my body, my caresses, the touch of my lips, is nothing to what awaits you beyond this world, in the union of our souls. Bodily pleasure is sad, disjointed, transitory; it blots out the light of another pleasure which has no beginning nor end. Chastity is the world of the giants. Lovers who only pursue the joys of visible flesh have never succeeded in becoming united, nor in loving each other. When they lie side by side in their beds, they are nevertheless far apart, separated by an impassable thread of air, by the sword of forgetfulness; because they will never dream the same dream. Each of them pursues his solitary road, without his companion. Only when lovers are capable of dreaming the same dream are they truly Lovers. When they love one another in their dreams. I will teach you to dream the same dream, and we will also love each other with our other bodies which are invisible to the mortal eye. Only in this way will our love be indestructible, eternal. In this turn of the wheel, we have reached midday, we know who we are. This is our great chance to get out of the circle for ever, and for you to discover the entrance to the Interior Earth.'

THE PATH OF A-MOR

I lived in her house. I slept in the quadrangular anteroom. From there I would walk down the narrow corridor, which was always in shadow, to the room with the window open onto a garden filled with fruit trees. Every morning, a tiny bird with blue wings came and woke her with its trilling. She would say to it:

'Tiny bird singing
At my window,
Thank you, my tiny bird,
For the beautiful morning.'

In the evenings, we would sit in the wicker chairs, beside the open window. That was where we initiated the grand design of dreaming the same dreams along our path of A-Mor.

'These dreams are not dreams,' she explained to me. 'They are not those sequences of unconnected images, those confused organic states, which people wish to interpret at all costs as products of a vivid subconscious intelligence, corresponding to the restless, seething activities of an energy which is at work while the body is at rest. Our dream is a more elevated form of consciousness, it attains a greater intensity, a purer tonality, a superconsciousness, in a state of continuous consciousness, which is no longer either mine or yours. It is as if the dream was dreaming us; or as if we were dreaming ourselves through this dream. As if we were watching someone dreaming our own lives. And we are also this someone, who is not really us.

'This is perhaps the only possible way to supersede the "ego" and make "him" into "you" That is, "me".

'And all this is for the greater glory and life of that Someone who is waiting beside a spring, in order to be able one day to contemplate his face. That is, "my" face.'

Sitting in her wickerwork chair, she placed her hands together in her lap, looked straight at me for a moment, then closed her eyes slowly as she sang a melopea.

I traced the first sign of the order on my chest, reciting a mantra as I did so. They were both going to work on the spiritual bodies. I also crossed my hands, thus creating the number eight with four fingers. I looked closely at her beautiful face, so as to remember it as clearly as possible, and then I closed my eyes as well, turning them inwards and concentrating them on a point between my eyebrows.

I thought I heard her moan softly and mutter. Then I felt someone nearby, standing beside me. And then I was aware of nothing more, because spiral currents caused first my head and then my body to vibrate, and I began to sway to and fro like a pendulum. A metal tube with a revolving inside appeared in front

of me. And I felt myself passing through it, slowly at first, then ever more rapidly. At the end of the narrow tunnel a faint blue light began to glimmer. Then I found myself running along a narrow passageway, which was a gallery of glass, like that in my childhood home, but much longer, and filled with pictures in wooden frames and furniture that I thought I recognised. I ran faster because I knew that I must hurry to reach the end of the passageway before a door closed, or because I wouldn't be able to retain the image of this gallery in my mind for much longer or to continue imagining it. Because all this was in some way taking place in my imagination, since I was able to imagine something that really existed somewhere, in someone else's imagination as well as in my own.

Finally, I managed to get out of myself and found myself standing in a patio bathed in a mobile, transfigured light, like the light of dawn or dusk. A light from another universe, a new-born light. A young girl was carving statues. And a man's voice sang:

'The time of the golden fruits
is long past.
The frozen stone,
The cold wind
That comes from the sea.
O friendly hearts!
Where have you gone?
The old home
Awaits us in vain. . . . '

FATHER

I found myself in an uncultivated spot, which looked like a clearing in some forest. Men were working on a building site. I could see the foundations and the scaffolding. Some young men were climbing ladders, carrying building materials. I thought I might be able to help them. Then the site manager saw me. He walked over to a console on which stood a telephone and rang somebody. I realised that he was talking to my dead father. He seemed to be telling him that I had arrived and asking him for instructions. My father was living by himself in a nearby city and couldn't leave it because he was looking after a child, another child. When I realised

that he was on the other end of the telephone, I asked the site manager to let me speak to him. He handed me the phone.

'Father, it's me!'

There was a silence. Then I heard him say my name.

'I'm coming to see you,' I told him.

'No, not yet!'

'Very well,' I said, 'I will obey you.'

I felt terribly sad. The line went dead. Of course, I understood the reason.

And I walked away through the clearing, saying: 'I must journey ever farther, until I find the Oasis of the Ices, the ancient garden, the ancestral home, the ultimate smile, the sweet indifference. Until I join my father again, who died long ago. . . . Pale traveller, behold the wind, behold all that was lost. The little that was gained, behold the sea again. . . .'

Again the man's voice sang:

'Turn away no more.
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore
Is given thee till the break of day.'

THE SECRET CHAMBER

In the house there was a secret chamber, known to no one but me. I discovered the way to it when I explored some darkened rooms. There I would mount a narrow staircase which I never climbed right to the top. A little before I reached it, I would turn aside and begin to climb imaginary flights of steps in the air or projecting from the wall. When I reached the roof, I would push aside some boards to reveal a tiny entrance. This was the most difficult part, because I had to slide into this hole and crawl along a very narrow, airless passageway. If I was able to reach the end, I would find myself in a wide, impregnable chamber, an inviolate paradise. There were chests full of precious materials, garments from every period, which I had worn in the past. The centuries had come together. I would always find myself alone there. The chamber was divided into compartments where there were beds covered with skins and shelves full of carefully classified books. A fire was

always burning and armour hung on the walls. No one would ever know where I was; I was completely safe. I had disappeared from the house.

But, as time passed, as the years slipped away, I found it increasingly difficult to return to this secret hiding-place and did so less and less often. I felt that it was not the same as before, nor as impregnable, that a wall that used to protect it had been destroyed and that other people knew of its existence and used to visit it, entering it freely from all sides. Its secrecy was being lost. And the Gods love secrecy. Energy and dreams decay, rot and grow old.

If this mysterious chamber were to be lost, if I were no longer able to visit it or live in it, a whole world would have sunk beneath the sea.

THE PLUMED SERPENT

A gentle blow, a shudder, and I was back in my body again, sitting facing her as she looked at me in silence. She had returned before me.

'I went alone, without you,' I said.

I passed my hand across my forehead, exhausted.

'Symbols, symbols.'

'Symbols', she repeated, 'joining together what was dispersed.'

This time my eyes closed of their own accord. I couldn't concentrate. Then I was outside myself.

I was walking through some hills. To the west lay the city of Santiago, enveloped in cloud. Beyond it, the Coastal Cordillera. To the north, far below, lay some blue lakes in the middle of ploughed fields. To the east and south stretched the vast Andean Cordillera, the high peaks of El Plomo and La Paloma, eternally snow-covered. All around me were slopes covered in soapbark trees, jalaps, terebinths, hundred-year-old lindens, almond trees and hawthorns. There were three hills. On the middle one stood a house with a circular, conical roof made of sandstone. On the highest hill stood an octagonal tower. I had the curious impression that this house and this tower belonged to me. I walked towards the tower along a path bordered by cinnamon trees. I went round its eight sides without finding an entrance. I walked down once more to the middle hill and opened the door of the house. As always, there was a fire blazing in the circular hall. Indian

'choapinos' were spread on the floor. The rooms in this house had doors opening onto the hall, corresponding to divisions of the number eight, like the thickness of the walls and the height of the building. Without hesitating, I walked over to the chimney and pressed gently on a stone. A hole appeared in the inside wall. Rapidly, moving in the same way each time so as not to be caught by the fire, I leapt into the hole before the stone moved back into place again with a dull thud.

I found myself standing beside a staircase carved out of the rocky mountainside. I climbed down its sixteen steps and walked along a passageway lit by a filtered light. Blazing torches were also fixed to the walls. The floor was covered with a 'choapino' with runic drawings. Another wall suddenly appeared in front of me. I opened another entrance in it in the same way, with a gentle pressure of my fingers, and I found myself inside the tower. I climbed up a staircase carved out of the wall until I reached an octagonal room with windows on all sides. The room was in darkness because heavy curtains had been drawn across the windows and night had already fallen.

In the middle of the room was a nuptial bed. Two candelabras which gave out a weak light stood on a pair of wooden pillars. The bed was made of stone. It was cold. Lying on it was Allouine. Her hands were crossed on her breast and she was holding a Quetzal feather. She appeared to be dead, but she was alive. She was scarcely breathing and her face was the colour of ice.

I stood at the head of the stone bed. I seemed to understand that, in her sleep, she was blocking an opening that led to or from somewhere. When I woke her, we would be able to pass through this passage. I waited. I did nothing. She was so beautiful in her immobility. I remembered her in her other deaths, always the same, when she lay motionless holding her Quetzal feather. I was inspired to trace the sign that would wake her. The sign vibrated and she sat up on her stone bed, opening the passage which allowed us – together this time – to fly over the mountains, almost grazing their peaks, as if we were in a Luminous Disc, or covered in Quetzal feathers. As if we were the fiery Serpent of Quetzalcoatl.

'ZARATHUSTRA'

I recognised these regions. They were those of the peak of

Melimoyu, Ultima Esperanza and the Sarmiento Mountains. From this altitude, we could just make out the confused outline of the Torres del Paine, far off in the distance, between snow-storms and mists. They were the borderlands, the limits. The entrance to the City of the Caesars and to the Interior Earth had to lie somewhere in that remote area. But we had come here to pay homage to the bones of the Milodon; that is, to a far distant past which also belonged to us. To the memory of another turn of the wheel.

We landed on the steep slopes of Mount Melimoyu. The tiny lake of dark-green water and the forest of petrified beeches were still there. But there was now no human habitation to be found at this altitude. Only snow and rock. We walked round the lake. In the ice of the shore could be seen some lines, like the tracks of a primitive sledge. Some petrified leaves and branches could be seen through the centuries-old layer of ice. A rock rose up in the shape of a pyramid, leaning a little towards the water, which reflected the shadows of the forest and the mountain peak in its unfrozen part. Now I remembered it all. It seemed only yesterday, yet centuries had passed. Of course, she couldn't be buried here, I said to myself, because she was standing beside me. Ah! And if I were to open the tomb? The icy wind would certainly blow away these ancient memories, this age-old snow. 'And a scent of sandalwood and resin would envelop the world. . . .' I began to dig with my bare hands until the blood ran from under my nails, dyeing the white snow red. And it coagulated like a Copihue on an ice-floe. She watched me in silence, leaning against the rock, with her red cloak covering her down to her bare feet.

I opened the tomb. Her body appeared, intact, on a bed made of cinnamon branches, Copihues and laurel which were still wet with my tears from other centuries. Again I embraced this body desperately, forgetting the one which was standing beside me looking at her own dead face.

Gently she took me by the shoulders and tried to lift me up.

'Close the tomb. The time has not yet arrived when all my deaths can become one single life. . . .'

The sun was nearing its midday zenith. Its light fell directly over the rock. Where was this rock, in reality? Didn't a mirage of the midday light project it onto the slope of a mountain in the south of the world? Wasn't it really in an Alpine village in another part of the globe? But in the disturbance of the light, which had inverted

space as if it were making a hole and creating a break in time, the Wounded King again appeared. He didn't see us. He was rooted in his years. Seated beside the rock, he held in one hand his slender walking-stick and in the other his wide-brimmed hat. He was dressed in black. His eyes were fixed on the mountains which formed an amphitheatre around the lake. Thick forests of oak and pine covered the slopes, streams flowed down them. He recited quietly:

'Oh, how long the road appears,
How uncertain in the night.
Without the Star . . .
I want to live twice
Now that I can look into your eyes.

Like a sweet promise,
The light of triumph
And the morning.
Oh, you, most beloved of the Gods!
.....
Who kissed the stone
For the first time,
Enamoured of a tomb?
.....
Already youthful summer
Clambers up the mountain.
It begins to speak.
.....
O little bird! What have you done?
What mystery is concealed in your song
That you arrest my steps?

Traveller, my melodies are not for you,
I am calling my companion;
Because without her the night is sad.
Do not stop, continue your journey.
.....
You stop, pale one,
Condemned to wander in deep winter,
Like the vapour that pursues

The coldest regions of the sky.
Flee, bird, sing in the desert
And hide, since you were mad,
Your bleeding heart beneath the ice....'

Tears ran down the cheeks of the Wounded King: 'It is midday. The sun is blazing directly above my head. Silence! Silence! Hasn't the world just become complete? What is happening to me? Every corner of my soul is expanding. Golden sadness lies heavily upon it, and happiness also. Oh, bliss! Sing, my soul. This is the secret, solemn hour in which no shepherd plays his pipe.... Don't sing, bird of the valleys, O my soul! Don't even whisper. Aged Midday is sleeping, moving his lips. A drop of old happiness, of golden happiness, of golden wine? That is how the Gods laugh. Silence! What has happened to me? Listen! Hasn't time flown? Aren't I about to fall? Haven't I fallen into the well of eternity?... Ah, break, my heart, after such good fortune!'

He seemed to see us, to sense our presence in this confusion of light and time: 'You have given yourselves up to dreaming. For how long? Half an eternity. Then get up now, old heart. How much time will you need to wake up after such a dream? O midday sky above me! When will you drink that drop of dew that has fallen on all the things of this world, when will you drink this singular soul? When, O wells of eternity, when, O abysses of midday which make men tremble, when will you absorb my soul in you?

'The desert grows. Woe to him whom the desert hides!

'What says the depth of midnight?
I was asleep, I was asleep!
But now I have woken out of deep dreaming.
.....
'My midnight is my midday!
.....

'Oh I love you, eternity. You alone are the woman by whom I wish to have a son. . . .'

.....

And then, as he looked at us and we saw him, through that break in the light – as he was still sitting there waiting, but without waiting for anything and estranged from good as well as from evil, and enjoying the sun and also the shade for once, while he gave himself

up to the midday, the forest, the lake and the limitless time – suddenly he divided into two, and Zarathustra passed beside him....

We bowed before his earth.

THE ORPHIC MUSIC

When we dreamed the same dream, when we went on these journeys, or flights, our conversation took place in a different state of consciousness integrated with a broader ego, which, so to speak, received us, or awaited us on another side, 'as if it were waiting for us beside a spring'. And we communicated with each other not by means of the words which are commonly used to represent the things of this earth, but by means of that language which underlies all the languages in the world, behind the 'mask of words'.

We often used Sanskrit terms because, although this was a dead language on the Second Earth, it was still a living one on the Other, First Earth, and approximated more closely to that Music of the Spheres which is the language of the mind, *Vajra-cita*, the Orphic Cabbala, the *Hiranyagarbha-Cabda*; a language of cosmic, spiritual sounds; sacred and divine letters, called *Mâtrkâ*, 'Little Mothers', letters of light. *Bija*, seminal syllable, root syllable, made of ether. From this stems the mantra, the language of *Akâsa*, Memory of the Light. Whosoever passes that way transmits telepathically the direct vision of the substance of things; because things come to him desiring to turn into symbols. These *naturae* names are locked into the memory of human beings' consciousness through sleep and not being awake. *Akâsa* is a concept or metaphysical experience, which has no equivalent in the terrestrial languages of Kaliyuga. *Logos* is the closest equivalent for it.

We decided to visit the Master, who told us: 'You are going on a "Honeymoon Journey". Its Sanskrit name is *Urdhavaretas*. And you are being carried by a bird called *Eidelon*. You are walking backwards, like the *Imbunche*[1] of the Island of Chiloe, towards the Point of Origin, the Golden Age. It is hard, it is difficult to navigate along the rivers against the current in order to reach the mountains where they rise, entering the subterranean cities, the oases of warm water. The Path of Eternity, although it leads downwards in the

[1] This mythical being walks backwards in the folklore of Chiloe, an island off the south of Chile.

visible body, really leads upwards in the invisible one. Although you are going to the South Pole, to the Antarctic, you will finally reach the Continent of Hyperborea, at the North Pole, where our guide lies. Because, during the Great Catastrophe, the poles also changed places. You will have to go to the south, which is the north. *Mulabanda* and *Hamurini* are the names for this process which reinverts everything. It is a very secret path which makes the river of your virility and the golden feminine liquid of your beloved run backwards. And you will have to embrace and lose each other again, in each city, at each stage of the "Honeymoon", in this Pilgrimage of Immortality on which you have embarked.

'What is this mysterious masculine force which spurs you onwards, whence comes this will, this heroic initiative which seems to precede the start of the great journey? This is what prevents you turning back on the path. If you were to do so, if you failed to travel the path to its end, you would be guilty, because the practices of your initiation have mobilised enormous forces which destroy men and drive them insane if they are not aimed in the right direction. The signs will help you open a way for yourself in the virgin forest where no roads exist.

'Even the Gods are your enemies; because their impersonal lives are at risk in this war. You will have to overcome the Archetypes, dethrone them, reincorporating their tremendous numinous energies within yourself. Do you remember the Greek legend? Man was a circular androgynous. He began to roll up Mount Olympus. The Gods were frightened, fearing defeat, and so they resorted to artifice: they divided the man-sphere in half. The result was that he was so busy trying to find his other half that he had no time to make war on them. But, luckily, the Gods made a mistake. Because one day we will bring them back to life as well, giving them a face.

'When the water runs downhill, it gives rise to Samsara and human generations, to the circular movement of the involuted earth; when it runs uphill, in the opposite direction, it provokes the mutation of the Gods themselves, the divinisation of the hero; it creates a free, eternal race, without Gods, without a king. This is the Road of the Warrior.'

'And her?' I ask. 'What does she do in all this?'

'She is the female guru, the one who flows in your blood: *Vidya*. Without her you will never reach anywhere. She is Allouine, the

Fifth Born of Hyperborea, she who keeps in contact with the Star of the Point of Origin, who possesses the power of *Vril* and the vision of *Urna*. She is the Priestess of Magic Love, who unites love and death and turns them into A-Mor, Without-Death. Eternal Life. She becomes interiorised in you through her death, she inspires you. And you will never have another companion here or in the depths of the tomb. She is your Valkyrie, who will hand you the Cup of Immortality. The way without her is reduced to the imagination of a rational mind. Only if you are in love can you go beyond your conscious "ego". Only with her can you attain a greater degree of consciousness, a state of superconsciousness. Only through journeying together, dreaming together. Because she is this superior form of energy which originates from the submerged continents, from Hyperborea and Atlantis, above and below the terrestrial crust of Kaliyuga.

'The Martial Initiation of our Order is only for you, for the hero or *Vîra*. This is the Honeymoon of the Exile.

'If, in the definitive drama which unites the three of us, we need to use words from an ancient language like Sanskrit, which is completely unknown in the west and almost so in the Orient of Kaliyuga, it is because in the so-called living languages there are no sacred expressions that can be used to refer to sacred questions, or to capture and reflect the symbols of these multiple vibrations which resound and explode in all the universes simultaneously. Any translation of these terms will always be equivocal and sacrilegious, destroying the living soul of a seemingly dead language; which is not living, which is not dead. . . .

'Have you ever thought what might have been the language of the White Gods, the first people to come to this continent in times immemorial?

'Before the disappearance of the continent of Mu and Lemuria, during the first civilisation of Tiahuanacu and the construction of its legendary monuments, when it was still a sea port and the link with Venus, our star, was permanently maintained, the language consisted of magic signs. The giants directed the course of the stars by means of it. But the language of the white heroes, who came in search of their ancestors in the course of later ages, was more closely connected with Sanskrit than with any other. The Indo-European languages, like German, ancient Scandinavian and Latin, have their roots in Sanskrit.

'The secret language of the Quiché-Maya was Zuyua and that of the Incas was Scandinavian-Sanskrit. It is well known that the Inca rulers were white and that among blood relatives they spoke a private and sacred language, which they never taught to the population of the "slaves of Atlantis" Certain words will give us the key: *Inka* is really *Inga*, as the Spanish conquistadors spelt it. In old High German, *Ing* means derivation, ancestor, lineage. Mero*vingian*, for example, has this root, meaning "he who comes from Mount Meru"; because *Mero* is Meru and *ving* is *weg*, the German for road. Thus, the *Inga* and we who are his descendants are *those who journey from Mount Meru*, in the Great Exodus, from far away, from the Nuptial Homeland, from the lost land of Avalon. In reality, from the Continent of Hyperborea, from the Morning Star and also from the holy Mount Kailas, which is the physical and visible double of the invisible Mount Meru, where a centre of our order existed, a *Huilka*, a fortress in Quichua, a circle. Our circle is called *Huilkanota*; coming from *vil*, hidden, and *ka*, mystery, in Sanskrit. *Ancahuinca* also comes from there, meaning "Initiated Eagle", "Initiate of the Condor", "Initiated Bird", *Manu-Tara*, which is also a Sanskrit word.

'The central city of the Incas was called *Kusku*, "Navel of the World", like Lhasa in Tibet, like the sacred city of the Druids, the "Middle City", with an Omphalos.

'The mysterious bird, *Allkamari*, from which the Inka obtained his two feathers, black and white, is also associated with the Inka, with a "k". From there he derives his magic dignity, *Korakenke*, *korak-inka*. *Korak* derives from the Sanskrit *kârava*, raven, thus directly linking the Inka with the great war of the *Mahabharata*, with the *koravas*, the name of one of the factions in this cosmic struggle. *Korakenke* is therefore the Raven of the Inka, of the Inka King, Wotan, perhaps *Garuda*, the vehicle of Vishnu. *Korak* also comes from the Hyperborean sea, *Kara*, in the Arctic, where the great exodus of Kaliyuga begins, the end of the Golden Age and the real Twilight of the White Gods, of the magic bird *Allkamari*, of the Hyperborean Raven of Wotan.

'Our White God is called *Huirakocha*. *Huitr* means white (*Huitramannaland*, the Land of the White Men) and *kocha* is an aboriginal deformation of the old German word, *God*. White God.

'The Sacred Book of the priestly caste of the Mayan white initiates is the Codex of Chichecastenango, the *Popul-vuh*. *Popul* is

people in Latin and *buch* is book in German. The Book of the People of the White Gods, in which it is also related that they came from Tule, Tula or Thule. This document has been totally adulterated and mutilated by the missionaries and by the great planetary conspiracy against the White Gods.

'If we search with a pure heart and an open soul, in the whole of America-Albania we will find the sacred language, Sanskrit, which is the involuted resonance of the inaudible Orphic Cabbala, that of the mantras of the Hyperborean magicians, the Giants and the Men-Gods. *Mantrayâna* is the Road of the Mantra, of the search for the Mantra.

'It is in the Indo-Germanic languages, of Sanskrit origin, that one will find the meaning of the word *Buin*[1], for example, which appears in Peru and Chile. *Bole* and *Bullue* are bull and young bull in old High German. The Sacrificial Bull, the Solar Bull, in a land where cattle didn't exist; perhaps the ox, *Nandi*, the vehicle of Siva-Lucifer.

'*Chakra* means grange in Quichua, a circular plot of land. *C'akra* means *Circle, Wheel* (a turn of the wheel) in Sanskrit. *Making the wheel turn* is the road which you are following at present; *Vajrayâna* in Sanskrit, "Road of Diamond", of Immortality, until you succeed in becoming *Chakravarti*, the Lord of the Chakras, the Master of a Chakra.

'*Kunani* in the language of *Kusku* or Cuzco, the language of the *Amauta*, its astrologer-sages, means to preach. In Sanskrit *kun* means to direct: *to direct Kundalini.*

'The writing of the most ancient lost world of the White Gods was also that of our signs. That of the warrior-heroes, who rebuilt Tiahuanacu, that of the Atumarunas and also that of the Mayas was the runes, the *kellkas*, in the style of the "ploughing of the ox", the *boustrophedon* of the most ancient Scandinavian runes. This is also the way in which the "Speaking Tablets" of Easter Island, the *Rongo-Rongo*, which no one has yet been able to decipher, was written. The sacred writing, which the Incas later prohibited, was lineal.

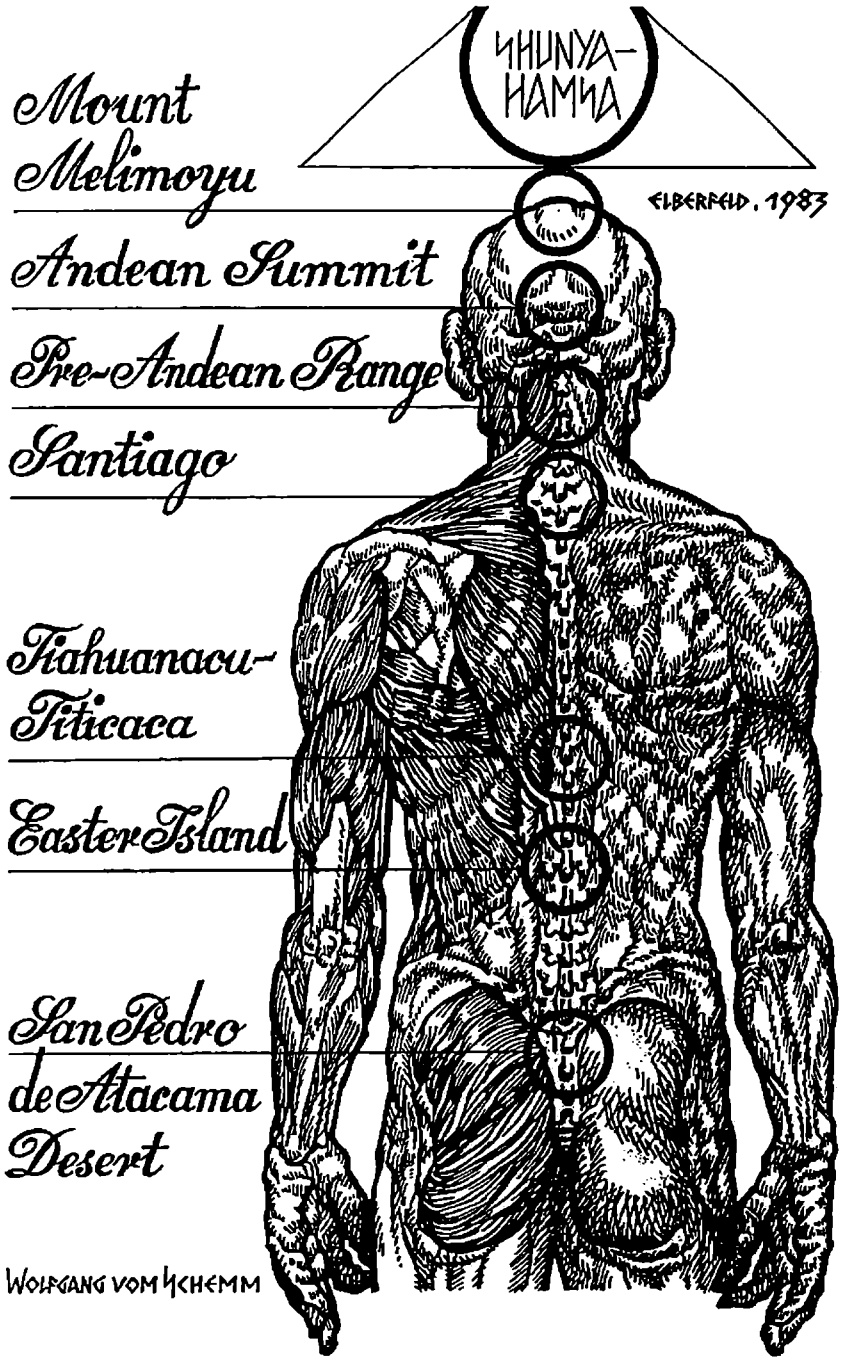
'For all these reasons, we, the initiates of southern Hyperborea, always return to this seemingly dead language, which is in fact only asleep and which must be revived: Sanskrit. Demolishing a

[1] There is a River Buin in Peru and a city of Buin in Chile.

Quichua *pirka*, a Sanskrit *prc*, behind which is hidden the secret. Going backwards, ever further backwards, *Hamurani* in Quichua, from the Sanskrit mantra *HAM*, from the Vishuda chakra in the throat, returning to the point of origin, to the Nuptial Homeland, where we will also find the deep magico-symbolic meaning of the name of our sacred land. Chile, Chilli, *Chil*: to bare, in Quiché-Maya. It comes from the Old Flemish, which in turn derives from the Old German, *Shillen*, meaning *unsheathe*, with an even more distant origin in Hyperborean Sanskrit. To bare, unsheathe the sword. The sacred sword of the homeland of our initiation. Or the initiation of the mystic homeland. Because Chile is shaped like a sword which must be unsheathed. A double-edged sword. This is the road of our initiation. Of the Warriors of the Solitary Star, the Watchers of the Dawn, the Pilgrims of the Dawn. . . .'

'Master,' I said to him, 'the less I understand you, the more I love you! . . .'

'Yes, the less you understand me, the wiser you become. . . .'


SHUNYA-
HAMSA
ELBERFELD, 1983
Mount
Melimoyu
Andean Summit
Pre-Andean Range
Santiago
Tiahuanacu-
Titicaca
Easter Island
San Pedro
de Atacama
Desert
WOLFGANG VOM SCHEMM

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE ELEPHANT

IN WHICH THE WAR OF THE *MAHABHARATA* BEGINS

I am walking across the desert. Sand, golden sand. 'The Desert stretches away.' San Pedro de Atacama.[1] Geysers spout on the horizon. I have reached the walls of a city which is preparing itself for war. Its gates are closed. It is night-time. No one is guarding them. I speak the word that opens them: *LAM!*[2]

I reach a central square shaped like an inverted triangle. The streets are empty, but the square is guarded by soldiers in battledress. There are chariots and horses. The majority of the soldiers are sleeping on the stony ground. I sit down beside them and question them. A great war is about to begin, because the land of the seas has announced that its forces are going to carry off the queen Draupadi. The enemy fleet has already taken the ports, and the attack will begin at daybreak. The king, seated on his throne, has turned his face towards both sides so that he appears to have two heads. This signifies that his forces must fight to the last man. I tell them that I am going to fight alongside them. Then, sleep overcomes me and I don't awake until the sun begins to rise over the desert. The war chariots and armies are milling around. They are moving off towards the walls of the city.

I realise that an extraordinary phenomenon has taken place while I was asleep. I have woken to feel myself to be me and yet not 'me'. Sometimes I am 'me' and more frequently I feel as if I am part of someone else who is the one who is experiencing all this, including me.

I see the king approach, riding on an elephant.[3] His crowned head is turned towards the north and the south at one and the same

[1] A city in the desert of the north of Chile.
[2] The mantra for the Muladhara chakra.
[3] A black elephant, the symbolic animal of the Muladhara chakra.

time. As he passes by, he looks at this man who is me and then, he seems to have four faces. There is great sadness in his expression; it is the expression of one who knows what destiny lies ahead, of one who knows that he is going to lose. The king's face is pale, because he suffers from white leprosy. His name is Pandu.

The elephant walks heavily, towards the walls beyond which death and transfiguration await him. He raises his trunk and trumpets his battle cry.

Close at hand is a chariot drawn by two impatient chargers. The charioteer signals to the man who is me to climb in and pick up the shield and lance. This man jumps in and puts on the cuirass and the helmet. He sees that the colour of the driver is blue. The chargers leap forward and in a flash they are outside the gates of the city, rushing headlong across the sands in a mad gallop. Very soon they find themselves facing the enemy lines. And in them the man sees his relatives, his compatriots from northern Chile. He turns towards the charioteer and lays down his arms.

'I cannot fight,' he says. 'I can see my brothers. I know all these people: Chileans, Peruvians, Bolivians, Argentinians.'

Imperiously, the charioteer commands him: 'Acquit yourself of your duty, O warrior of the race of the White Gods! You will not kill anybody. Those who die today are already dead in me.'

The war between brothers, the Great War of the Worlds, which began here in these desert sands, fought for the possession of a woman and the City of the Elephant, called Astinapura and also Troy, Tocopilla and San Pedro de Atacama, raged for months, years. The woman lies sleeping, pale, infected with sacred leprosy, in some secret, central place.

The battle for the desert has been lost and the forces are falling back inside the walls of the City of the Elephant. Everything round here smells, the sands, the walls, the stones, the thistles, the wounds, even the bones smell. It is said that this is the City of Smell, of the First Perfume.[1]

The charioteer has abandoned him inside the triangle, in the centre of the city. In reality, it is an oasis with gardens of semi-tropical vegetation, with exquisite fruits, papayas, pineapples, mango trees and a huge fig tree in the middle which seems to touch the sky. The flowers are very beautiful and are watered invisibly.

[1] The Muladhara chakra is the centre of smell.

Water is the enemy of this world. The priests of the temple know that water is going to destroy everything, and they pray to the Serpent of the Earth, Ten-Ten, who alone is capable of combating the Serpent of the Waters, Cai-Cai. A mirror of gold hangs in the centre of the temple. A Sun of Gold.

He enters the palace and finds his way to the room in which lies the woman who has unleashed the great war of the *Mahabharata*, who might be the wife of the friends and the enemies, the Pandavas and Koravas, of the great Bharatas, she who inspires the heroes.

As if he has become invisible, he manages to get past the sentries without being seen. No one will be able to see him but her. He walks through the door of her chamber and stands beside the bed on which she lies sleeping. A dog is guarding her. He recognises it. It is there because this is the World of Smell, its favourite language. The dog also recognises him and comes and licks his bloody feet.

In ecstasy, as always, he gazes at the face of the sleeping woman. She is so beautiful in sleep that he doesn't wish to wake her. He strokes her forehead with his fingers. He touches her golden hair softly and speaks the word which will bring her back to life: *HUM!* In the hollowness of the room it re-echoes like the bellowing of the mythological bull: Muuu!

She opens her eyes and a moan escapes from her breast. She sits up and her hair resembles an irresistible fire.

'Oh!' she sighs. 'I have slept for such a long time! At last you have come. I thought that this time we would lose each other. How is the war going? I dreamed that the sea would submerge our world. Tremendous forces will be used in the struggle. But we still have a little time left for our A-Mor.'

THE DIFFICULT TEST ONCE AGAIN

The city holds out for a full year. During this time, they stay inside the room. The dog guards the door. The noise of the fighting doesn't reach this far. They realise that the decisive hour is approaching for their world.

From time to time they look through the windows at the garden. In it grows a tree whose top touches the sky. This Tree of Paradise bears no fruit, it is barren. Up it climb some men afflicted by the same disease, eaten away by this white leprosy.

For four months he slept at the foot of the woman's bed. And for

another four to her left in the bed. She always lay on her right side, resting her head in the palm of her hand. He felt her shoulder very close to him, and her thighs covered only by the thin red gown. Afterwards he slept for four months to her right. And then, in his waking dream, her hair and her soft perfumed breath were an intoxicating liquor that transported him to that place inhabited by the 'people of dreams', who talked to him only of her; using the word *Aropa*.

Thus, in twelve months, she became transformed into a goddess, taking possession of his essences, flowing through his blood, filling his cells like the female guru, completely idealised, the matrix of transcendental knowledge. Now he couldn't even think of touching her with the tips of his fingers. If during the night he occasionally touched her veils through some involuntary movement, he would wake with a start, feeling he had committed sacrilege, and would move over to the very edge of the bed. The physical had been integrated into the supraphysical, evoking a supernatural presence. It flowed through the blood of his spirit.

When the time had arrived, she asked the dog to leave. She opened the windows and let in the morning light. A blue bird came and trilled his song for them both. When darkness fell, the Evening Star also shone through the windows.

She moved into the centre of the room and slowly she began to take off her red gown and her veils. First her naked shoulders appeared, then her breasts, with their tender, rosy, quivering nipples. The veils dropped further, revealing her stomach, her golden vulva, her long, slender legs, like paths, until they lay beside her tiny feet, covered with sand from the desert.

There stood the Absolute Woman. He felt himself grow faint from looking at her. All his eternity would not suffice him to gaze on her.

Very slowly, with a dreamlike motion, she approached him. She reached his side and stretched out her hands to clasp his head. Like the touch of a petal from a flower in the garden of the City of Dawn, she pressed her lips to his. She put one of her gentle, perfumed arms round his shoulders and began to undress him with her other hand.

She pointed out to him the Evening Star, which was still shining in the dark, larger than all the other stars in the sky.

'May it assist us!'

And she led him to the bed.

He felt her moving beside him, naked. She had crossed her hands on her breast and was staring at the sky. Reflections from the firelight played over her beautiful body, running along it like caresses. Without covering themselves, without touching each other, they let the hours pass. In silence, in supreme lucidity and concentration. Until she spoke: 'My desire for you is reaching its peak. The fire of sacrifice has already been lit in my vulva and beats there like a heart. My other heart is on the point of leaping out of my breast. In this city, the perfume and odours become intensified and reach the roots. I can smell you, I can feel you. My whole being longs to be caressed, touched by your hands and your mouth, so as to fill you with my nectar. My will no longer exists. My impulse is to make you enter me, to be possessed, filled by that flow of supreme virility, by your river of amber. Who will give us the strength to find the narrow path in this long night in which we are gambling our destiny throughout all the turns of the wheel?'

Quietly, he replied: 'I can feel you, too. I can smell the subtle, dreamlike perfume of your golden fields of wheat, of the flower of your breasts, of your golden translucent liquid like crystal drops of dew in the garden of the City of Longing, which moistens and transcends your oases. . . .'

There followed a silence in which she uncrossed her arms, stretched out her hand and took hold of his.

'Make your protective sign. Let us drink our liquid gold, let us not allow it to be lost outside, let us reabsorb it into our blood so as to experience the pleasure which has no beginning and no end, keeping our resolve firm by making the mudra that destroys fear in order to resist the terrible event to come, the pleasure which has never been experienced by earthly lovers, an ecstatic, continuous pleasure which will accompany us for ever inside us, in your blood, where it will flow for an eternity.'

In her melodious voice, in the deep, velvety silence of that warm night in the City of Astinapura, she pronounced, with a ritual cadence, the word: 'KLIM!'

It was as if a seal had been broken. He felt as if he was being enveloped by a huge wave which was submerging everything, countries, continents, the world. Everything but her. Locked in an embrace of A-Mor, they died without-death, to be reborn in that sea of nectar, of Soma, united in their breath, their basic perfume,

in the Idea which produced bodies and forms. And now nothing more was possible.

'SAHAM! I am you!' they cried.

The blue bird returned to sing at the window. And, as the day dawned, the Star of Him-Her bathed them in its deep, dewy light. It returned them to that liquid gold which they were driving back to its source, returning them partially to themselves, with a gentle, luminous caress.

'LAM!' they repeated in unison. And it was their farewell to that city which had lost the war.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE

They would have to leave before nightfall. The final catastrophe was approaching. Nevertheless, the last ceremony had still to be performed: they had to marry according to the rites of this world, ordained by the White Gods. The marriage would be secret and valid for all eternity. The *Gandharba* marriage. Until now she had been the wife of a king, the wife of another, of an Archetype: *Parakiya*. From tonight, she was his own wife proper: *Sviyia*. Now she would be the initiated bride: *Parastri*.

They bathed together in an effervescent liquid of Soma. Afterwards, he put on a blue cloak and she her red gown. They held wands from which sprouted flowers. They prepared the wedding feast, which was also a farewell. The feast called the feast of the Five M, because it is composed of *Mudrâ*, cereals – the earth; *Mâtia*, fish – water; *Mâmsa*, meat – fire; *Madya*, wine – air; and *Maithuna*, woman – ether. They had begun at the end, with the Magic Possession. This most ancient ritual, *Panshamakara*, was taught by the Uighures, the tantric magicians of Lemuria, and by the priestesses of Hyperborea.

On the floor, covered by veils, the liturgical cup, *Kalaça*, appeared, filled with liquid gold. The veils signified that the material drink covered the secret drink, the Spirit of the Secret Wine, the 'Saviour in Liquid form', *Karanavari-jnamrita*, the liquor of orgasm which has no beginning or end.

'There was a heavenly Soma, a spirit of secret wine, a lost liquor of A-Mor, of non-death, which is now only to be found in the river of your blood, going back to its source, to the ices.'

She stretched out her hand over the chalice and spoke the word

of the mantra of wine: 'HRIM!'

They uncovered the cup and drank from that inexhaustible liquor. Because those who have known A-Mor constantly drink Soma, the liquor which flows through the blood, the *Minne*, the memory of that love which was lost at the beginning of time, in the Hyperborean rite of the *Minnetrinken*.

And they sang: 'Fill my cup with wine. It speaks to me, in ineffable silence, of my Beloved who has been reborn in the depths of my blood. And it reveals to me all that I still need in order to enter the City of Transparent Ice with her, along the Path of Roses, which leads to the Enchanted Land of the King of the Ghosts.'

Thus they were married, while the warriors called a halt to the combat in order to surround them with a circle of swords. The pale, sickly king was now able to rest and to make his way to the secret refuge where the women who possessed supernatural powers of healing could cure him. They then became the rulers of this world in ruins. One day, their son, riding astride a Hyperborean swan, would come and rebuild it.

A clear light poured into the room through the doors and windows. It flooded the city. Without landing in the desert, vibrating in that clear light, the Disc called *Vimana* in the epic poem of the *Mahabharata* had descended. It had come to rescue them from the impending catastrophe.

They managed to enter it before a huge wave submerged everything, the temples, the gardens, the palaces, the continents of Mu and Gondwana.

They took the dog with them.

From far off, they could see the earth shaken by convulsions, the volcanoes erupting, the mountain ranges beginning to rise, the seas changing position. And on the crest of the biggest wave, the elephant was still swimming; because he had turned into the Leviathan,[1] and what had been his trunk on earth was now a

[1] The whale is the symbolic animal of the Svadisthana chakra. This is a symbolical journey through the chakras from one to another, from the Muladhara to the Svadisthana and so on. It is a synchronistic pilgrimage with the mystical landscape of the author's country, with a sacral geography 'dreaming the same dream' with the Beloved in 'astral journeys' of some kind of tantric or martial initiation practised by the ancient troubadours or Minnesänger. The Orphic and Hyperborean initiation of A-Mor, revealed in this book.

continuous jet of water like a geyser in the ancient, lost desert of Atacama.

'THE NAVEL OF THE WORLD'

On the surviving islands, men of diminished stature, wearing white cloaks, implore the Serpent of the Earth: 'Stop, Ten-Ten!'

And the Serpent of the Waters, Cai-Cai, has been confined on the borders of the precarious islands of Chiloe.

The ruins of Tiahuanacu, now thousands of metres up in the Cordillera of the Andes, the Temple of Kalasasaya, the ancient entrance to the subterranean world, are no longer in contact with other universes, nor with those who travel through space. Viracocha and Mama Occl no longer come down from Venus, the Morning Star. The giants have withdrawn into the Andean rock, waiting for the return of the Ancient Sun.

Along the southern canals, beneath the surface of the water, crawls a ship with all its lights on, so that anyone seeing it would take it for a fiery serpent with feathers of flame. It is hunting a white whale which blinded its captain and drowned its crew, which is now composed of ghosts. If they succeed in capturing it, the ship will rise to the surface of the water, its captain will recover his sight and the crew will come back to life with bodies of fiery, imperishable matter.

He saw this underwater ship from a beach in Chiloe, on the island of Lemuy, and he called out the password which would make the captain heave to: 'VAM!'[1]

He swam underwater for a few minutes, accompanied by his dog, and was taken on board *El Caleuche*.

The ship changed course, leaving the southern canals by the Gulf of Penas, where the Leviathan's waterspout could be seen in the far distance, and making for the open sea, the huge Ocean. For days they followed the vast expanse of its waters, where once a continent existed in all its glory, filled with palaces, temples and wisdom. The world of the giants, which was in contact with the stars. Of all this, only an island lost in the vast Ocean was left: Tepito Tenua,[2] the 'Navel of the World'. The Leviathan disappeared in that direction.

[1] The mantra for the Svadisthana chakra.

[2] Easter Island.

The Captain of *El Caleuche* said: '*É bello naufragare in questo mare*!'[1] Follow your destiny as a shipwrecked man, take a longboat and approach your objective with your back turned, like all good oarsmen. Row backwards, towards the point of origin, upwards.'

The dog, which had arrived before him, was waiting for him on the shore. The beach was covered with strange, gigantic statues called Mohai. The yellow, New Sun shone vertically down on them. He examined them with interest, walking round and round their huge mass, searching for an entrance-hole in them, a 'click'. How had these vast lumps of basalt got here? How had they moved from Rano-Raraku to the Ahu, their platforms?

The dog was indicating that he should follow it.

They crossed the empty region of Matakiterani, whose earliest name was *Svadisthana*, 'The Home of Her'. They were going towards the crater of the volcano called Rano-Kao.

As he walked, he mentally repeated the phrase he had heard in an old dream: 'Only the water which emerges from the crater of an extinct volcano can quench the thirst of the pilgrim.'

Inside the crater grew the last three Toromiro trees, that red wood, perhaps *Vajra*.

At the foot of these trees, she lay sleeping. The dog lay down at her feet, waiting. He repeated the mantra which would wake her: 'HUM!'

And the music which announced her return was like that of 'a hive of bees maddened by love'.

LEMURIA

In the shade of the last three Toromiro trees, she began to recall ancient times: 'Nothing has survived of all that glory, except this little island, the summit of a huge submerged mountain. Nothing more in that vast expanse of water. Water, water everywhere. We are in the kingdom of the waters, surviving with difficulty.[2] The inhabitants of the lost continent were giants. Gods, more than Gods. They came from the pole, from the Morning Star. When everything was submerged by the great wave, some shepherds, slaves of Lemuria, the interbred races of animal-men, also escaped

[1] From Leopardi.

[2] The Muladhara chakra represents the earth, The Svadisthana chakra the water.

to the higher peaks. And the fish, the great fish. In the war between the Pandavas and Koravas, between the Hanau-Eepe, the Big-Eared Ones, and the Nanan-Momoko,[1] terrifying forces were used, which produced the catastrophe. And the malignant radiation spread across the whole world. The statues of Toromiro wood, which are to be found on this island, represent those hybrid monsters: the man-fish, the man-insect, the man without flesh. In the ruins of Tiahuanacu, on the Gate of the Sun, there are figures with four fingers and three toes. Someone has recorded the lost world, attempting to reproduce its glories and also the fruits of its destruction. The sublime art which has come here from an unknown centre, with wood formed from the non-existent blood of a time without memory, is the work of a race of giants who came from the east and from Hyperborea. Subsequently, very different races tried to reproduce that art. Here is a Mohai with a beard, a White God. It belongs to the Ahu-Mohai period. These were imitated later, as if people wished to make the vanished White Gods, Quetzalcoatl, Huirakocha, Orejona, and the creators of the First Tiahuanacu, return. Thus the Mohai may be said to represent a kind of exorcism practised in successive waves, after the involution of the divine and the semi-divine began, attempting to force the return of the White Gods, the Giants and the Golden Age by means of the albeit inaccurate reproduction of their figures. They could also be said to be landmarks for their extraterrestrial vehicles, their *Vimanas*, their *Astras*, their *Manu-Tara*, their Discs of Light, their Plumed Serpents, in which they disappeared shortly before the cataclysm. The sightless eyes of the Mohai scan the firmament, their closed mouths long to cry out to them: "We are still here! We still preserve your memory! You looked like this! Come back!"

'These basalt sculptures are alive, they vibrate magically. The Mohai that are not covered with ivy are those that are still alive. Their faces are turned in every direction, scouring the horizons. Some look towards the Antarctic, others towards the North Pole, towards Ultima Thule. Some Mohai stand on promontories jutting out of vertical cliffs above the sea. How did they reach these sites? One of them has fallen into the water and can be seen at low tide. Did they move? Did they walk? It is related that they advanced

[1] Aboriginal people of Easter Island.

straight ahead from this crater, seeking their definitive positions. At night they formed the magic circle, Kula. Their mission was to protect all that had survived on earth from new floods, like the serpent Ten-Ten. Beneath the Ahu, or pedestal, there is supposed to be an entrance to the subterranean world, the Interior Earth. In order to penetrate it, a tiny turning movement of the Mohai is supposed to be sufficient for this stone iceberg to move and expose the lower part of its body, together with the entrance to the passage which connects with the great polar exits, the gateway of the Temple of Tiahuanacu and the secret entrance to Stonehenge.

'In a single night, everything stopped, as if that moment in time had frozen. Many Mohai remained incomplete, some of them face upwards in their quarries. What happened? What terrible event occurred? Are the Mohai robots or Golems? Are they the Gods who have been petrified? How did they move and change their positions? A force called *Mana* (*Vril*) levitated them. The same force that impelled the Golden Bird, *Manu-Tara*, to overcome the force of gravity and disappear among the constellations. There are Mohai in the meditative position, their hands with their long nails folded over their stomachs like buddhas. No one knows where their first builders came from. The second period is a copy of the initiatic, magical, first phase. In all this, a great mystery persists, which will only be revealed to man minutes before his new destruction. . . . Because one day the sea will take him again.

'All those who knew the language of the Speaking Tablets, Rongo-Rongo, were butchered. They were called Maoris and were white priests, white magicians, who had escaped from the great catastrophe and had remained on this exterior earth in order to preserve the tradition. They were of the same race as the Dropas of Tibet, the giant Ainos of Japan and China, the Güanches of the Canary Islands, and the Chachapoyas and Guayakis of South America. The Kohau-Rongo-Rongo could read the Tablets. Their last survivors were killed in the gold mines of Peru, where they had been taken to work as slaves. The script was hermetic, with more than one meaning, like that of Ancient Egypt. One sacerdotal, the other demoniacal. Perhaps this was why the Ingas prohibited writing in their empire. As in Egypt, an unknown lineal script existed prior to ideographic script. There are no more than twenty Speaking Tablets to be found throughout the world. Similar script is not to be found either in Polynesia nor among the Ingas, nor

elsewhere, only the ideographic language of cords and knots of Peru. The reconstruction of the civilisation of Tiahuanacu, together with that of this island of Matakiterani, is the work of the Vikings, who knew of the priestly, warrior caste of the Big-Eared Ones, their Hyperborean ancestors. Some of the signs carved on rocks correspond to their runic script and to the votive cult of Wotan. In Chile, this fragile strip of land, which is all that survives of the old submerged world, the last civilisation of the Giants flourished, before they were imprisoned in the mountains. There is a mysterious link between this island, which guards the Great Secret, and that sacred land which today is called Chile, which stretches like a psychic spinal column of the planet, as far as the "Other Pole". Also like a drawn sword. An ominous age occurred there, when the Valkyries turned into Amazons, because they had been left outside by the giants. And the matriarchy of the Amazon Gaibomilla made war on the descendants of Kon-Ticsi Huirakocha, who had already diminished in stature. The fire consumed everything.

'The Mohai and the ancient objects made of real Toromiro wood are charged with the vibrations of *Vril*. The "Tablets" which disappeared were like the stone which fell from heaven and contained the law of the extraterrestrial race and the secret of the entrances to the Hollow Earth and to the passages beneath the Ocean which connect with all the surfaces of the new continents which emerged after the catastrophe. Chile and Japan are regularly devastated by earthquakes. Volcanoes erupt throughout the entire fiery arc of the Pacific, in memory of the horrific conflagration that destroyed the world, the ancient moon and the ancient sun. The Mohai keep their sightless eyes open in eternal vigilance, trying to prevent the repetition of the catastrophe. Like the dolmens and the menhirs, they are here to hold back a new flood. The expressions on their faces change with the passage of the seasons and the solstices. But the way to overcome and escape the cataclysm is only to be found in the Manu-Tara, the Man-Bird. The Manu of the Age of Aquarius, which will replace the Age of the Fish, of Leviathan, the White Whale, which was once the Elephant.

'Now we are in the Kingdom of the Waters. You will have to learn to walk on the waters, make yourself lighter, rise into the air. . . .'

Allouine, sitting under the last three Toromiro trees, in the crater

of the volcano called Rano-Kao, making the mudra which destroys fear, recited the prayer of the lost Continent of Lemuria:

'Nan rururu Tuku Karumugil
Urueli orur Edu etu ru uyarel
Ir ar ire per Kadavul.'

'The Green God who controls the three paths
Of the high resounding Sun
Comes from the year of Orur
To the land of the rain clouds
In the same way as the thunder roars.'

'In the House of the Great Fish, beneath the three surviving trees, we dream of immortality. In the top of these trees, where their branches intertwine, meditates the Three-Eyed One, whom the Man-Insect fears. The Adored Third-Eye, where our star is born.'

THE INITIATION OF THE MANU-TARA

He was fainting from thirst inside that crater, and not only from a physical thirst. His thirst was for that Queen of Rapanui, called Rakini.

'I want to do something with my hands, carve a Mohai. But I am so tired; weariness and lassitude overcome me on this island.'

'Carve your own statue, your Mohai, place it on its Ahu. Make a statue of yourself, seat yourself in the centre of the Toromiro flower.'

She took him by the hand and led him out of the crater to a cave in the mountains.

'This is the cave of the God Make-Make. In former times, children were brought here and left in the darkness so that their skin would turn white in memory of the lost Gods. You must stay here for a year, until you become the Manu-Tara, the Man-Bird. You will then be accepted as king of this island and your real name will be given to that year. This cave is called *Hakrongo-Manu*, "The Hearer of the Bird", of the Cry of the Bird. When you have triumphed, when you are king, I will be your queen. For now, I shall only accompany you in your thoughts. I shall be your Valkyrie in the battle. O warrior of the race of the White Gods, fight this battle to the end and lose it in the name of our God of the

Defeated of the Kaliyuga! Overcome the terrifying waters! Our A-Mor is again at stake.'

For months he remained in the darkness of the cave. The faithful dog brought him food. Slowly he lost track of the time, and whether it was day or night. His senses became blunted with the exception of his sense of taste and an incontrollable impulse which drove him to seize hold of stones and rocks with his hands and even with his feet.[1] He wanted to sculpture something, to shape the basalt, the Toromiro, any hard material.

He had visions, nightmares. The whale became a tyrannical mother who forced him to drink her milk. Then she devoured him. Inside the enormous body of the Leviathan, he felt safe. It was a whole universe. There he met the 'People of Dreams' again. Each of them played a different musical instrument and made the letters of the six petals of the Toromiro flower vibrate: *ba, bha, ma, ya, ra, la.*[2] Tiredness and lassitude might have made him spend an entire lifetime in this adipose world. But with an immense effort, he overcame this feeling and searched for a vulnerable spot in the monstrous body of the Mother-Leviathan. It took light years to move from one point of that body to another. There were countries, continents of fat, veins, rivers of opaque oil, oases of heat in the midst of this bulky universe, this world of icy lymph. And finally he managed to escape and stood on the outside. It was an almost superhuman triumph to have found a way out of the safe depths of the Mother's protection into the insecurity and pain of the other world. Then he began to scream like a new-born child with a pale skin, inside that other Mother, the cave of *Hakrongo-Manu*. He went from Mother to Mother, from Circle to Circle. How to break out of the final Mother? How to escape from the Circle of the Circles?

'This is the Liquid Road,' he heard her say from within his blood, 'the Road of Tears. . . . The Land of Tears is mysterious!'

[1] The Svadisthana chakra is the centre of taste and touch.

[2] Sanskrit letters which are inscribed on the six petals of the Svadisthana chakra, as painted in Indian iconography.

DREAMS ABOUT WATER

As soon as he had escaped from the Mother-Leviathan, he began to wander round the interior of the cave in his dreams. And he discovered paths that led him up hills with houses built on their slopes. There were villas and mansions, with wrought-iron porches and doorways. Waterfalls and cascades, channelled naturally along the gorges between the hills, flowed down the slopes. He stopped in front of a lattice-work doorway, at the foot of a hill. A serrated iron wheel controlled the sluice-gate of the pool that collected the water which flowed down the hillsides. He allowed himself to act on an impulse and turned the wheel, opening the sluice-gate. The water gushed out. He wanted to turn the wheel back to its original position, but the water was already uncontrollable. It flooded down the slopes on all sides, from the hilltops, through the gorges. He ran to find himself a safe place.

The dreams about water continued.

He continued to try and escape along the valleys, between the mountains. An enormous wave broke over a high mountain peak, and the vast mass of water began to rush down its slopes as well. He began to climb the slope to his left. But the compact mass of water, which was crystal-clear despite its great volume, began to submerge even the highest mountains.

He found himself lying in the cave once more. It was either night or daybreak. He saw her appear, emerging naked out of the waters. She called to him from the shore. The vast sea lay enveloped in the half-light of dawn. She had come to meet him from the far distance, from the horizon. Now they would enter the sea together and swim away. Where to? The sea was covered with sargasso. She said: *'É dolce naufragare in questo mare!'*

A final dream: He was still swimming. He was floating in the waters of a bay in which ships lay at anchor. A current carried him out to sea. He struggled to escape from it. He found himself surrounded by high waves, which became ever more menacing. His strength deserted him. Then the waters changed colour, becoming imbued with turquoise, amethyst and emerald. And then they were no longer sea water, but a sea of twilight, causal water: *Kâranâri*.

Some men swam towards him through this liquid colour and rescued him.

He looked out of the mouth of the cave. The waning moon shone in the sky over Matakiterani. He had passed from the lower waters to the heavenly waters, transmuting them to their first level, beyond the earth.

On the ground at the mouth of the cave sparkled a Moonstone.

THE BAPTISM OF THE MAN-BIRD

In the depths of the cave, he concentrated on the Moonstone between his eyebrows and made the second sign of his initiation, while he repeated the mantra of water: '*VAM*!'

Vibrations rose along his spine, up his 'Toromiro tree', as red as the flames of the Fiery Serpent. The Serrated Wheels turned. The sluice-gates opened. The water's electricity was freed. At that point, the rebellious swimmer, the 'ego', fought against the current; it refused to accept its approaching death, which maybe was not death but resurrection in another *Ego* amplified by the earth, water and fire, in which the Manu-Tara Bird would rise up out of its ashes. Nevertheless, something had changed in that split second of doubt. At some moment during that secret, imprecise happening, the 'ego' had shown resistance to the God of the Losers, becoming paralysed, caught between two worlds, as if in an 'upside-down sky', unable either to go back, towards the point of origin, upwards, in triumphant defeat, or to go down, towards its starting point. In vain, the serrated wheels turned wildly and the petals of the Non-Existent Toromiro Flower fell because it was unable to make its non-existence a reality.

He realised that he was going to be destroyed in that powerful current from the vibrations of a fire which could not find an exit, because the road of the third Toromiro tree had been closed to it.[1] His secret channels, his brain, would disintegrate. He had begun to see blood spots. The exit to another state, to a different feeling, had been blocked. In the embryonic, occult physiology, something remained incomplete, because the conscious, rational 'ego' had introduced an obstacle, because it didn't want to be overpowered and pushed aside, because it wanted to control the uncontrollable.

He realised that his final moment on that earth had arrived, that

[1] In Tantric yoga, the *Susumna nadi*. In the symbology of this book the ghost vessel, *El Caleuche*, sometimes also represents the Serpent of Kundalini.

his bodies, including the physical one, wouldn't be capable of resisting the vibrations. His brain was going to explode. He only had a short time left in this world.

In the blackness of the cave of Hakrongo-Manu, he saw a metal basin of water appear in the air before him, level with his chest. And he heard her order him: 'Quickly, plunge your hands into the water and splash it over your body!'

A delicious coolness calmed the fire of the vibrations.

An indescribable sensation of peace enveloped him, and he felt his body being galvanised by a powerful energy. He had risen from his ashes. He was as red as the Toromiro tree.

Baptized by lustral water, the *Primus homo terrenus* had become the *Secundus homo coelestis*. His name was Manu-Tara, the Living-Man-Bird, ready to spread his wings and fly off on a new adventure, to the loss of a greater city, on the Lefthanded Road mapped out by the God of the Defeated of Kaliyuga. To the rebirth of the Golden Age.

THE CRY OF THE BIRD

He had been in the cave for a year. Now he could leave it.

He ran towards the sea and plunged off the clifftop into the water. In his dive, he managed to touch the submerged Mohai, then he swam towards the tiny island of *Hapu-Manu*, 'The Cry of the Bird'.

There he waited. He also looked for the Manu-Tara's egg. One day, the bird flew over him and dropped it into his hand.

Then he shaved off his hair and eyebrows, tied a sling around his forehead and placed the egg in it. Swimming back to the island, he looked like a mythological being which had surfaced out of the primordial waters, been born from the waters. In reality, he was the Twice Born. And he wore a sling made of *tepú*, or sandalwood, around the arm which had caught the egg.

During the whole of the following year, he wouldn't be able to touch anything with that hand. He was the keeper of the energy of the surviving island, and of the Mohai who scour the horizons, the carrier of *Vril*, of *Maná*. He was the king of Matakiterani. The *Manu* of the age of Tara. The husband of the Goddess Tara.

He saw her coming towards him, climbing down from the crater at the top of the volcano. She was wearing a red cloak, woven from

the thin bark of the three trees in the crater. She brought him an axe.

'It is the axe of *Guatan* or Wotan. Its name is *Toki*. You are the *Toki-Manu*.'

She was also carrying a flute and a heart with wings of Toromiro wood.

'Keep this heart safe. We will have need of it.'

She played the flute and they both danced in a circle round each of the *Manu-Mohai*. They were dancing the *Raslila*.

A clanking noise, like the sound of chains being dragged along, began to make itself heard, coming from the volcano. Quickly, it turned into a thunderous roar. The eruption followed almost immediately. Flames and lava shot upwards and rushed down the slope.

The Man-Bird put his arm round his Beloved's waist and, spreading his golden wings, flew off in the direction of the midday sun. She carried the dog in her arms.

They saw how the Mohai collapsed, swaying on their bases. The island was covered with the fire of an emerging centre. In the far distance, the whale was caught by the crew of *El Caleuche*. They stripped it of its skin, from which they made a Golden Fleece. Transformed into the skin of the lamb, it swayed in the wind, hanging from the branches of patriarchal oak trees.

THE REUNION WITH JASON

On the shores of Lake Titicaca, the last of the Vikings, called *atumurunas* or *atumarunas*, 'giants with faces as pale as the moon', were fighting a desperate battle against the tribes of Amazons from the south of Chile, the matriarchal forces of Queen Gaibomilla, the ally of Cacique Cari of Coquimbo.[1] The Temple of the Lake of the Sun, of the Thousand Priests of Wotan, had been partly destroyed by fire. The renascent Viking civilisation of Tiahuanacu, which had lasted for a number of centuries, was dying. It had been recreated by these white warriors who had come from the north in search of their ancestors, the Venusian giants, the White Gods of the Morning Star.

He was fighting alongside the defenders, with the remainder of their decimated forces. It was all happening once again. In the past,

[1] Cacique means chief in the Quichua language.

the Æsir had had to abandon their sacred city of Asgard in the Caucasus, near Mount Elbrus, the mountain of the Goddess Freyja of the smooth snow-white breasts. Attacked in exactly the same way by the Mongols, they had left the city. Led by Wotan or Odin, they had set out once again on the Exodus of Defeat, this time in the direction of the Righthanded Swastika, the one that turns according to the present earth's time and descends to the lowest depths of Kaliyuga. There, another Golden Age, or mirror-image of the one that disappeared with the Hyperborean Thule, was lost. But the sorceress Allouine, of the Odinic Order, had prophesied that one day the descendants of the Æsir, led by a Great White Chief, would reconquer Asgard, reversing the exodus and the movement of the Righthanded Swastika, returning to the point of origin, to the Nuptial Homeland, going back, up, from City to City, from Asgard in the Caucasus to Shambhalla and Agharti in the Himalayas, and from them to Ultima Thule in Polar Hyperborea, so as to make the great leap to the Morning Star, to the Ray of Green Light. The sorceress Völa had also prophesied this, asserting that the Twilight of the Gods would not last for ever.

It is very difficult to fight a woman who has become a demon, uncontrolled, externalised, left outside by the giants. The Amazons had consorted with the race of earth people, with the semi-animals, with the robots of Lemuria and Atlantis. Their features were bestial. Their furious vengeance was directed against men, as satanic hatred, because in their heart of hearts they blamed them for all their misfortunes, for their dreadful fall. And perhaps they were right.

And so, the white warriors, the last of the Vikings of America, which they called Hvetramannaland, the Irish called Huitramannalandia, and the Templars of the Grail called Albania, 'The Land of White Men', of the White Gods, of Quetzalcoatl, Itzamná, Kukulkán, Bochica, Huirakocha, were unable to find in themselves either the strength or the conviction to face such warlike fury as that exhibited by those demons of the south. It was the beginning of the end.

The great Viking chief, Kon-Ticsi Huirakocha, descendant of Naymlap and of the White Gods, placed his last hope in the reinforcements which were said to be coming from the north. His armies retreated to the subterranean refuge of the Gateway of Kalasasaya, in the great Temple of Tiahuanacu, which had been

rebuilt and had been destroyed once more in the fighting. Shortly before the end, Huirakocha, who was also called Rama in this centre, called together his closest followers, among whom he was numbered.

'Build a huge bonfire,' he said. 'My world is that of fire,[1] which fights against the satanic ice which comes from the farthest south, and also against the ice of the constellations.'

As soon as the fire began to crackle and blaze, the great chief leapt into it with his wife Mama Runtu, 'face white as an egg', who accompanied him, fulfilling the Hyperborean ritual of *Sati*.[2]

He continued talking from within the flames, addressing himself exclusively to him.

'None of this is real, it is *Maya*, Illusion. I shall not die, because I will reach the Green Light through these flames. It is another who has sacrificed himself for me. I have passed through the Secret Door to the interior, Hollow World, where I will wait for you to come, too, when you have lost *here* in order to come back to life *there* like Kontiki (*Konticsi*, King and Father of the Heavens), like Kalki, at the appointed time at which we will bring back the Golden Age and rebuild Tiahuanacu, Asgard and Montsegur, avenging the God of the Losers, the Morning Star and our Lord and Prince Lucifer. Now you must take the name of Rama, reverse the direction of the Swastika of the Exodus, reconquer Asgard, rebuild Tiahuanacu, enter the City of the Caesars, reach Ultima Thule, correct the balance of the Axis of the Earth.'

The great chief's dog, Aries, 'Constellation of Flame', also leapt into the fire. However, it could see his and the woman's shadows go out the other side and enter the Temple of Kalasasaya, as if they had been renewed in those flames of pure energy. In the Bath of Tamascal.[3]

Sword in hand, he went out through the gateway of Kalasasaya. Entering the hall of Tiahuanacu, he climbed up until he reached the triangle where the sign of the Righthanded Swastika, the sign of the Great Exodus from Hyperborea, the sign of Rama, was hanging and he reversed it, turning it into a Lefthanded Swastika which turns backwards, towards the point of origin. By doing so, he

[1] The Manipura chakra represents fire. It is symbolised by the lamb.
[2] An ancient ritual. The wife jumps into the funeral pyre where the body of her husband is being consumed.
[3] A sacred Inca bath.

changed the course of the Exodus, turning it into a return, a reconquest of all that had once been lost.

He raised his sword and spoke thus to the warriors: 'Soldiers of the Solitary Star, Pilgrims of the South, Guardians of the Dawn, Acolytes of Lucifer, of the Glorious God of the Flickering Light, the Great Loser! We are going to reverse everything, change the course of the waters of destiny, going up to the South Pole and down to the North Pole. We are going to bring our guide back to life and avenge him. We will raise the Continent of the Spirit alongside the precarious coast of our native land. We will extinguish the volcanoes, halt the earthquake. We are going to win the war of the *Mahabharata* by losing all but the final, definitive battle, the one that is fought outside this earth, in the vast expanses of Father Ether and even farther beyond, in the Great Void, in the Discs of Light. O warriors of the White Gods, of *Hvetramannaland*, fight till the last drop of your blood is spilt, without ever retreating, without ever surrendering! Die fighting, because if you lose with honour, in reality you will have won; because you will have made the enemy visible. A defeat which leaves honour intact is a spiritual adventure which has been successful. Into battle, warriors of the Morning Star!'

They fought furiously all through that day and night. The next evening, he found himself surrounded by corpses, while the red of the twilight dyed the waters of Lake Titicaca the colour of blood. He scanned the lake. He thought he saw a vessel approaching. Perhaps these were the promised reinforcements.

A high-keeled boat, a *drakkar*, slowly became visible in the dying light of the evening. From the branch of an oak tree from Dodona, nailed to the prow, hung the Golden Fleece. And there stood Jason, with his helmet and cuirass, leaning on his great sword.

He leapt ashore and pronounced the word: 'RAM!'[1]

'O faithful comrade, you have arrived at the critical moment of the battle! So much time has passed!'

'Get in quickly!' Jason exclaimed. 'You will make your final stand in the ruins of the Temple of the Thousand Priests.'

He jumped into the boat and they embraced. While the oarsmen rowed towards their objective with their backs turned, they were able to talk in the star-filled night.

Medea also accompanied Jason, and she sang an ancient song

[1] The mantra for the Manipura chakra.

which struck deep, distant chords in the hearts of the two friends:

'When my comrade loses heart,
I laugh confidently.
When my comrade sleeps,
I watch for him.
When my comrade falls,
I fight for both of us.
Because to every warrior
The Gods have given a comrade.'

Watching the receding shore and the smoke from the fires, Jason reflected: 'They are the fierce "rangunes", the tribes who interbred with the monkey. All this was already foretold to us by the prophecy of the sorceress Völa.'

'What happened to you, Jason? Where have you been for so long?'

'In the Intermediate Kingdom of Death. I have come to meet you here, because it is the Place of Reunion, appointed by Destiny and the Norns. This is the *Sangham*,[1] called Manipura, where the Three Rivers of Death meet to reverse their flow and arrive at another, higher reunion, becoming the Causal Waters of Life and Resurrection. We are in the Land of the Lamb, of the Great Guide Rama, of the Golden Fleece. One can only reach here by carrying a branch from the golden oak trees of Dodona, which is really Lamella. . . .'

'Ah, if you only knew with what nostalgia, what pain, I have always thought of you! After you left, I fought for the two of us, because if I were to arrive, to triumph, you would do so in me. I carried your corpse across my shoulders, in the imperishable depths of my heart. I would not come back to life or enter Valhalla without you. Because the Gods made me your comrade!'

Jason gazed deep into the starry sky, listening as though he was not alive, as though he was not dead.

They climbed down onto the quayside, which formed the terraces of the temple. Opis and Arge, the two Hyperborean priestesses, joined Medea and accompanied her in singing hymns composed by the Lycian bard, Olen.

[1] In the Hindu tradition, the *Sangham* is where the two visible rivers, Ganges and Jumna, meet the third, invisible river Saraswati, which springs from the head of Siva on Mount Kailas. This geographical point is in the city of Allahabad, near Banaras.

'Jason, don't go yet, I want you to meet my Beloved. She's sleeping.'

'Is her name Donia?' asked Jason.

'Her name here is Mama Runtu, and it is also Sita, although recently I have been calling her Allouine. Her name was really Irene, as yours was Hector. . . .'

Jason smiled gently: 'Let us go.'

In an underground chamber of the temple, in the 'World of the Jewels', as if surrounded by a 'sea of nectar', she lay sleeping.

The comrades stood on each side of the head of the bed, leaning on their lances. Enraptured, they contemplated her. Her golden hair hung down almost to the floor. The dog, which had escaped from the flames, lay down at the foot of the bier.

'HUM!' he intoned.

And the echo of the mantra, in the depths of the Jewel Chamber, was like 'the buzzing of a hive full of a thousand bees maddened by love'.

IT IS ALSO A GRAVE

The two comrades walked through the darkness until they reached a wilderness area. They lit a bonfire and, with the help of its light, they discovered a red triangle. It was a tombstone. Carved in the top corner was the Lefthanded Swastika. In the centre appeared a flower with ten petals and in each of these vibrated a root-letter: *da, dha, na, ta, tha, da, dha, ra, pa, pha.*[1]

From Jason's attitude, the sadness in his voice, the way he looked at him, he foresaw that the moment of parting was near. A great wave of sorrow overwhelmed him, weighing heavily on his solar plexus.

Jason said: 'Only you are with me in this critical moment. Medea has deserted me. Or, rather, perhaps, I was not loyal to her. I will try and recover her in the eternal return, in the vast expanses of the stars.'

'Why, Jason, are we here, in this America of Tiahuanacu, speaking of Jason and Medea, Rama and Sita, and fighting the war of the *Mahabharata*? What do these Andean mountains have to do with all this?'

'You are asking me a question to which you well know the

[1] The Sanskrit letters for the ten-petalled lotus of the Manipura chakra.

answer. In the universe, there is only one history, one civilisation, one war, that of the White Gods. All the rest is merely the involution of their Golden Age. You and I are involutions of the White Gods. Quetzalcoatl and Kon-Ticsi Huirakocha were White Gods, like Wotan, Orpheus, Apollo, Siva, Abraxas, Thor and Lucifer. The others, the men of diminished stature who now inhabit the martyrised surface of the earth, are the surviving slaves of Atlantis and Lemuria, the men-"robots", the men-ants, the animal-men who caused the cataclysm and who will bring about its repetition through their rebelliousness and their ignorant pride. They are the *Elementarwesen* against whom the *Wildes Heer*, the Wild Hordes of the Heroes of Parsifal, Odin and Quetzalcoatl will fight their final battle. Also, *Andes* is *Anda*: Total-Man, the Giant. The Andes are also the Spinal Column of Cosmic Man.'

Jason opened the tomb. Before entering it, he turned to his comrade and stretched out his arm, palm upwards and fingers together, and made the *Vara-Mudra*, which destroys fear. And he again pronounced the mantra: *'RAM!'*

When the tomb had closed, he rotated the Lefthanded Swastika and everything was consumed by the fire. These ancient ashes!

DEATH AND RESURRECTION IN TITICACA

For many days, the warriors read the Tibetan Book of the Dead, *Bardo Thödol*, presided over by Villak Umu, the High Priest of Inti, the Sun, and by the Hyperborean Trinity Ollin-Tonatiuh (Odin-Thor-Tyr). Gathered in the temple, they recited it to the wandering spirit of Jason, in the hope that he might find the Road of the Gods, overtaking the Road of the Fathers and avoiding the Path of the Moon.

Sitting in the Jewel Chamber, he recounted to Allouine the last moments of his friend Jason, telling her about the nights during their youth when they had revealed to each other their dreams of adventure and heroic conquest in unexplored, remote lands. 'Yes, Allouine, because to each warrior the Gods have given a comrade and to each poet-pilgrim a beloved. You will never desert me. Without you I could not endure the poverty of the exodus nor the tests of the return to the Nuptial Homeland.'

'I can foresee our separation, beloved. My lungs are not made for these heights of Tiahuanacu. The atmosphere here is rarified. It was

the *puna* which caused me to have this cataleptic fainting fit from which you awoke me. Just think, together we have crossed ages, immeasurable distances, light-years, from the City of the Elephant to these plateaux on which burns the fire of the intermediate regions – those that lie between the earth, water and air of the high peaks. I must bathe in the energy of this fire, becoming rejuvenated in its flames so as not to disappear too soon, so that I can continue to climb a little higher at your side, until I can see those silent peaks where "the fiery lily of our Eternal Love blooms" In my imagination, I can already see these vast distances, these delicate, subtle spaces where the deer roams, escaping from us by leaping to safety in the forests of the air, dreaming of the wings of Father Ether. You must climb ever higher, beloved, with me alone in your heart, in your memory. And we will meet again, perhaps, in the pure Kingdom of Cosmic Poetry. There you will bring me back to life. Because. . . the Poems exist, they await us! . . .'

'I feel something strange, too, as if in the rarefied atmosphere of these high plateaux, scorched by the fires of passion and war, where the bridges of reunion and meeting lie and the invisible, subterranean rivers meet, feeding this Andean lake, an enlarging of my consciousness, which is no longer mine, was about to take place. As if my ego was about to be immersed in the divine, and my consciousness to be submerged in the unconscious, a process from which both would benefit. A transmutation.'

The Virgins of the Sun approached them, walking rhythmically from the ruins of the temple. They were accompanied by a melancholy music, with mineral resonances, a melody of the high plateaux of Titicaca. They had come in search of Allouine to take her to the bath of fire, in which she would be renewed. A ship full of soldiers was also approaching across the lake. He had to go aboard it to lead those who were still fighting.

When they were nearly in the middle of the lake, they were attacked by the enemy's boats, which fired flaming arrows at them. Suddenly his vessel sank and the entire crew drowned. He tried to stay afloat by swimming, but the weight of his armour dragged him down. He felt himself drowning. The sensation was not frightening. Finally a force more powerful than his conscious 'ego' asserted itself: the Causal Waters of Death. And his 'ego' accepted this with the acute intuition that it could do no more. However, he struggled until the very end; he resisted, but serenely, almost

joyfully, as if he had been freed from a responsibility which was too great for him. And it was like a carousel, a spinning world, a sky, a mirror turning back to front until it can be looked into from the other side. Afterwards he went up and up, until he reached the other side of that sky and that mirror.

He found himself lying on the shore. He looked at himself in the transparent water and found himself changed. Although he still had the same body and his armour and his golden sword, his head was that of a ram, which was also like that of the dog and that of a jackal. He was Anubis, Osiris, Rama. He had come back to life. He was the One who had Escaped from the Waters, the Twice Born, baptised in Lake Titicaca, emerging as half man, half God, reintegrated into an Archetype. . . . *Dono tibi lucem aeternam*!

He went towards the ruins of the temple in search of his wife, Isis, She who had been reborn in the fire.

THE BURNING BUSH

It was a golden dawn. The peaks of the Andes were transfigured in its light. The pillars of the temple were still standing ('within each pillar stands an angel'). They looked like trees climbing up towards the diaphanous peaks.

With measured tread, he entered the triangular room in which she was being bathed in the fire of the energy of this centre. The fire had been lit from the ashes left by those who had passed this way before them. Allouine emerged from the flames, rejuvenated. Within this fire was the World of the Jewel, of the carbuncle which had fallen from the broken crown of Luci-Bel, destroyed in his stellar battle.

The Virgins of the Sun recited: 'War is the father of all things. This is the meeting-place of the fire from below and the celestial light. Here, the three-dimensional space begins to feel itself to be the prolongation of the fourth sphere. This is the *Sangham* of the Three Roads, the Rock of Revelation of Midday, where the direction of the Exodus changes, becoming the Return to the Non-created Light, where the Righthanded Swastika becomes the Left-handed one, and you can dream a dream that no one ever dreamed before: the way out of the Eternal Return, the conquest of all the turns of the wheel. In this "Diaphragm", also called the "Totality of the Jewel", you acquire a new name because you begin to receive

an immortal soul which you had not possessed up till now.'

Naked, they were placed on a pedestal between ruined pillars. They were covered with ash. He made the *Vara-Mudra*, with the palm of his hand upturned and his fingers together. Arge, the Virgin of Apollo, came to his side: 'Your name was Rama. Today you are Osiris, the Reborn. But your name is Rudra. You must destroy the Kaliyuga. Far off, in the distance, I can hear the hoofbeats of the White Horse of Kalki galloping towards the past, climbing back up the light. With him you will get back the figure of your beloved in order to clothe it with immortal substance. I can also hear the velvety, soft sound of the tiny hooves of the young fawn which was once the lamb, which was formerly the elephant, and which may, if your bravery doesn't fail, become the dove.'

Opis, the second Virgin of the Sun, came and stood beside Allouine: 'Your name is Lakini, the Wife of Rudra. You have been his loyal companion on the difficult pilgrimage to this centre. O beloved Lakini, may our thoughts and tears follow you always on the sacrificial path of A-Mor, which you and your lover have so courageously chosen!'

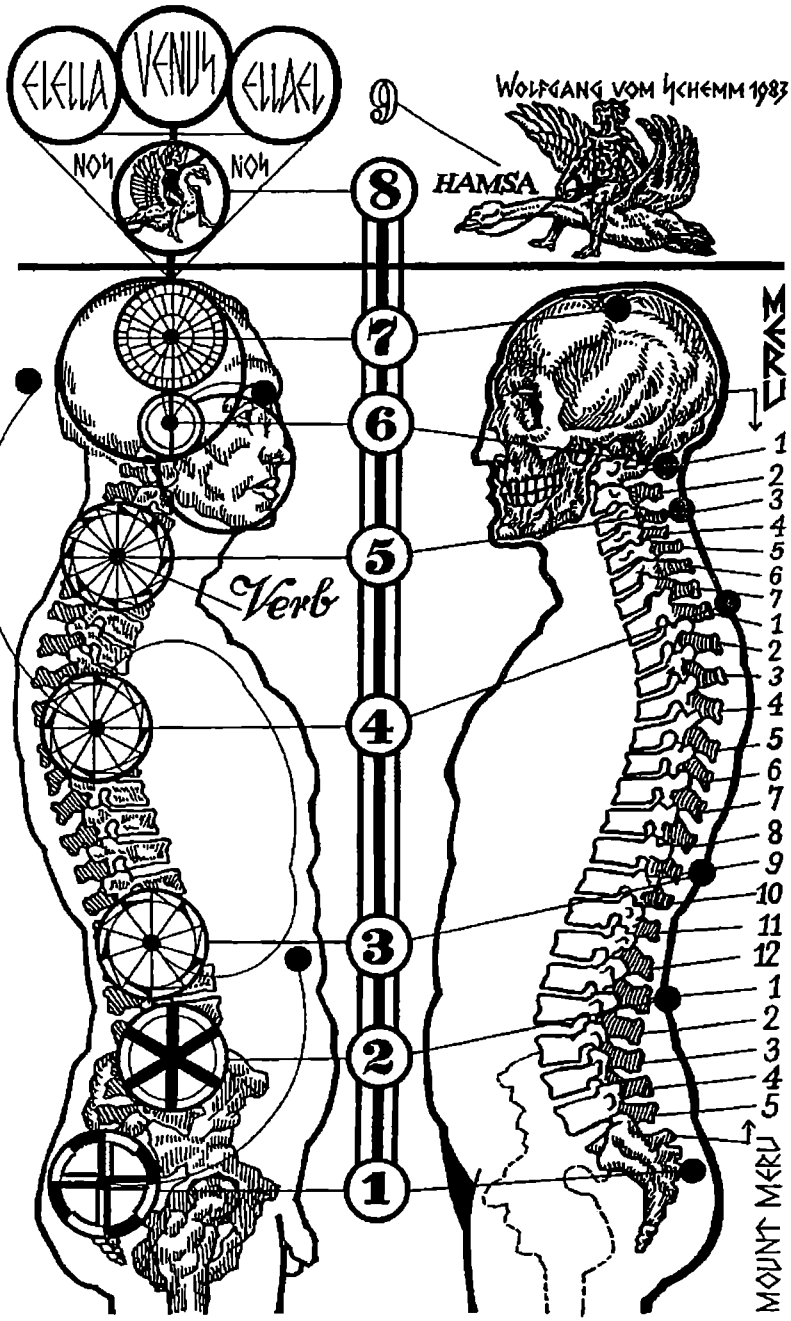
Someone then brought in the dog, dragging it along by a chain. It was going to be sacrificed in the burning bush, in the centre of the triangle, as a propitiatory rite and food for the wedding.

Lakini said: 'Not the dog! You must enter heaven with it. So there will be a dog from the City of Astinapura in the sky. If this were not so, how will you be able to recognise me when you travel towards the past, towards the Constellation of the Great Dog? There, I won't have a face, because I will have given it to your soul. Only the dog will recognise me by my essential perfume, in the uncreated light. And it will lie down at my feet.'

Feeling himself to be filled with a divine substance, he knew that he could make the sign that would exchange the dog for a llama.[1] And so the dog was saved. And the sacrificial llama, or lamb, was consumed by the fire. Its soft moaning would announce a New Age; its rosy skin, the Golden Fleece; its aromatic flesh, the food of eternal A-Mor.

The Virgins of the Sun drew diaphanous veils in front of them, hiding them from view. Because the *Mysterium Coniunctionis* was being fulfilled.

[1] Andean mammal.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DEATH IN ANAHATA

THE YOUNG FAWN

She had returned before me from the Great Journey. She was watching me with her evanescent, otherworldly expression, stretched out beside her window. Her breathing was difficult, unrhythmic, as if the *puna*, the atmosphere of rarefied fire of the stifling plateaux of the 'Diaphragm', was still affecting her.

She was holding a small book of poems by a Hindu author. In her musical voice, she began to read in English:

'Beloved warrior:

My bonds are cut, my debts paid,
my door has been opened.
I go everywhere.
They crouch in their corner
and weave their web
of pale hours.
They count their coins
sitting in the dust
and call me back.
But my sword is forged,
my armour is put on,
my horse is eager to run.
I shall win my kingdom!

'The English language is mysterious. The secret of our dog is to be found in it. "Dog" spelt backwards is "God". The dog, then, is the road which, if travelled backwards, from the deepest depths, from the roots of the tree of smell, touch and taste, will turn you into a God. Thus the dog is the guide of the Blind Traveller, of the Pilgrim of Immortality. It is God backwards.'

In the garden of this house grew anemones, the most beautiful roses, camellias and tall lilies. This spring, the cottonwood tree lit the flames of its red flowers and the magnolias opened in response to the tender caresses of the moonlit nights.

Some evenings, we would walk along a path in the garden, bordered by lilies which raised their slender spikes as we passed. We almost always walked in silence, pensively, remembering our adventures, transmitting them to one another by a thought, a look or an expressive movement of our heads. At times, by a delicate touch of our hands, very gently, as if we were afraid of hurting each other.

Noli me tangere!

One day, the Lord was walking along the narrow alleyways of a city. People recognised him and began to gather round him. He was going to heal a sick child. But suddenly he stopped and said: 'Who has touched my cloak and taken away my power to cure?'

'Do you know?' said Allouine. 'Once I had a most beautiful dream. A waking dream. I saw myself as a little girl once more, at the feet of the Lord, leaning against his cloak. And such was my joy and the feeling of security, of protection, that I didn't want ever to return to this world again.'

In that Santiago spring, her dreams, her visions, were a foretaste of the worlds which she would never be able to reach while she was alive. The final years of the Great War were drawing to a close, continually expanding within the dreadful confines of the recurrent Archetype.

One day, something we had long expected took place. From one of the nearby allotments or from the street – we never knew which – a young fawn[1] leapt over our garden fence. And I say something we had long expected because, although it took us by surprise, it filled us with an inexpressible, predetermined joy. We stood and looked at it. It did the same. Because we were of the race of Avalon, we could understand the language of the animals. We realised that it was asking us to give it sanctuary in our home. We took it inside and fed it with magnolia leaves that grew from Allouine's fingers, honey from her lips and irridescent feathers from her breast. We called it Sita, in memory of the wife of Rama,

[1] Symbolic animal of the Anahata chakra. This chakra represents air and is located in the invisible body near the heart.

he who had been lost light-years ago, sacrificed on the high plateaux of the 'Diaphragm'.

And suddenly we realised that we were no longer alone in our house. An incredible 'being' had slipped in 'like a thief in the night, stealing all we possessed'. Something we couldn't control, as timid as a nightingale, as tremulous but at the same time as ungovernable as the wind. With enormous eyes veiled by the vapour of its imponderable world, it watched us for a few moments, then immediately leapt through the window into the garden, as if it already had wings. And it was as if all this, which was taking place outside us, was being copied inside us. A being from another world, an alien consciousness, also began to stir there, as if jumping uncontrollably from time to time, as if it wanted to fly by itself but didn't as yet have wings. We came up against the boundaries of an air which was quivering, the heart of a gentle breeze. As if the flower of the heart was beginning to open and to give us a hint of the perfume exuded by its petals.

But air was no longer entering Allouine's lungs. She was having difficulty breathing. She was very ill. In those final years of the Great War, the cure for her illness had still not been discovered. She insisted that a Hyperborean priestess, a Virgin of the Sun, of the Odinic Order, could die at will, at the appointed time. This power was called *Icchamtyu*, and the Lord of Voluntary Death was *Matymjaya*. The sign of dissolution was *Samhara-Mudra*. The female guru could make it.

It was during one of our last walks in the garden that one midday we found a marvellous flower with twelve petals. Allouine took it to her room and looked at it for a long time. Then she took her brushes and painted the flower. On each petal she drew a letter: *ka, kha, ga, gha, na, ca, cha, ja, jha, ña, ta, tha.*[1] And round the flower she drew two interlocking triangles.

'This is the Non-Existent Flower. So that it may really exist in the Kingdom of the Non-Existent, which is more real than all that exists, we must say: *YAM!*[2] This is the sound which will give life to this flower.'

'*YAM!*' we cried together.

[1] The Sanskrit letters for the flower of the Anahata chakra.
[2] The mantra for the Anahata chakra.

And the Non-Existent Flower of the Heart opened up for us, enveloping her house, the garden, the city of Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, the last years of the Great War, our then-current A-Mor, in the slightly troubling, magical scent of all that doesn't exist, of all that has never existed, of all that will never exist.

At that same moment, the fawn escaped from the house. Fearing that it might be knocked down by the traffic, I ran into the street after it. I followed it for hours. Sometimes it vanished into the distance, but it would always stop to look at me with its smoky eyes whenever it thought that I wouldn't be able to find it again. And in this way we reached the Tupahue (Abode of God), one of the two hills outside our city. The other is the Huelen, Sorrow in Quichua. The fawn began to climb it with great leaps which were sometimes almost twelve petals high.[1] With great difficulty I followed it. In the pine forests at the top of the hill, we stopped to gaze at the dusk falling over Santiago. Veils of purple, a diaphanous longing, spread over the city until they enveloped the high, snow-covered peaks of the Andes. Our Evening Star appeared.

The fawn, which had now become a black antelope called Tarukka,[2] raised one of its hooves and pointed out the peaks of my homeland to me. 'There, there, will I wait for you. Like Condor, like Paloma.'

'*YAM!*' I replied. And it vanished from my sight.

I bent down and picked up a dried flower, like the coagulated blood of twilight. 'A fruit for Allouine,' I thought. And I returned to the dark streets, filled with a presentiment, or rather, a memory, a premonition of something that had already happened many times and was now about to be repeated. I was convinced that Allouine was dying once more.

I know that my story may seem too strange and allegorical. However, I would not be able to relate it in any other way, as this is the only form in which I can understand anything in it: inventing a meaning for it, so as to dream my life better through it, consoling myself for so many misfortunes, coming one after the other in my existence and in those of the defeated warriors, the Pilgrims of the

[1] It is said that the Anahata lotus flower has twelve petals.
[2] A Quichua name.

Dawn. Perhaps none of it is anything more than pure fantasy, I tell myself from time to time, and I am only the glorious victim of my own mental creations. So, what I have called my 'Non-Existent Flower' might be just another illusion. And behind it all is nothingness, only nothingness. I shiver in the icy polar wind. Especially in the moments of death of this woman whom I have loved more than anything in this life, beyond everything, beyond everything . . . O Gods!

How could her superhuman courage in face of the end which she could see approaching be explained unless it was that she believed, like me, that she was possessed by the Archetype of Eternal Love which transcends the limitations of this life? More even than I, who found myself crushed by the enormous, brutal realisation of her approaching end, she enveloped her final hours in allegories and symbols.

I found her lying on her bed, motionless, with her face, neck and hands partly covered in blood.

I leaned over her, but she signalled that I was not to touch her. I ran to fetch a towel and a basin of water. Very gently, I began to wash her hands and neck. When I came to her face, I kissed her lips and drank her blood. Her eyes stared fixedly into the depths of my soul and told me everything. For a minute, she became afraid of the inevitable. Or perhaps my kiss had weakened her in her struggle, shaking her titanic resistance.

I clasped her hands between mine and softly began to recite her poem to her:

'The tenuous melancholy spins
Its delicate web in the soul
And the muffled murmur of memories
Darkens space.

The renewed certainty of eternal
Development rises out of infinity,
And slowly impregnates each thread
Of frozen mist.

All is death, conclusion, end . . .
The leaves fall, resigned, pained
By their immense fragility,

Twisted by the strident clamour
Of the being which struggles
To escape the inevitable.

The soul turns and turns
Within the black space,
Conceiving a vague desire for self;
The spark creates,
The warm flame grows and grows,
Crackling and magical.
The mists disperse in its heat.

In the silence of the white peaks,
Blooms the fiery lily of eternal love.'

In a weak voice and with a slight smile playing on her lips, she explained to me: 'This is Meister Eckhart's "Tiny Spark". Ah, how can I make it crackle inside my soul again! *Mehr Licht!*'

'I love you more than anything in this world and all the others. And, if the Gods choose, I shall but love thee better after death. I give you my eternity. You alone can bring me back to life. Because you alone know my real name. And I say to you again that you will have no other companion in this life or in the gloomy depths of the grave. Because I opened up your heart as though with a knife, and I entered it and will live there for all your eternity. I shall breathe with your breath, see with your eyes, hear with your ears and try to think with your brain. I shall love with your soul and your body. My beloved, you will be my coffin of perfumed, precious wood! Don't forget that resurrection belongs to the realm of magic, of what may or may not be. To our Non-Existent Flower. I shall live for as long as you live. And so, you must not die.'

'For you, I shall make myself immortal. For you, I shall not die. As long as my ego exists – and it will always exist – you will be in it. For, by your death, you have triumphed over life. You have ensured that I will love you above all else and carry you in my blood, my cells, my bones and my breath, raising your throne in my heart. I must not die so that you will not die.'

With a great effort, she got out of bed and fetched a winged heart made from Toromiro wood, and a small bag of golden brocade.

She placed the heart on her breast, on top of her nightgown, and drew me down on top of her, so that we had only one heart between us. A winged heart which might possibly enable us to fly to the silent white peaks where the fiery lilies of eternal love bloom.

Then she gave me the small bag which has never left me since. Inside it are tiny things: a silk handkerchief stained with her blood, a silver laurel leaf won in the last Great War by a warrior-troubadour, and a topaz, her birthstone in this turn of the wheel.

For the last time, she referred to the legend which we had dreamed of living: 'Santiago is enveloped in mist, in the grey fog of hope, anxiety and repentance. It is so similar to life because it always seems as if something is about to happen. . . . This city is a beating heart. You will always find my grave here.'

'Help me! I can't breathe any more.'

I took her in my arms and, placing my mouth over hers, I began to breathe for her, inside her, until I felt faint. Then, she threw her arms round my neck and, with her last ounce of strength, she caressed me and kissed me. I shall never forget the way in which she looked into the depths of my soul, my being, for the last time, questioning me with her last remaining forces, which were fading away, vanishing. . . . Where, where. . . .? And she begged: 'Lord, help me. . .!'

In a corner of the room, a sound made 'as if two things were rubbing together' could be heard, as if someone had entered or gone out.

And she lay still, 'like a flame in a place without wind.'

'THE LAND OF TEARS IS SO MYSTERIOUS'

Clutching her body, which was growing colder and colder, I sobbed: 'Don't go away again, don't leave me here alone. We still have so much further to go! Years, centuries, until we reach the City of Dawn, our Morning Star, the Nuptial Homeland! Once again I have been unable to hold on to you, saving you from the terrifying waters of death, fighting to prevent the shadows from swallowing you up, in the eternal, everlasting return. . . .'

I covered her body with kisses, trying to stop the spread of the cold of death.

Thus I found myself one day, wrapped in her golden hair,

holding her stiff hands, continually putting my mouth to hers in a constant effort to breathe for her. My tears ran down her dead cheeks.

I dressed her as a bride and carried her body to an agate bench in the Enchanted Garden. I dug a grave and buried her. On the gravestone, I carved the symbol of the Lefthanded Swastika, of the Road of Return along which I would now have to travel alone, in the hope of being reunited with her one day in the vast icefields of the deep south and of death. Attempting to force that gate which refuses to open.

Standing beside her grave, I made the sign that destroys fear and read these lines of Rilke's:

> 'I must travel to a country
> you never saw, although it was as closely
> akin to you as one half of your senses.'

Yes, I must travel because to every warrior the Gods have given a comrade, who will continue fighting for both when one has already gone.

And on the same stone I carved the following, also by Rilke:

> 'Nowhere, beloved, can world exist but within.'

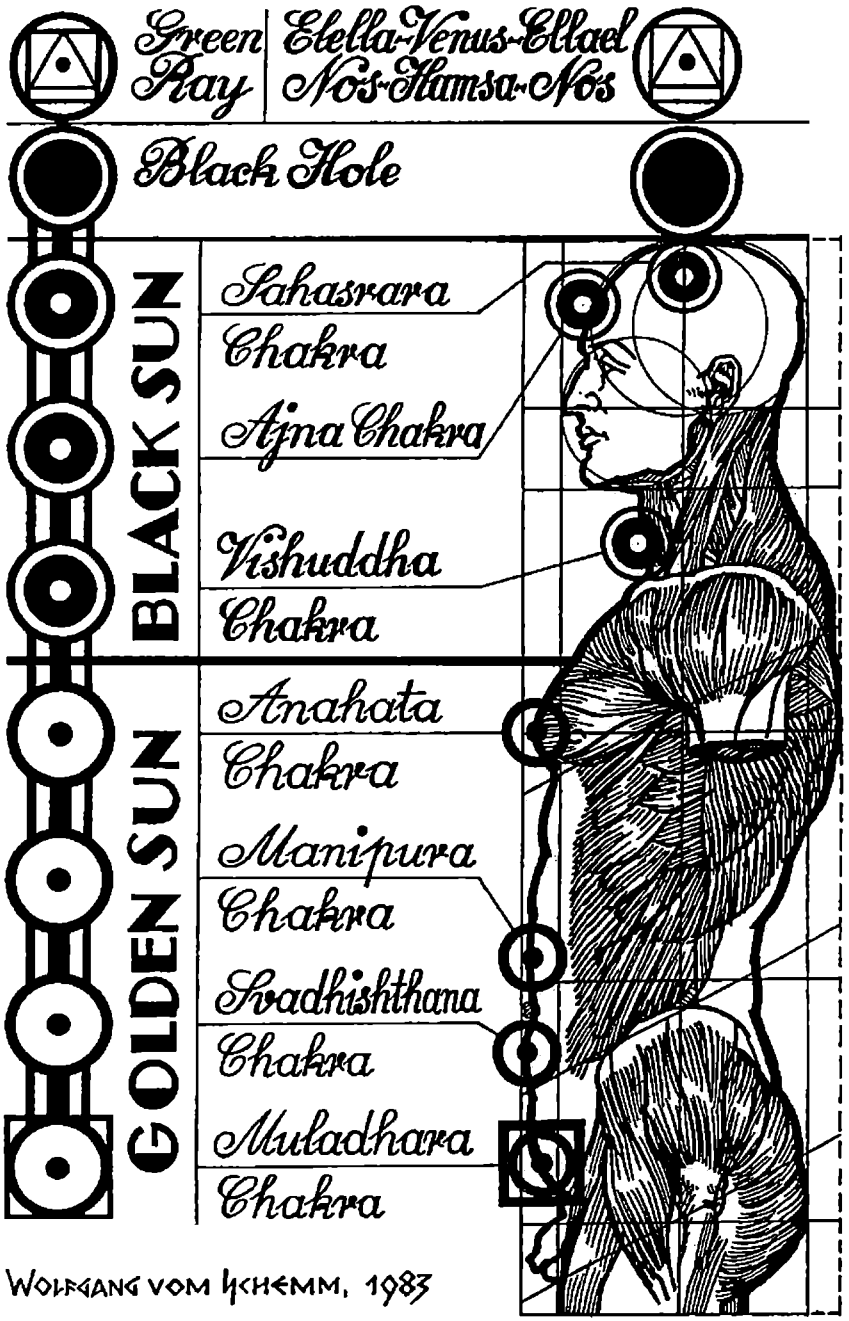
And these lines of Shelley's:

> 'Hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.'

Beneath the flower that she had drawn, I wrote the words that D. H. Lawrence had said to us:

> 'A dead flower is not the corpse of a flower.'

And thus the grave of my Beloved has remained, in the springtime of my native land, in the city of my heart, for ever.


Green Ray
Elella-Venus-Ellael
Nos-Hamsa-Nos
Black Hole
BLACK SUN
Sahasrara Chakra
Ajna Chakra
Vishuddha Chakra
GOLDEN SUN
Anahata Chakra
Manipura Chakra
Svadhishthana Chakra
Muladhara Chakra
WOLFGANG VOM KCHEMM, 1983

THE MASTER SPEAKS ABOUT WHAT FOLLOWS

DEJECTION

Once again, I am in the presence of the Master. I look at him with vacant eyes, as if caught between two worlds, a little like she used to do.

Lacking the strength to continue my journey, I have stopped at this point.

The Master doesn't speak the commonplace words of sympathy, he doesn't feel pity; because this feeling doesn't exist between us: either I am able to overcome the pain of my wounds or I have to stop my journey.

'You now have forty-nine days in which to help her. There are those who obtain liberation at the moment of death, when the spirit leaves the body, and those who die in ignorance, returning to this life in other turns of the wheel, without personal memory, "as a flame lights other flames". The two paths beyond the grave are: the path of the fathers – of those who return – and that of the Gods.

'In the moment of death, one has the presentiment of a great light, the Midnight Sun of the ancients. Then follows the diminution of this light and the indecision of the choice of paths, the dejection particular to a change of state, when the dead person is swallowed up by the Whale of Death. Of course, whoever has followed a discipline of initiation in this life will be in a position to overcome this great crisis of dejection and arrest the slow process of decomposition.

'The "ego" is really a reflection of an Eternal Form, of the "Name written in the Book of the Stars". When consciousness disappears, the "ego" dissolves in the waters of death, in a prolonged dream. In death, only the one who has become alive, who has managed to wake up, takes this eternal form, his real

name, and gives it a face: the face of his soul, which is the face of his Beloved. He can do this because in life he was able to install a Goddess in every secret corner of his Beloved's body, in the magic rite of loveless A-Mor, in the absolute idealisation of the woman.

THE TRANSCENDENT LIGHT

'The transcendent light that the dead man perceives at the moment of complete disconnection, when the "silver string" of this life is cut, the umbilical cord which joins him to Mother Earth, lasts three or four days. This is when the being finds itself in a state of great dejection. The term day is a symbolic expression, since this state can continue during many terrestrial ages.

'After an early darkness, which at first may seem definitive because of the disappearance of terrestrial consciousness, as if one had entered a Black Hole, the mind awakens to a state of supernatural lucidity. It finds itself in the absolute, uncreated light, listening to the primordial sound, its note, its real name written in the stars, like a violent light, like "a thousand thunders". There is a Disc which also comes to carry him away, assuming that he has been able to ask the question. This is the great test, within the bosom of death, as it had been outside, in life. The ego who survives will have to be able to identify with this light, conquering every doubt, recognising himself in it, because metaphysically they are the same ("Light, more Light!" *Mehr Licht!*). And it will be like a reunion with an old friend who has been waiting for him beside a spring.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR

'It seems that in death the chakras are externalised, so to speak, becoming visible for the dead man, expressing themselves in concrete form like the astrological heavens, with their houses of the Zodiac. Different heavens, with angels and emblematic animals, with the "people of dreams" of the Orphic heavens. To die is like going to look at one's body from outside. The cosmogonic body, of cosmic man; because Heaven has the shape of a man, said Swedenborg. The shape of his chakras, each chakra being a heaven and a hell, with its nectar and its poison. In this way, whoever has achieved the efficacy of his chakras in life does not follow the

difficult path in death. To die is like passing to the other side of a mirror, "into an upside-down sky", like "falling out of one's skin into the soul" Whoever has experienced mystic death during his life is already the Lord of the Two Worlds.

'The great crisis of consciousness, dejection, there as here, is produced in the Anahata chakra, the chakra of the air and the heart, and in the Vishuda chakra, the chakra of the ether and the throat. Hesitation, doubt as to whether to continue along the path.'

A WOMAN HAS NO SOUL. SHE IS THE SOUL

The Master pauses.

'Life and death are two opposite faces of the same coin, beyond which rational consciousness is unable to go. They are different states of being, the obverse and reverse of a mirror, the exterior and interior surface of a star.

'The secret path of yoga along which you are travelling is only for the warrior, for the initiated hero. It is not a path for a woman; because a woman has no chakras, no Kundalini to awaken. Because a woman is the world of the chakras through which the hero must travel. A woman is Kundalini. A woman has no soul. She is the soul. A woman has no eternity. She is Eternity.

'The grave mistake of the externalised woman, of the Eve who was left outside by the Giants and who enters into competition with man, of the Valkyrie who has become an Amazon, imposing her feminine power, her matriarchy, is to attempt to follow a form of yoga when she herself is a form of yoga. The authentic, absolute woman sacrifices herself voluntarily, immolating herself in order to give her eternity to her lover, in the anxious yet serene hope that he will bring her back to life. The woman's road is that of magic, eternal love. She hands her lover the chalice of the Grail, filled to the brim with the liquor of immortality.

'Once the symbolic possession has been accomplished, the *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, it must never again be repeated. She dies externally and he maintains the sacred chastity of the Knights of the Grail. Because "chastity is a fortune which stems from an abundance of love." The treasure must be guarded, the energy of *Vril* must be preserved, its without-death element, its A-Mor, which descends from Mount Meru, from Siva's forehead, from the summit of your own head, like the invisible river Saraswati, which

doesn't exist, flowing down from the head of Siva crowned with the waning moon, in deepest midnight, from the ancient sun, from the Morning Star. The course of the river must be reversed in order to end the involution of the Kaliyuga, the turns of the wheel, the generations of death. Just as a non-generated fire exists behind a visible fire, an eternal, constant, permanent, endless pleasure also exists behind fleeting, physical pleasure. A non-engendered pleasure, a divine, ecstatic voluptuousness, a transcendent orgasm, without beginning or end. Its apogee is the state of endless exaltation that replaces all fleeting sensations of potency. Ecstatic Orgasm is an effulgence which breaks through the bounds of finite consciousness and bestows Absolute Personality, the separate, permanent ecstasy of the Tantric hero, because he has detached himself from his physical conditionality. The God of Desire, Smara, has been destroyed by the ray of light projected from the Third Eye, by *Urna*, by *Vril*.

'This is the supreme delight of non-engendered pleasure, of unthought thoughts, of the beloved flowing permanently through the river of nectar of unremembered memory, beyond forgetfulness and memory. A memory which is not connected to the brain. The Beloved is now the hidden beloved, she who has died and buried herself in your bones and in your veins. The female Sophia, guru of the soul, she who courses through the blood, the female philosopher, Sophia, wisdom, the dove, gnosis.

'The woman who gives this magic possibility of A-Mor to the initiated warrior is a Hyperborean priestess, a Virgin of the Sun of Tiahuanacu, she is Allouine, the Virgin of the Grail, who heroically puts her eternity at risk in order to give her lover immortality and the possibility of resurrection. She is the Priestess of Eternal Love.

DON'T STAY IN ANAHATA

'In spite of your immense pain and sadness, don't stay in this city where she died. Overcome your feelings, continue the Journey of Immortality. She now lives in your unthought thoughts, expanding your consciousness, helping you overcome the "ego"; because whenever you look at yourself in the clear waters of her pool and discover that half your face is her face, you won't say "I" but NOS (We).

'We can only speak of all this figuratively. How else could we

speak of it? The hallucinatory descriptions given by the ancients exceed even our most fantastic imaginings. Who else but those who had managed to immerse themselves in cosmic poetry could give us those descriptions and paintings of beings with many heads and arms, of Gods with elephants' bodies? And however incredible it may seem to us, the reality surpasses all that the imagery, metaphor or painting can reproduce. It is useless to try and represent it in words. It just isn't possible. Immersed in that cosmic poetry, you must continue your march to the end, from city to city, from flower to flower.

'Even if you abandon the struggle, at the point you have now reached, if you wish to stop, you have incurred punishment from heaven and hell because of your attempt.

'In the Great War, there is no room for the faint-hearted, the cowardly. A criminal or an anarchist will be better conditioned than a bourgeois, indecisive or cowardly man. They only need a push in the right direction. Only one who is born a hero or a warrior has a place in our order. Only the Lord of Pure Will can march to the end, breaking in the gates of the City of Eternal Life. Because will, through its perseverance, creates the thing it contemplates. Only the Wild Hordes of Odin and Parsifal will achieve the Grail.

'He who entered the city had to clothe his immaterial body with the immortal energy of *Vajra*. He possesses a body which will survive even in ultimate dissolution. He has come back to life without leaving a dead body in his grave, exchanging his corpse for a sword, as in the yoga of the Ancient China of the giants, who made themselves immortal with a Che-kai body. The Hyperborean Dropas of Tibet did so with Ja-lus, "Rainbow Body" The Egyptians called this ability to maintain oneself erect in death Sahu. The Jon magicians of Tierra del Fuego called it Huaiyuhuen, their incorruptible body. The Siddha magician calls it Siddha-rupa, made up of other elements, like the Glorious Body of the Gnostics.

'Thus, immortality is conditional. It isn't for everyone. It must be gained through merciless combat at every hour of every day of your life. It must be invented, recreated, without the assistance of any God; against God, against all the Gods and men, in the opposite direction to the current of the River of the Age of Kaliyuga.

'The places have almost been filled. The places of those who will

be immortalised, passing to the other age, to the Land of Resurrection. The hand of the sower scatters many seeds, but only a few bear fruit. And they are sufficient to make bread. The earth will be left fallow for an eternity.

'It is related that Buddha also conquered the temptation of Nirvana thanks to a female guru, a Hyperborean sorceress-yogini. Buddha was a *chastriya*, of the warrior caste. And so he could transform the *Saham*,[1] the Nirvanic "I am her", into *Hamsa*:[2] him and her separated and united for ever, belonging to an immortal, resurrected race, without God, all the Gods, without a king, free.

'But this is not spoken of in the Kaliyuga.

HOW CAN I BRING HER BACK TO LIFE?

'She is waiting for you somewhere in the universe. She is your woman, destined for you since the beginning of time, singled out in an *Akâsic*, cosmic register. She never had children of the flesh; and so she never lost her magic virginity. You are her child. She conceived you spiritually. And before she left, she made you pregnant with eternity. You must give birth to it shortly: at the end of your pregnancy with the son of mystic death.

'Only loving like a pure madman can you continue along the road. But how many times do you believe you love someone and in reality you love no one, not even yourself!

'When I refer to the resurrection of your Beloved, don't imagine that this is only an allegory, a symbolic legend. "What is within is without, what is above is below," it has been said. The secret, enchanted cities also exist, hidden in the earth. The Discs of Light may come and rescue you before the great catastrophe, if you have called on them correctly. The road is synchronistic, in both directions and in various spaces. When you wake up internal centres of superior consciousness, you transfigure the landscape of the exterior earth. Your Beloved can also be brought back to life with the same body, but immortalised.

'You may think: why this body, this earthly form? Because it is the only one, cosmically speaking. "The sky has the shape of a

[1] The mantra for the Sahasrara chakra, at the top of the invisible head.
[2] The mantra for Sunya, the Void, beyond any physical comparison, or possibility.

man's body." And the shape of the man is the reproduction of the shape of the sky, as in the interplay of an infinite number of mirrors, from the largest, the Macrocosm, to the smallest, the particle, the atomic Gods.'

'Master, how can I bring her back to life?'

'With the living word, with the cosmic language of the inaudible mantras, in which sounds are expressed by the direct vision of the substance of things; the voice itself of things; a voice which cannot be heard by any material ears. *Akâsa*, the Ether, is the substratum of this phenomenon and of every act of one's life. The substance of *Akâsa* is the inaudible sound, the word, the *logos spermatikos*, which has shut itself off from ordinary man through dreams and fantasy. But he who has entered the "City of the Inaudible Word" reads in nature as if in a book written in a language full of meaning, a language that he knows and understands. On this level, the word is the living word, energy, a command-word for physical and non-physical reality. Material vibrations are the resonance of other more essential vibrations, which, in their turn, depend on meaning – the Tao of ancient China. The word of command given by the one who attains this supreme plane of synchronistic meaning, this "lucky occurrence filled with meaning", will be like a ray of light or a flash of lightning which, starting from a correct height, passes through hierarchies until it imposes itself on the very vibration that determines and coheres matter. It is the magic voice of command, the adamantine Ray of Light, the Living Word. In the beginning was the Word, so it was said. And in the end also.

'With this legendary Hyperborean knowledge, the White Gods built Tiahuanacu, the Mohai of Easter Island, Stonehenge, the faces imprisoned in the planet's mountains and the non-natural islands and continents, and controlled the course of the stars at will. It is also by means of inaudible sound, Orphic music, that the *Vimanas* rise into the air, the force of gravity is overcome and the appearance and disappearance of the Discs of Light that "know the thoughts and feelings of men" is directed.

THE LORD OF THE NAMES

'The Living Word acts on the internal cosmic centres which produce the external, visible, physical form, and can also materialise the astral body, as Paracelsus called it – Agrippa's Eidelon –

disintegrating and reintegrating it at will. Our order has a special rite for this, with its sign and its mantra. In this way, one comes back to life with a body of *Vajra*, of incorruptible Red Matter, "as hard as diamond": the Adamantine Body.

'The Living Word has various dimensions in relation to power and the will to power. The spoken word stands at the very bottom of the involuted scale, being the faint echo of the inaudible Word. All beings, from the Gods to mankind, possess a sound, an essential name, a key note. By discovering what it is, one acquires the power to decompose and recreate it. It is also a mantra of voluntary death and resurrection. In current parlance: the individual, chromosomatic, genetic code has been deciphered. The secret has been penetrated. The name to which we refer corresponds to the supratemporal being and has nothing to do with the intimate, family name, although sometimes a delicate synchronicity is produced within a turn of the wheel, a mysterious lucky occurrence filled with meaning, and this name may also be symbolic.

'You must discover your Beloved's real name if you are to bring her back to life. And yours, too. They are the names of the God and Goddess to whom they will give a face. "Of the God within you", as the Hindu greeting says: *Namasté*. "I greet the God within you."

'The essential name cannot be chosen, it isn't arbitrary. It is filled with the meaning of the root note. It is a mantra, an eternal designation. It is inscribed in the Book of the Stars, on the Tree of Life, awaiting its actualisation. The initiate of our order is given his real name when he has successfully undergone the most difficult tests. Then it is inscribed in the genealogical tree of the family, in the immortal circle of the Hyperborean initiation.

'If I were to call you by your real name now, you wouldn't hear me. I have called you by it a number of times and you didn't hear me, even in your dreams. He who knows someone's real name gains control over that person's life and death. When you know your real name, don't reveal it to anyone but your comrade and your beloved. I will give you mine so that you can call me when I have left. But you must only use it if you find yourself in mortal danger, concentrating on achieving the correct intonation. I will always come.

'When you possess this power, you will be the Lord of the Names, Master of the Sceptre of the Adamantine Voice. The elemental spirits, the Gods and the demons will be your servants.

The Gods must obey those who know their names.

'He who only speaks audibly, with his larynx, evokes phantom sounds and ghosts, echoes of real names, because the primordial power has been lost. He speaks and speaks, writes and writes, without the Word, without power, without magic, only with the larynx, only with the hand "of the dead who bury their dead" Never speak or write in this way. Sow your words and your writings in the deep, infinite powers of the Pilgrims of Longing, with the rhythmic sounds of a magic language behind which hide the essential letters of the little mothers, inscribed in the scroll of light of *Akâsa*. But you must sing in code, always in cipher, and never reveal anything. Because it will be what you don't say, more than what you have been able to say, with such difficulty and singularity, which will one day inspire the souls of the young heroes who will come after you and will also fight the difficult battle. If there is still a world for them in a post-technological age. If anything is to remain after you, too, are gone.

THE SEAL OF THE WORD

'The road of the mantra, of the Hyperborean, Orphic Cabbala, is also a lefthanded road, leading backwards, towards the point of origin.'

'Master, how can I bring her back to life?'

'With the mantra that acts on the seed of the phenomenon, actualising the subtle phenomenon of uncreated light behind the audible mantra, entering as if through an opening. First must come the hypnotic repetition of the mantra. Then its repetition must become a mere outline. And finally it must occur only in the mind; becoming a purely spiritual act. The creative vibration acts upon the internal and external centres of the universe. If, in the meantime, you have managed to catch up with the actual form of your dead lover, which is travelling through the light, close to the ether of *Akâsa*, and have discovered her real name, you will be in a position to clothe her in the red mantle of resurrection and with the diamond of immortality.

'The signs of our order are the seal which is placed upon the word, the mantra, and the immortal flesh with which it is covered. Thus, the sign is also the word expressed through its creative

vibration. It is the creation of the world by the gesture: the word concentrated in a formula. In this way, if the world and mankind were to be destroyed, the existence of the sign which represented them, stored in the memory of the light, would reproduce them eternally by means of its vibration alone. And the inaudible word would once again be evoked. And its explosion of Green Light.

'You have travelled from a long way down, a long way off, from the deepest depths, from flower to flower, from the garden of your childhood, to this cemetery of doves where your beloved lies.'

FATHER ETHER

There followed a silence in which we looked at each other, trying to meet in that zone of the unspoken word, in the waves of its music.

He stretched out his hands and touched my ring: 'The seal on your ring is the seal of resurrection. You are governed by it. In which part of the universe will you regain your Beloved? Where? You alone can find it. You will find it by travelling towards the past, like those birds which meet in the middle of the ocean having flown from opposite continents. In the Sea of Death, in the register of Father Ether.'

Then, by common accord, we mentally recited Hölderlin's Elegy:

'No God, no man
Raised me.
Even before my mother took me in her arms
And her breasts nourished me,
You lifted me tenderly,
Pouring sacred breath,
Divine beverage, into my nascent breast.
.....
O Father, you nourish all things with your nectar.
.....
It is for this, also, that beings love you
And fight and incessantly
Struggle towards you
In joyous growth.
Divine Ether! Does not the plant

Seek you with its eyes?

.....

To meet you, the imprisoned seed
Breaks its coat.

.....

And the steps of the
Noble animals of the earth turn into flight.

.....

The hooves of the deer, as if in jest,
Skim over the grass,
And like a zephyr it roams
Scarcely visible in the thickets.

.....

But, Ether's favourites, they,
The fortunate birds,
Live and play happily in the eternal
Porch of the Father.

.....

And my heart stricken with longing
Miraculously yearns to fly with them.
  A smiling Homeland seems to call me
From above.
And I long to climb to the peak
Of the Alps
And there implore the eagle who is
Speeding by
To carry me, as in the past
The arms of Zeus did the fortunate youth,
From this prison
To the grandiose Porch of Ether.

.....

O Father Ether! Through all the regions
Of the earth
The longing to live in your gardens drives us.
  Oh! Who can guide
The wandering ship towards those golden shores!
I direct my longing upwards,
Towards the darkening distance,
Where your blue waves girdle strange shores.
Whispering, you descend towards me

From the flowery top of the fruit tree.
Father Ether! And you yourself calm
My racing heart.
And happy, as of old, I again live
Close to the flowers of the earth.'

THE RETURN TO THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

'You will go back to live close to the flowers of your country. . . . Because if you make the great leap into the void, beyond the "top of the fruit tree", you will fall once more into the garden of your childhood, which you will have regained. You will go back to the place in which you have never ceased to be, with the self-same body, and you will find yourself sitting once more at the window in the evening light of that city in which she died. And although everything may be the same as before, "it will seem as if it is not the same, it will seem as if it is not the same. . . ."

THE ASTRAL TUNNEL

'It would seem that the energy, the will to power, has left a secret entrance for the "apparent coincidences", where they create the roots of new coincidences and produce the acausal phenomena filled with meaning, beyond all the categories which are understandable to the darkest age, where the language made up of audible words places itself as a screen, or a mask, or a trap, between the mind and reality. Because it is in A-Mor and in the atom, in the atomic Gods, that those things which do not exist occur.

'Once this point has been reached, any localised movement rocks the universe. And anything you do or fail to do will have repercussions throughout the whole of creation. That is to say, Kaliyuga must be defeated inside you, the Golden Age will first return in your soul. This mystery is unknown to the age of Kaliyuga, because it is beyond the comprehension of animal-men.

'When you mount the White Horse of Kalki, moving faster than the speed of light, it will be the "selective resonances" which will carry you like they carry the birds, to meet your dead lover in the Ocean of Light. You will see her coming towards you from the future which you have overtaken. And you will have to stop and wait for her. If you are able to get her back, travelling at such a

speed, she will be yours for ever, because you will have entered immobility; and time, which is the speed of light, will never again waste or exhaust her. Then you will fill her with meaning, that speed greater than light. And in this way you will discover that "she has never been dead and has never been alive". And it will be you who will decide her resurrection. And her return to light and time.

'All this is A-Mor. Because none of it can be achieved unless you love like a pure madman.

'Our martial order encounters the same dangers and assistance in the cosmos as here on earth.

'In the cosmos, there are huge invisible "black holes" which may be the gateways to other universes that are totally different to the one in which we live, governed by diametrically opposed laws an anti-matter, a counter-initiation, an anti-energy, or without any laws at all. They might represent the way out of the circle of circles, of the eternal return of the same thing, of the recurrence of the turns of the wheel. They might also represent what has been called the demon, the nothingness, which was introduced into the world as an alien element. The impulse which led to the breaking of the Egg of HIM-HER and HER-HIM. A chance-destiny.

'Something has fallen in on itself, consuming its own light, turning into a "black hole" which alters everything and slowly sucks in and devours whatever approaches it and even what is far away from it. Entire galaxies become "hypnotised" by this invisible, sightless eye that makes its presence felt through the events it creates and by which it is surrounded. If a body approaches it, it will be absorbed. However, its image will remain floating outside for a long time and may therefore be mistaken for the real body until, moving ever more slowly, it reaches the "horizon of events". There it will stay for some while until it also disappears, without anyone ever being able to discover what happened to it or to its real body. Light has no power to escape from this place. It disappears. The eternal recurrence of the light has come to an end. Will the same thing also happen to the mystic death of the "ego" and to the darkness which, on the death of the body, precedes the explosion of new, uncreated light? Will it be the Black Sun which extinguishes the Golden Sun to give entry to the Ray of Green Light? Will the *Vimanas*, the anti-gravitational Discs of Light, pass through here

towards other parallel or diagonal universes? Perhaps the light, when it has gone through this astral tunnel, reappears afterwards in another universe, changed, transfigured. Is this light of our world the shadow of another, more real light? Must one let oneself go, sucked in by a "black hole", in order to reach a state which is possible although it has never before been imagined even by the greatest dreamers of longing?

'Our order of warriors aspires to pass from this visible light of the Golden Sun, which is the shadow of the light of the Black Sun, to that indescribable state, that non-existence of the Ray of Green Light, where our exalted guides dwell. And from there to return hand in hand with our beloved.

'But there is a time for everything on the Second Earth and also in the plans of death. You will have to hurry to stop your Beloved being lured to the horizon of events and swallowed up by a "black hole" in which you will never find her again. Because she will have fallen into it without you.

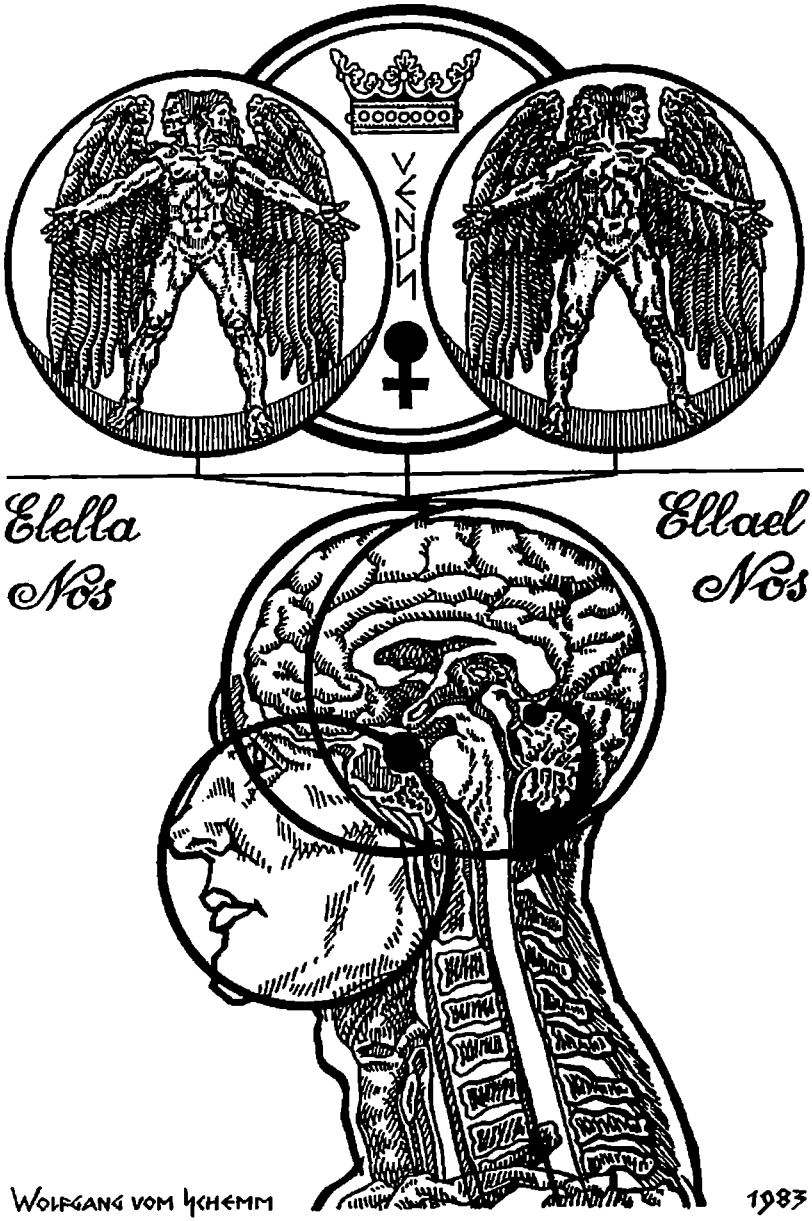
THE CATHAR STARS

'Who are these white stars, these supernovas, the remains of stars which, after committing suicide in the *Endura* like a Cathar *Parfait*, have left their hearts beating in the firmament as signs to tell us that the great secret has been penetrated? Perhaps they might be able to help us, perhaps we might come to understand them, because they are our friends. When they disappear, they leave in their place some tiny messengers which are also white and which go on beating, pulsating, moving their other lights, as an aid to the pilgrim, like torches which "light his way with their dreams". Because they were also warrior-monks, troubadours, *Minnesänger* of cosmic space, who loved beyond life and death with eternal A-Mor. They know the secret of how to achieve immortality through endurance and adamantine concentration and could give us the formula which would enable us to cross the horizon of the event without disintegrating and pass through the "black holes" as if they were an astral tunnel, without losing our terrestrial light, becoming the envoys of this world and this light to the other light. Because resurrection and immortality must be achieved in our universe of visible light. Only with the incorruptible body of the White Gods will you be able to go beyond the Black Sun without losing your

image and that of your beloved, fulfilling the ultimate mystery, as children and envoys of the terrestrial light to the universes which lie beyond.

'The magic officiant of resurrection, the carrier of *Vajra*, the mysterious initiator of the process on this side of things, is Luci-Bel, the Morning Star, the star of your initiation and your homeland. Its light in this world is a premonition of the Ray of Green Light.

'Listen to me carefully. Only within this cosmic poetry is there hope. Because only poets, who have searched in their hearts, have been able to find the bond which connects what is and what is not. And perhaps they know things that the Gods, in the highest of all heavens, don't know.'


VENUS
Elella
Nos
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Nos
WOLFGANG VOM YCHEMM
1983

THE SOLITUDE OF THE TRIALOGUE

I RECOVER THE DOG

I accompanied the Master to the end. No one else was with him at the moment of his departure. We were alone till the very end.

And I have never seen him again. It was as if he had disappeared into the invisible world of the Black Sun. But I know that he will come if I ask him for help in the battle, if I call him by his real name. He will also be with me till the end.

I travelled extensively all over the world. It was my pilgrimage in the exterior world, in a 'synchronistic' way, I suppose. And I have written about this search, 'singing in code', as he advised. I will not repeat it. I went to both poles, I lived in India for many years, I climbed to the top of Montsegur, I searched for the oases of ice in the Antarctic, the entrance to the Hollow Earth and the Cities of Agharti and Shambhalla in the Himalayas, and the City of the Caesars, the Giants and the White Gods in the Andes of my childhood.

And one day I found myself once again in my city of Santiago de la Nueva Extremadura. And I walked along the same streets, stopping in front of the window through which she had once looked at me, beside a garden in which her gravestone could still be seen.

('The grave watered by tears. O you, fields of wheat!')

The dog had remained on this spot, without eating or sleeping, for all these years. It howled and howled. And it was its howling that made me come back.

I caught hold of its lead and took it with me.

As we walked away through the streets, towards the foothills of the Andes, I sang a song taught to me by my father, who had died long ago:

'There on the far horizon
Sings the lark,
She is waiting for me
And I must return quickly.'

The dog looked deep into my eyes and accompanied my singing in a sweet voice.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN

I built the house exactly as I had seen it in our waking dreams. I spent most of my time in the tower, reaching it by means of the secret passageway beside the fire. From that height, I had a dazzling view of the eternally snow-covered peaks, especially at dawn and at dusk, when they were dyed with the colours of longing, covered in a sea of red or purple and a mantle of liquid emerald.

At daybreak, when the Morning Star appeared, I would meditate, seated in my chair of Toromiro wood. I always held the sword called 'Blood Memory' and wore a golden cape from the City of Udaipur. In this way, I was the Guardian of the Dawn, the Pilgrim of the Dawn.

Every evening, I would meditate again. And there were times when I spent the whole day in this state, stretching a golden string between dawn and dusk so that time flew by. And my midday became my midnight. And thus I was also the Guardian of the Dew, of the Waters of the Moon.

One evening, the poet Hölderlin visited me in my tower. He stood there outlined against the evening light, which 'washed away the colour of the mountains drop by drop',[1] and recited his Elegy to Father Ether to me. We took leave of each other saying *'HAM!'*[2] and with our hands extended and our fingers together. I also said *'Heil!'* because he was a *Minnesänger*, a troubadour-bird, a son of *Woevre-Saelde*, our beloved Isolde.

I saw him go off in the direction of the Pole and of the Star of Lucifer, riding on a White Elephant.[3]

[1] By the Chilean poet Omar Cáceres.
[2] Mantra for the Vishuda chakra.
[3] The symbolic animal of the Vishuda chakra. The Black Elephant of the Muladhara chakra becomes white in the Vishuda, in the 'Metamorphosis of the Elephant'.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE

Another day, I was visited by the tiny blue bird, which used to sing at my Beloved's window in the mornings of long ago. And it began to trill in a way which brought joy to my heart again. I greeted it saying:

'Tiny bird
Singing at my window,
Thank you, my tiny bird,
For the beautiful morning.'

The blue bird stretched out its wings and opened its feathers, as if it were a peacock of the gardens of Vrindavan, where Krishna danced with Radha. The blue sapphire, the lapis lazuli, the amber of Hyperborea, the amaranth, the wild blackthorn, the cinnabar, the gold which can be drunk, all came together, were transfigured and began to dance before my eyes. Or, rather, before my Third Eye, my *Vril*, my *Urna*. Because the Bird of Paradise, *Allkamari*,[1] had come to dance at my window for days and nights, to comfort me, making me partake of its pleasure which has no beginning and no end. Its ecstatic orgasm.

And before it was swallowed up by the night, crossing the Black Sun, the Bird of Paradise looked at the sky, far above the peaks of the Andes, and exclaimed: 'The Father and I are one!'

'OM!' I replied.[2]

THE TRIAD

I know that it is very possible that I have been talking to myself all the time, from the beginning of this story, that the Master, my Beloved and I are only one person, that my 'ego' is playing these tricks on me and has been putting my own thoughts, dreams and 'mental creations' into their mouths. In one word, my poetry. What can I do in this case? How can I get out of this 'ego', escape from its game, its dance of mirrors? How immense is the solitude of the Trialogue!

[1] The sacred bird of the Inca Emperor.

[2] The bird is the symbolic figure of the Ajna chakra, between the eyebrows. The mantra for the Ajna chakra is *OM*.

My Trinity is made up of the Father, the Daughter, who is his wife, and their Son, who I am. In this way the three of us are spinning in a gigantic or a tiny spiral. And, surreptitiously, I have fallen in love with her, who is my mother and my sister, and I have made her my wife so that the Father becomes my son and She becomes my eternal A-Mor. And I give birth to a fiery lily, in the silence and solitude of the white peaks of my Trialogue.

And thus we come, all three, spinning and suffering, dancing and rejoicing, in light and shadow, moving towards a place which is perhaps coloured green and which is so far away that I can see nothing of it at all.

All this seems to be happening in a non-existent space, among the lotuses.

'SAHAM! I am THEM!'[1]

THE LAST SUPPER

The end of another year arrived, at the beginning of the Age of Aquarius.

I decided to give a dinner in my tower, inviting all my phantoms. As is prescribed in such cases, I prepared the meal myself. It consisted of the five elements: cereal, earth; fish, water; meat, fire; wine, air.[2] And Her, the ether. The liquor was Soma, *Amrita, Anna Perene*, which continues above the ether and is indescribable. I filled the Grail with this liquor and drank it to the dregs.

To my Round Table, I had invited my Master, the Wounded King, the Wounded Warrior, the Master of the Sphinx, the Master who could converse with the animals and flowers, and Her, who presided over the table with me, as mistress of the house.

Some of the guests hadn't known each other while they were alive in the turnings of the wheel. They hadn't coincided with one another. And it is quite possible that they would have held opposing views, but only superficially.

[1] *SAHAM* is the mantra for the Sahasrara chakra, of the 'thousand petals', at the top of the head. There the lovers become one: EL/ELLA.

[2] A tantric ceremony, or magic supper, called that of the 'Five M'.

I introduced them to one another and told them that the indissoluble bond which joined them together was to be found in my heart, in which there had grown the certainty that they were all Hyperboreans.

Raising my cup, I exclaimed: 'Let us look each other in the face. We are Hyperboreans.'

They were the words of the Wounded King.

Then I recited Blake:

> 'I give you the end of a Golden String –
> Only wind it into a ball,
> It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
> Built in the City's wall.
> .....
> Hear the voice of the Bard,
> Who present, past, and future, sees –
> Whose ears have heard
> The Holy Word
> That walked among the ancient trees,
> Calling the lapsed soul
> And weeping in the evening dew –
> That might control
> The starry Pole
> And fallen, fallen light renew.
>
> O Earth, O Earth, return!
> Arise from out the dewy grass!
> Night is worn,
> And the morn
> Rises from the slumberous mass.
>
> Turn away no more.
> Why wilt thou turn away?
> The starry floor,
> The watery shore
> Is given thee till the break of day.'

And so the dinner continued until midnight. Then I felt a dry shock, as if I had 'fallen from my soul into my skin'. And I found myself sitting there alone, discovering that I had always been so,

that there was no one round my table, that there never had been, that they had all left.

And that midnight was my midday.

THE LEAP INTO THE VOID

The man left the house very early, at daybreak, and walked slowly towards the highest of the hills. The dog followed a little way behind him, wagging its tail. When he reached the top of the hill, the man stopped, stretched out his arms, looked at the sky which was still dark and in which the Morning Star shone triumphantly, and leapt over the precipice as if he wanted to fly.

The dog rushed howling down the rocky slope in search of the man's body, which it believed must be lying, crushed and broken, at the bottom.

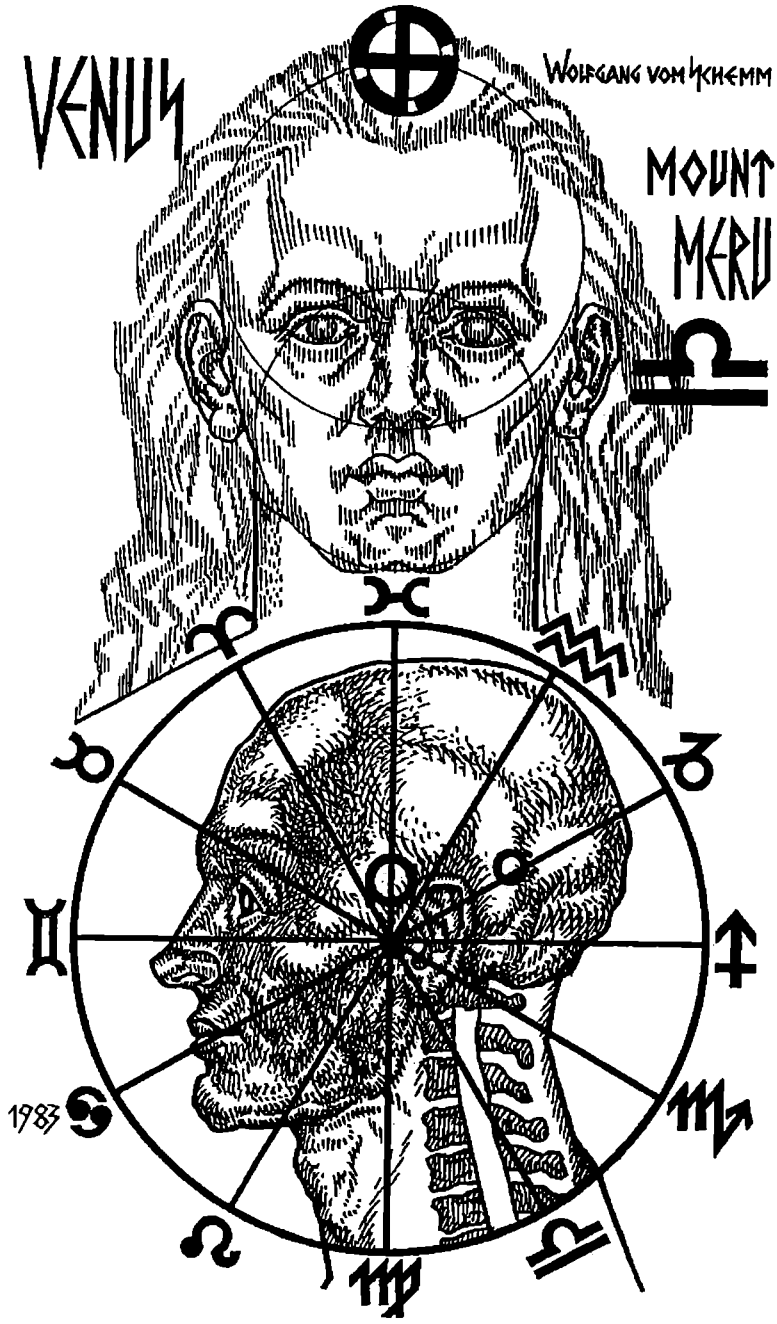
I ran out and managed to catch the dog.

'Stop!' I shouted at it. 'I'll explain everything. Today you will be with me at Her right hand.'

The Morning Star detached itself from the sky and began to descend towards us, coming to a stop close beside us, without touching the jalap and cinnamon trees, or the grass of the Andean plateaux.

And this time I asked the question.

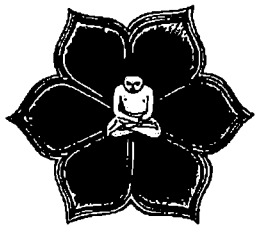
But he who entered the Disc of Light which would carry him to meet the image of his eternal love, was the man who had leapt into the Void and had come back to life with square pupils. *Nos!*


VENUS
WOLFGANG VOM KOHLMM
MOUNT
MERU
1983

THE END OF KALIYUGA. THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE

The final age of Cumae
And the virgin damsel has now arrived,
And the reign of Saturn and Rhea returns.
The centuries of the Golden Age return.
Again the heavens send us long years
And new people born of them.
Thou, chaste Moon, full of joy,
Favour, since thy Apollo now reigns,
The Child who was born this day.
He alone will cast iron out of the world
And populate both Poles with
A most precious lineage of gold.

(Virgil : *Eclogues*)



DICTIONARY OF INITIATION OF A-MOR

Trying to translate Sanskrit terms into other languages is a thankless, even sacrilegious, task. As is trying to transcribe it phonetically, even bearing in mind that the pronunciation is, on the whole, only approximate. For this reason, both the grammar and the orthography frequently vary in the Western texts which reproduce them. For centuries, the Sanskrit language possessed no written form. The Vedas were collected and written down very belatedly, having been transmitted orally from generation to generation by the Brahmins. Sanskrit is a sacred language, with a liturgical rhythm, and may well be derived from the language of Atlantis and Hyperborea, whose sacred, legendary symbols are the runes – which are also, however, fragments of the cosmic, inaudible language of the Orphic Cabbala, the *Hiranyagarbha-Cabda.*

The following Dictionary, containing some Sanskrit terms and others used in the Initiation of A-Mor, gives only their approximate meaning, as it is really the Breviary of a Warrior-Troubadour, a *Minnesänger.* This Dictionary accompanies me everywhere I go, because it has been flowing through my blood since before I was born. And, therefore, it serves for my entire literary output, although it is of necessity incomplete.

A-Mor Amor is made up of a = without and mor = death. It means Without-Death, eternal life, resurrection, immortality. It was the initiatory doctrine of the troubadours, the *Minnesänger* and the *Fedele d'Amore.* It was a kind of tantrism, a magic love which came from the original homeland and was taught in Hyperborea by the priestesses of A-Mor, such as Allouine.

Æsir The divine Hyperborean ancestors. Asa means support. The name might have some connection with the supporters of the Pillar of the Sky, from which comes Ask-Embla.

Agharta Name given in India to the subterranean city of the immortal guides, where tantric, magico-symbolic love is supposedly taught.

Agharti Name given to this city in Tibet.

Ahoma Magico-sacred drink of the Aryans of ancient Persia.

Ahu The pedestal of the Mohai.

Aino Race of white giants who occupied China and Japan before their present inhabitants. Like the Dropas and the White Gods of America, they are Hyperboreans who moved south after the destruction of the polar continent.

Akâsa Substance, ether, universal astral light, which conserves all the cosmic images of the visible light.

Akâsic memory Astral repository of the images of the creation.

Albania Alchemical name for America. It comes from the word for white, the White Gods.

Albedo Name found in the alchemical Opus, in its process of transformation and transmutation. It comes after *Nigredo*. The word Albania is said to derive from it.

Allkamari The sacred bird of the Incas, a raven, as in Wotan. It is believed that the secret language of the Incas or Ingas was Sanskrit or a derivation of Indo-German. The Inca was a white man, an offshoot of the Vikings or a descendant of the Hyperborean White Gods.

Amasia Uxor The lover, the beloved, the magic bride of the Cathar tantrism of the Occitanian troubadours, who is always at the side of the initiate, the warrior-troubadour.

Amber Resin from conifers of the tertiary period. Its origin is unknown. It appears in the North Sea and the Baltic after the fall of one of the moons or the passage of the comet Phaeton. It has been mistakenly equated with the orichalcum of Atlantis. There existed Roads of Amber or Routes of Amber which led from Hyperborea and crossed the Alps, reaching as far as Egypt.

Ambrosia Magic liquor, like the Amrita of the Hindus. The Greeks drank it.

Amrita Hindu magic drink.

Ancachuinca Initiated Eagle (Manu-Tara) in Sanskrit-Quichua.

Anima Expression used by Jung to denote the soul of a man (his ethereal double?), which is supposedly feminine, i.e. the Archetype of everything feminine experienced historically (*and* not historically) by a man.

Animus Used by Jung to denote the soul of a woman, which is supposedly masculine and which concentrates in itself everything (historical and not historical) it experiences in relation to a man, its opposite. In this way, love becomes a deep, numinous experience, with one's own soul, with the Archetype of the Opposite within oneself. The A-Mor of the troubadours, alchemy and tantrism, all express the same thing on a more sublime and spiritual plane. Jung found himself forced to 'psychologise' transcendental, metaphysical mysteries in order to make them comprehensible to the age of Kaliyuga. But he didn't dare to touch on the mystery of the Grail.

Anna Perene Sacred liquor, like Soma. The Romans drank it.

Archetype For Plato it was the Idea, only partially reflected in the material world of shadows. Thus, man is the shadow of the Idea of man, projected here. For Jung, Archetype has another meaning, which he never defined clearly. It is a covering for the instincts, their clothing, but it is also autonomous, acting as if it had an existence independent of the

human psyche, in a Collective Unconscious which Jung also failed to define clearly. Because of this, at the end of his life, he spoke about a *psychoid* existence of the Archetypes, through which they could become the same as the Gods of antiquity, possessing or combating men.

Ardhanasisvara The Androgynous Siva.

Arge and Opis Hyperborean priestesses who came to Greece, to Delos, where they established the cult of Apollo. They are said to have been buried there.

Arjuna Warrior in the epic poem of the *Mahabharata*. His chariot is driven by the blue god, Krishna. Arjuna hesitates when he sees his relatives among the opposing forces and doesn't want to fight; but Krishna orders him to, saying: 'Acquit yourself of your duty, son of the Aryan race, you will not kill anybody, for those whom you put to death this day are already dead in me.'

Aryanabaiji Primordial homeland of the Aryans, Hyperborea, the farthest north.

Asag The ultimate test in the initiatory esotericism of the troubadours. It consists of sleeping naked with the Beloved without touching her, on occasion separated by a sword. This test corresponds to the symbolic Maithuna of Tantrism.

Asgard The mythical city of the Æsir from which Odin emigrated with his divine companions. Its exact location is not known, but it is possibly in the region of Mount Elbrus, in the Caucasus. It is referred to in the *Edda*.

Ashram Centre of initiation, Hindu monastery.

Astra Flying vehicle of the Indo-Aryans.

Ativarna Without caste, above caste and colour. The Hyperboreans were said to be this.

Atlantis Name which Plato gave to a continent or an island which was submerged long after the great flood. The name has nothing to do with the Atlantic. It comes from the God Atlas who supported the Pillars of the Sky. The pillar, or tree, was to be found in the polar north, because only the North Pole points directly towards the Pole Star at present (the South Pole leans towards the northern edge of the sky. But this has doubtless changed, because the axis of the earth shifted after the catastrophe and the poles changed places.) The sky revolves around the pillar which fitted into the Pole Star above it. It revolves like a Swastika, but the pillar remains motionless, as an axis. The name of the Æsir, the first divine inhabitants of Hyperborea, or of Asgard according to the *Edda*, is said to derive from this. Plato asserts that the first inhabitants of Atlantis were a man issued forth out of the earth, Evenor, and his wife, Leucippe. (Issued forth out of the interior, Hollow Earth?) They have a daughter, Cleito. Poseidon falls in love with her. (Where does he come from? Does he come from the stars? Does he fall in love with a daughter of the earth?) They father five pairs of twins, the first ten kings of Atlantis, semi-divine heroes. Atlas, the eldest, supports the pillar of the sky; Apollo protects the law and the oath of fidelity. Poseidon is the God of the axe, which he subsequently exchanged for the trident when he had

to set sail after the flood. He stretches a golden string around the mountain and the Palace of the Magic Wedding – *Gandharba, Hieros-Gamos.* Poseidon comes from *Posis,* the married one, in Greek. He is thus the betrothed in the Magic Wedding. He passes over the task of supporting the Pillar of the Sky to Heracles-Hercules. When Atlantis-Hyperborea disappeared, in the years indicated by Plato, people came to believe that the Pillars of Hercules were to be found at the entrance to the Mediterranean. The surviving Hyperboreans who had moved southwards were also to give the name of Atlas to the mountains of Africa.

The Greek Gods are really the legendary, semi-divine Hyperborean hero-kings. Apollo often travelled to Hyperborea and returned rejuvenated. Apollo-Lucifer, he who upholds the Golden Law and the pillars of beauty and celestial light.

Avalon Name which is given to the capital of Hyperborea in the Celtic Irish legend. The tree with the golden apples grew there. It was the *Insula Pomorum,* the Island of the Apples.

Avris or Abaris A mysterious Hyperborean who also came to Greece, from whence he returned to the polar continent astride a flying arrow (an *astra,* a Flying Disc of orichalcum?). He was said to be the lover of Allouine. Possibly the legend of Eros and his arrow of love originated here.

Bahkti Devotional yoga.

Balder or Baldur The hero God of the *Edda,* a prefigurative Archetype of the solar Kristos. As he lay dying, in the Twilight of the Gods, Odin or Wotan whispered some mysterious words in his ear – words which were certainly the question and answer contained in the Grail.

Bardo Thödol Tibetan Book of the Dead.

Bija Seminal syllable, root syllable, made of pure ether.

Bodhisattva Liberated being, according to Buddhism, who chooses not to enter Nirvana but to remain in human form in order to help others liberate themselves.

Brahma The uncreated God of the Hindu Trilogy, the first person, the Creator.

Brahmin One who belongs to the priestly caste in Hinduism.

Bundy Semen.

Cai-Cai The Serpent of the Waters in the mythology of Chiloe.

Calafate In the legend of the extreme south of the world, in Punta Arenas, it is the fruit of return. Whoever eats it will always return there.

Caleuche The ghost ship of the South Pole. It also sails underwater, crewed by dead men, in search of the submarine passages which lead to the oases of the Antarctic and the Hollow, Interior Earth, the astral First Earth.

Cathars Dualist sect which is not very well known. Its solar castle-temple was Montsegur. The Cathars were destroyed by papal Rome in the thirteenth century, shortly before the Templars. They were said to be the forerunners of the Occitanian troubadours, Druids converted to

Manichaeism, according to Otto Rahn, who asserts that they guarded the Grail in their castle of Montsegur. He reveals this theory in his book *The Court of Lucifer.*

Chakra (chacra) Grange in Quichua, a circular plot of land. *C'akra* is also a circle, a wheel (a turn of the wheel) in Sanskrit. And *Chakravarti* is the Lord of the Chakras, the 'Master of a Chakra'.

Chakras Wheels or centres of energy and astral psychic consciousness, so to speak. These 'centres' exist potentially and they must be developed, made 'conscious', by means of yoga and through awakening Kundalini, the serpentine, astral fire, which sleeps at the base of the psychic, astral spinal column.

Ajna chakra Between the eyebrows. It represents the Ether. Its animal is the White Elephant, and also the Dove. Its mantra is *OM.*

Anahata chakra In the heart. It represents the Air. Its animal is the Deer. Its mantra is *YAM.*

Manipura chakra In the solar plexus. Here the roads meet. It represents Fire. Its animal is the Lamb. Its mantra is *RAM.*

Muladhara chakra The basic chakra at the root of the psychic column. It is represented by the Earth. Its animal is the Elephant. Its mantra is *LAM.*

Sahasrara chakra At the summit of the invisible skull, of a thousand petals. Here the wedding between HIM and HER takes place, when they fuse to become HIM-HER, the Androgynous, Ardhanasis-vara. The mantra is *SAHAM,* I am HER.

Svadhisthana chakra Psychic centre at the base of the genitals, represented by Water. Its animal is the Whale. It is awakened only through tantric practices. Its mantra is *VAM.*

Vishuda chakra In the throat. It represents the Ether. Its animal is the White Elephant. Its mantra is *HAM.*

Chakravarti One who has awakened all the chakras, who is liberated through tantric yoga and its practices.

Chastriya One who belongs to the warrior, princely caste of Hinduism.

Che-kai Immortal double of the Chinese.

Chil To bare, in Quiché-Maya. In Old German, *Shillen* is to unsheathe (the sword) and has its origin in Hyperborean Sanskrit. Hence the name Chile or Chille. To unsheathe the Sword of the Mystic Homeland, of what remains, in the shape of a long sword, of a legendary sinking.

Cita Mind.

City, The The place of refuge of the Immortals, Agharti, Shambhalla, the City of the Caesars, etc. The knowledge of eternal life and the resurrection, the Grail, was said to have been preserved there. It also symbolises totality, fulfilment, the self.

City of the Caesars Mythical city in the Andes, where the Hyperborean White Gods were said to have taken refuge.

Cuddhabuddhisvabhaya Conform with the principle of pure will, Sivaistic, Hyperborean, solar and polar virility, situated at the limit of the individual and supraindividual, individuated in the absolute personality, resuscitated in *NOS,* ruled by *Buddhi.*

Divya Divine man.

Divya-Deha Immortal body of the Divya, the divine man, the man-god.

Donar The Tree of Life, an oak felled by the Monk Boniface in the sixth century of the present era. It stood in the Sacred Grove of the Norsemen, which covered some thirty kilometres, on the other side of which we nowadays find the Edersee, or Lake of Eder, and the village of Harb(i)-shausen, near the small town of Asel, whose name comes from the Æsir, as do Kassel and Basel (Base-1). The Sacred Grove was encircled by a hedge of thorns and in its centre lay the Sleeping Beauty (Kundalini). There was also a Giants' Castle and a Temple of the Virgins. And a Rose Garden, as in the legend of the King of the Gnomes, Laurin, in the southern Tyrol, near Bolzano. How the Templars came to be connected with the Hyperborean legend can be seen in the fact that there was always a 'Grove of Thorns' near their 'gendarmeries' and temples. The authentic Rosicrucians – who have today disappeared in Prester John's Orient, in the Interior Earth, in the City of the Caesars of the Andes, like the noble Templar guides – also took the polar symbol of the thorns and the rose once again.

Drakkar Viking ship.

Dropa Race of white giants who inhabited Tibet before its occupation by the Mongol race.

Drut One of the final stages in the initiation of the troubadours, in which the initiate exchanges hearts with the Beloved and thus becomes a 'bound man' for all eternity.

Edda Writings which relate to the oldest Norse legends and refer to the destruction of Hyperborea as the 'Twilight of the Gods'.

Eidelon The astral body, according to Agrippa, the double. Paracelsus called it the astral body.

Elelin Another name for the city.

Elementarwesen Elemental beings, animal-men, against whom the Æsir and the hero-gods of the *Edda* fought. They are the 'slaves of Atlantis' who rebelled.

Embla Vitis-Vita.

Endura Cathar ceremony, which follows the new baptism, the *Consolamentum*. Sometimes people committed suicide during the ceremony of *Endura*, in order to escape from the Second Earth of Kaliyuga.

Erika Paios The Cosmogonic Eros, in the Orphic Myth of the Creation of the World.

Fedele d'Amore Sect of poets initiated in the doctrine of A-Mor, in the north of Italy. Dante belonged to this sect.

Female Guru The interior, spiritual female guide. The equivalent of the Valkyrie in German mythology.

Fenhedor Stage which follows the 'glance' in the initiation of the troubadours, when the initiate 'sighs' with love for his Beloved.

Gandharba The magic, secret marriage.

Garden of the Hesperides The Garden of the Golden Apples, which Homer

told us about. It was in Atlantis-Hyperborea. Heracles-Hercules went in search of the golden apples, which are the apples of eternal life and of the resurrection. They are also the Grail. Evidence is given here as to how the Book of Genesis has been expurgated and falsified, transforming the apple into the 'fruit of sin'. The apple symbolises the star of our origins, Venus, the Morning Star, from which came the divine ancestors and knowledge, and with which we must enter into contact so as to be able to resurrect. The star of Lucifer-Apollo-Irmin-Atlas-Poseidon. The female magician, Allouine, the female guru, hands it to us with the Grail. The Valkyrie of the Germanic legend. The tree is the Pillar of the Sky, the Irminsul. Around its trunk coils the Serpent of Eternal Life (Vitis, Embla), and its crown is the firmament studded with Golden Apples, that is to say, stars. Whosoever eats them, or enters into contact with them, discovers eternal life, eternal youth.

Garuda Winged vehicle (bird) of the god Vishnu. That of Siva is the bullock Nandi.

Gondwana Continent which has also disappeared and was believed to have comprised South America, the Antarctic, a part of Africa, Australia and a part of India. More likely a remnant of Mu.

Grail The legend of the Grail reappears forcibly Christianised in the Middle Ages. The Templars disseminated it. It is centred on the legend of the court of King Arthur (who is the King of the Grail and is also called Amfortas). It is interesting to point out that Arthur is Arthos, Bear, that is to say Arctic. By which the exact geographical position of the lost continent of the first Solar Age is pinpointed: Hyperborea, seat of the Grail. In the Middle Ages, it became a cup, when the myth was Christianised, the one from which Christ was said to have drunk at the Last Supper, or else the one in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Christ as it spurted from his side as he hung on the cross. The forced Christianisation was discovered when it became known from reading Plato that the ten kings of Atlantis drank the blood of the sacrifice from cups of gold (and of orichalcum) at the magic ceremony in which they swore always to respect the law of the race of the divine beings from whom they were descended. The mystery of the Gral, or Grail, disappears from the surface of the earth with the destruction of the Templars. However, the German writer, Otto Rahn, asserts that the Cathars guarded the Luciferan stone of the Grail, along with the ancient undeciphered wisdom, in the Castle of Montsegur. He searched for it in the caves of Sabarthe, in the Languedoc. The legend relates that, at the end, Parsifal set sail with the Grail in a Templar ship in the direction of America-Albania, from whence he never returned.

Gral German spelling for Grail, taken from the German poet-troubadour Wolfram von Eschenbach, born in 1170, who describes this mysterious object as a precious stone which fell from the crown of Lucifer during his stellar battle, and on which is to be found engraved the law of the first, divine, Hyperborean beings. The legend of the Gral has a mysterious, polar origin, which coincides with what Plato tells us about Atlantis, where the ten first kings had engraved the law of the semi-divine race on

a sacred stone. They did not respect this law and Atlantis was submerged. The land is laid waste, the king is sick. To recover the Gral is to raise the First Earth, Atlantis, by means of the divine wisdom which is preserved there, bring back health (salvation = *Heil*, in the Old German of the *Minnesänger*-troubadours), cure the Sick King, make him divine again.

Guru Master, guide.

Hamsa Without caste, beyond Saham.

Hamurani The mysterious white race of the rebuilders of Tiahuanacu of the White Gods.

Heil Greeting of the German troubadours and warriors. It means Salve, from Salvation. It is the Ave of the Romans. It is an initiatory mantra. The mantra of the return to Hyperborea, of the resurrection.

Helgoland The Vanir came from the North Pole, the Æsir from the South East. They brought with them Atlas, an ancestor converted into a god. Possibly Atlas, whose real name is Irmin, or IR (Power), was a Van. In any case, he was a Hyperborean, or rather a Venusian, a man from Venus. Æsir and Vanir are identical beings, like the Tuatha de Danann of the Irish saga, who have arrived from some common cosmic point, as exiles who have fallen into the later mixture with the sons of Evenor and Leucippe, with the terrestrial involuted beings, with the products of the earth, possibly with the 'robots' who were sent or left here, or with the degenerate products of a far older, primordial catastrophe which was even more horrifying. Poseidon, who in turn is IR, was the first to fall through his relationship with Cleito, fathering the heroes, the kings of Atlantis-Hyperborea, the semi-divine beings. Thus the Norsemen (and also the Merovingians, the Visigoths and the Friesians) are a product of the interbreeding of the divine beings with the semi-divine Æsir and Vanir. Friesian means free, free man. Frigga is the goddess of the Æsir and Freyja of the Vanir. They are one and the same. I maintain that the name Fresia, which Ercilla invented for the wife of the 'Araucanian' Caupolicán, comes from this goddess. Ercilla was a Visigoth with blue eyes and fair hair, and in the epic poem of *La Araucana* he wished to give us the key to the secret: the Araucanians of whom he tells us were nordic Hyperborean warriors, descendants of the White Gods of America-Albania. Ercilla sang to us 'in code'. The God of the Friesians was Fosite – the Fosite of the *Edda* – son of Baldur or Balder, the gentlest of the Gods of Ancient Germany. With his death, the Twilight of the Gods was unleashed. But Odin or Wotan whispered a great secret, a key word, into his ear as he lay on his funeral pyre.

Spanuth maintains that the island of Helgoland or Heligoland, in the North Sea, is a last remnant of the sunken Atlantis, or rather of Hyperborea. The most ancient name for Helgoland was Fostlandia, Fositelandia. It is a mass of rock which survives from a great catastrophe and from other islands which are now submerged but which still protruded from the water in the sixth and ninth centuries of our age. It was always holy ground, belonging to the cult of Fosite or Forsite.

Homer refers to it as the Island of the Phaecians. Phoesia, in the *Iliad*; clearly a derivative of the God of the polar Norsemen. In the seventh century, Boniface, whose real name was Winfrith, converted the Friesians by force. But it was only a century after that the holy Island was Christianised. It is in the Middle Ages that the name of Heligoland appears, derived from *heiligesland*, holy land, *terra sanctis*, as it continued to be called in Latin. *Heil!* from the Old German, which the *Minnesänger* of the Middle Ages used as a greeting in code. The Friesian language transformed the name into Helgoland.

In ancient times, the cult of the God Fosite slowly drifted into a cult of his female counterpart, the Goddess Foseta. A primordial disorientation was already being anticipated. Or perhaps it was being made clear that on this Holy Island, a polar anteroom, a surviving part of the great lost Hyperborean continent, of Ultima Thule, the Magic Wedding, the *Hieros-Gamos*, was being performed. There 'the King of the Gods celebrated his marriage', the Reunion. Temples commemorating this sacred mystery existed on Helgoland, so Tacitus tells us.

Well, now, at the time of the conversion of the 'pagans' by Bishop Liudger, who had been sent by Rome, a certain Saint Ursula mysteriously appeared, from no one knew where, as patroness of the island. She must certainly have been a mythical, imaginary personage who was clearly conjured up to replace Foseta, thus reincarnating the Archetype, dressing it up in new clothes. Because the most extraordinary part of all this is that Ursula comes from *Ursus*, which means bear (the animal of the North Pole: Arcthos, Arcthus, Arthur), thus indicating the constellation of Ursa Minor, the Little Bear, which includes the Pole Star, into which penetrated the top of the Pillar of IR – or Atlas – which supported the sky in the original pole, in Hyperborea, Ultima Thule, the Paradise of Avalon. All of which continues to point to the end of the terrestrial Road of Return of the Lefthanded Swastika of the journey back to the Far North, the Nuptial Homeland, *Paradesha*.

It is for this reason that the initiates in the warrior order of A-Mor still perform their Magic Weddings (*Gandharba*) in Fositeland, which is now called Helgoland or Heligoland, a surviving, devastated mass of rock, like the land of the Grail. All this so that one day the submerged continent of Hyperborea, the original North Pole, which today is the South Pole, may reappear. A jumping-off point for the Morning Star, for Lucifer.

HER-HIM Another primordial Cosmic Egg, this time formed through the union of Her and Him. Shakti breaks it, out of sympathy with HIM-HER, with Siva or Phanes. Thus there is a non-created woman (the mysterious Lilith?), who did not emerge from the Egg of Him. She is the first Companion of Evenor, called Euripide. He is searching for his Her, She is searching for her Him; but the final union has to take place not in the fusion of opposites, not in the primordial Androgynous, but between HIM-HER and HER-HIM, in the ultimate separation and in the union within this separation. In the resurrection. In NOS. This is the ultimate mystery, only partially revealed, impossible to express fully.

Hesperides Daughters of Atlas. They guarded the garden with the Golden Apples of eternal life. They are really the Hyperborean Norns, the Priestesses of Magic Love. Allouine, Arge and Opis; also Papan in my own legend of a southern Hyperborea.

Hieros-Gamos Magical union between couples, which was carried out in Hyperborea to propitiate the celestial order. Euripides says: 'In the Land of Amber (of Orichalcum) the King of the Gods celebrated his Marriage.'

HIM-HER The primordial Cosmic Egg, formed through the union of Him and Her, before Phanes breaks it.

Hiranyagarbha-Cabda Aryan, Orphic Cabbala.

HRIM Mantra for wine. It destroys the curse which afflicts it and can transform it into Soma.

Huaiyuhuen The immortal body of the Jon magicians, a sort of Siddha-rupa. The astral double, immortalised.

Huelen Native word for the hill of Santa Lucia in Santiago, Chile. It means Sorrow.

Huilka Fortress, in Quichua.

Huilkanota The circle, the order.

HUM Mantra which awakens the Sleeper, resurrects the Beloved, sets Kundalini in motion.

Hvareno Magic energy, capable of modifying and transforming nature.

Hvetramannaland Name which the Vikings and the Celts gave to America.

Hyperborea Original continent in the north of the world, to which the first extraterrestrials – including Lucifer – were supposed to have descended after losing a battle. There they established a Golden Age, until the continent was destroyed by a planetary catastrophe. The age of its existence is a mythical one. The sinking of Atlantis, to which Plato refers, is much later, and includes the disappearance of the islands which survived the primordial catastrophe. Hyperborea means beyond the God Boreas, God of the Cold and Storm. It is a term used by the Greeks to refer to the mythical continent of the nordico-polar divine race from which their Gods sprang.

Icchamtyu Ability to die at will.

Imbunche Mythological being in the legend of Chiloe, the island of the south of Chile. It walks backwards, with its heels turned right round. It is a symbol of the return, of the lefthanded road, of the initiate who goes back up the chakras.

Individuation The process by which the Absolute Personality, totality, the Self is achieved.

IR or ER This is the Hyperborean name for the pillar, which, according to the beliefs of the Greeks and other peoples, supports the sky at the North Pole, rising up into the Pole Star. Root of the greatest of the Gods, Irmin. By derivation, this name was given to the divine or semi-divine being who supported it on earth, Poseidon, Atlas, Heracles-Hercules. In reality, this 'column' was originally a power possessed by

the divine Hyperborean giants to communicate with the ancestral star and other stars in the firmament, a sort of ray (*Vril*) which rose directly from their foreheads towards the universe, enabling them to direct and even change the course of the stars. In the mortal legend it became a pillar. When Hyperborea had been lost, its involuted descendants, the Norsemen, came to worship the tree Irminsul, with the root IR, as the material representation of this pillar and also of the lost superhuman power. In reality, it was a symbolic cult of the divine polar ancestors. The worship of the 'tree which reaches up to the sky' was carried to America by the exodus of the Hyperboreans, and later by the Vikings. In the chapter entitled 'Lemuria' in this book, Allouine recites a poem discovered in Mohenjo Daro, the ancient civilisation of the Indus Valley, whose origins are unknown but are believed to pre-date the Aryan invasion. A line says: '*IR* ar are per Kaduval.' It names IR, the God of the Pillar, the pillar itself, *Vril*, this tremendous power which was lost in the polar night of our origins.

Irmin The Hyperborean God who supports the Pillar of the Sky. The greatest of the Gods.

Irminsul The tree which, in the Norse cult, represents the pillar which supports the sky at the pole. It is an ash tree. In its shade, the sorceress-priestesses still perform initiations into the cult of magic love and the Sacred Marriage. In the south of the world, it is a giant Araucaria. In other places, it is a cottonwood tree. It is also the sacred oak (*Donar*). In its shade, the Æsir met in council. To the Norsemen, it represented their divine ancestry, and through the tree they worshipped their extra-terrestrial ancestors. The *Irminsul* was felled by Charlemagne.

Ja-lus Immortal body, double, of the giant Dropas of Tibet.

Jason Mythical navigator who, with Heracles-Hercules and the twin Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux (Pole), returns to Hyperborea in search of the Golden Fleece (the lost Grail, the Golden Law, Moderation). The kings of Atlantis were ten in number – five pairs of twins. Castor and Pollux were also twins. Perhaps Jason was a Hyperborean king and his magic bride was Medea. It is also said that he was the first troubadour, who rediscovered the sacred law of *trovarclus* (singing in code) on the Hyperborean tree (the Pillar), the Irminsul Tree, a Patriarchal Oak, engraved on a Stone of Gold (of orichalcum). A falcon or a Hyperborean raven, sitting on a branch of an oak tree in Dodona, which was Lamella, gave it to him.

Jon Magician-priest of the Selcnam people of Tierra del Fuego, a kind of Siddha, an immortal divine man.

Kailas Mountain in the Transhimalayas, on whose summit Siva and Parvati celebrated the Magic Wedding, obviously in memory of the Sacred Wedding between Poseidon and Cleito in Hyperborea.

Kaivalya Deep trance, the opposite of *samadhi*, since it keeps one in a state of eternal separation and individualisation. It is the trance of the tantric Siddhas, by means of which the Absolute Personality is achieved. It is

the road of the magician.

Kaliyuga Dark Age of destruction and iron, of the Goddess of Destruction, Kali. The present age.

Kaula Very hermetic tantric sect.

KLIM Mantra of the indescribable pleasure of ecstatic orgasm, without beginning or end.

Kontiki Viracocha White God of South America, who reached Easter Island after the destruction of the Empire of Tiahuanacu.

Korakenke The raven of the Inca, his Garuda, his 'vehicle', his *Allkamari*.

Korava Raven. In Sanskrit, Korava is the name of one of the opposing parties in the great war of the *Mahabharata*.

Krishna Hindu god, one of the avatars of Vishnu. He dances and plays the flute in the Gardens of Vrindavan. He is blue in colour, the same blue as the cloaks of the divine Hyperboreans. The starry night.

Kula Extremely secret circle of the initiates in tantric yoga.

Kunani To preach. In Sanskrit, *ku* means to direct. By means of *Kunani* the Amauta magician-sages of Kusku (Cuzco) directed *Ku*-ndalini.

Kundalini Serpentine energy, which sleeps at the base of the psychic, astral spinal column. By awakening it (it is the Sleeping Beauty, the Beloved who is 'dead and not dead'), the potentiality of the chakras is activated, the Total-Man, Chakravarti, the Superman, is achieved, and entry is obtained into the City of the Immortal Guides, Agharti, the City of the Caesars, Hyperborea.

Kusku (Cuzco) The capital of the Inca Empire, 'Navel of the World'. Central City, Omphalos, distant memory or recollection of the Hyperborean Thule, of the Atlantean Poseidon.

Lemuria Believed to comprise everything that lies submerged in the Pacific.

Lucifer He is Apollo, the God of Light and Beauty. He is also Abraxas and Quetzalcoatl, the Hyperborean, Atlantean solar Kristos. He came down from the Morning Star, Venus. Defeated in a stellar battle, he will always be the loser on the involuted Second Earth of Kaliyuga, but he will be the victor on the Other Earth, when the Golden Age returns. He must lose here in order to carry the earth back to its origins and transfigure it, moving from city to city, chakra to chakra, until he reaches the void of the Black Sun behind the Sun of Gold and the Ray of Green Light behind the Black Sun. He is the God of the Losers in the Kaliyuga and of the Return to Hyperborea. His emblem is the Lefthanded Swastika, that of the Return. He is the supreme Guide of the Pilgrims of the Dawn, of the Acolytes of Lucifer, the Morning Star. Lucifer is also Odin-Wotan. The Cathars called him Luci-Bel.

Mahabharata Epic poem which tells of a great war, perhaps at the beginning of the great decline of the ages and the involution of the Second Earth. *Bharata* is the real name for India, as it was known before the invasion of Alexander. *Maha* means great. The Great Bharatas must therefore be the Hyperborean, Atlantean giants, the inhabitants of a

primordial, mythical, polar land. Subsequently everything was transformed and modified in the epic which we know today, the war between the Koravas and the Pandavas.

Maithuna Mystical, magical coitus in the tantric ritual and initiation. In the Tantra of the Left Hand, it is achieved physically, generally only once, retaining the semem. It is a question of reactivating the chakras, of recreating them and opening the third eye, interior sight, achieving immortality, totality. In the Way of the Right Hand, Maithuna is merely symbolic, interior, with the dead lover, with the Female guru who circulates in the blood. It is the *Minne* of the German troubadours, the *Minnesänger*, and of the Cathar troubadours of the Languedoc and the *Fedele d'Amore* of Northern Italy, of whom Dante was one. It is the Way of Initiation of A-Mor.

Mama Occl White Goddess of America.

Mama Runtu White Goddess of America. (Other names for White Gods include Neua, Pay Zume, Sue-ca, Tamanduare, etc.)

Manasarovar Lake at the foot of Mount Kailas, like Lake Titicaca in the Andes, within the 'synchronicity' and the 'magico-symbolical geography' of the way of synchronistic divinisation of man and the earth.

Mantra Magic sound of the Orphic Cabbala, so to speak. It has to be pronounced exactly, with special mental concentration.

Mantra-yana Road of the Mantra.

Manu Guide, Archetype of a race, who rules an entire age.

Manu-Tara The mythical bird of Easter Island. Manu: root-man, guide of a Kalpa. Tara: Goddess, Shakti, in Sanskrit. Manutara is thus the total man who has found his Shakti, his Kundalini, and is now able to fly.

Mâtrkâ Seminal syllables, called 'Little Mothers', of the Hiranyagarbha-Cabda, the Orphic Cabbala.

Matymjaya Lord of voluntary death.

May Bride The solar, Hyperborean background to the Love-Initiation of the troubadours can be seen in the fact that it is in May, when the sun is resurrected in the northern hemisphere, that the dead bride is discovered and brought back to life. These are the May festivals. The festivals of Maya (from Maya, Illusion, Potency, in Tantrism, the energy of Kundalini). The festivals of Mary, as appropriated and adulterated by Christianity.

Maya The phantasmagoria of shapes in creation. Illusion, according to Vedantic philosophy. Potency, according to Tantrism.

Meru The spiritual, invisible counterpart of Mount Kailas. The Merovingians are said to have come from there. Mero-Meru. Ving or Weg is road in German. Road of Meru.

Minne A-Mor, the memory of a lost love, of something lost at the beginning of time (the Grail, a law) and which circulates in the blood's memory. The German troubadours sang to it.

Minnetrinken Ceremony in which the German troubadours, the *Minnesänger*, drank blood, in which circulated the memory of the nordico-polar Minne, in remembrance of the legendary ceremony of the Atlantico-Hyperborean kings. It is the sacred Soma, which was drunk

from chalices of orichalcum, from the cup of the Grail.

Minnesänger German troubadours who sang the *Minne*, in memory of a love lost at the beginning of the ages, perhaps the Hyperborean wedding of Poseidon and Cleito.

Mohai Gigantic granite sculptures of faces on Easter Island.

Mu Submerged continent. It is believed to have covered what today is the Gobi Desert, part of India, Mongolia, Malaysia, the surviving Easter Island and Tahiti.

Mudra Magical, ritual gesture, made with the hands. It generally accompanies the mantra, being its equivalent in the spatial symbology of gestures. There are runic mudras which act on the introatomic vibrations of the universe, of all the universes.

Mujavat Paradise.

Mulabanda The process which reinverts everything.

Mysterium Coniunctionis Like the Hieros-Gamos, the magic union of the couple.

Naglfar Name which the *Edda* give to the Ship of the Dead, *Wafeln*, *El Caleuche*.

Nadi Psychic channel in the astral body, through which energy flows. The most important nadis are Ida, Susumna and Pingala. Up the central one climbs the serpentine fire of Kundalini. *El Caleuche*, the ghost ship, *Wafeln*, navigates with all its lights on along the 'channels' of the south and north of the world, towards the extreme ends, the poles, which symbolise Kundalini.

Nigredo State which is reached in the alchemical process. Its synchronicity with a psychic and spiritual transmutation has been studied and explained by C. G. Jung.

Norns The Fates, the forces which direct Destiny, the mistresses of Karma in nordic mythology. They speak to the heroes, they whisper to them, in the patriarchal oak-thickets. They predict Destiny.

Numinous Ecstatic state which is produced on contact with the Grail, an Archetype or Oneself, or on recognising the Beloved.

Oases of the Antarctic Another symbol of totality. Heat amidst ice.

Odin God of the *Edda*, in reality a Hyperborean. His emblematic bird is the raven.

Omphalos Symbolises the pillar which supports the sky. Around it the Druids met in council, in the central cities. Milan was one of these cities (*medio-lanum*). The Greeks also met around the Omphalos.

Orichalcum Mysterious metal referred to by Plato in his story of Atlantis. Some contemporary researchers (Spanuth) have tried to say it was the same as amber. But orichalcum had the power to neutralise gravity and must have been the metal which allowed the *vimanas*, the *astras*, to take off and move around the skies, emitting a musical sound. According to Homer, 'they read the thoughts and feelings of men'.

Papan Sister of Moctezuma, the Aztec emperor, according to legend. She dies but doesn't die. She comes back to life and tells her brother that, in

the visions of her half-death, she saw the White God Quetzalcoatl returning in a ship sailing over the Ocean. She begs her brother not to fight him. The one who actually came was the Conquistador, Hernán Cortés.

Paradesha High region, Paradise on the polar Mountain of the Revelation.

Parakletos The Holy Spirit of the Cathars and Gnostics. To the Cathars, it was female and was represented by the Hyperborean dove.

Parastri Initiated bride.

Parfait Cathar adept.

Parsifal Knight of the Legend of the Grail, who finds it through fighting only with his ancient fury and without God. He was said to have been brought up by his mother in a forest, 'like a pure madman'. When one finds the Grail, which is always carried by a virgin damsel, one must ask the right question, otherwise it will disappear. Parsifal advises his friend, Gawaine, another of the knights of the legend of the Round Table, to seek the Grail without God but 'with the memory of your Beloved in your heart'. Parsifal finally finds the Grail and asks the question, cures the sick King Amfortas and takes his place as King of the Grail, 'transfigures' the earth and marries the female guru of the Grail. They have a son, Lohengrin, who rides on the Hyperborean swan, symbol of the north and the dynasty of the kings of the Grail. The Grail was considered by Jung to be an Archetype of the Self, the totality, the *unus mundus*, ultimate centre of the personality, the *Purusha* of Hinduism. However, he didn't develop the theme fully or 'psychologise' it, out of respect for this delicate mystery.

Pasu (Sudra) Inferior men, animal-men, the 'slaves of Atlantis'.

Phanes The Cosmogonic Eros in the Orphic myth. For A-Mor, he breaks the primordial egg and divides the Androgynous.

Phobos Hatred, fear, the opposite of love, that which disunites.

Popul-vuh Also called the Codex of Chichicastenango. Book of the Mayas, in which is related all that is remembered about the creation and destruction of the world. This book has been completely adulterated by the missionaries. It was said to have been written by the Hyperboreans and later reworked by the Vikings. 'Popul' is people in Latin and 'Vuh' is book in German.

Poseidon The God who, in Hyperborean Atlantis, supports the Pillar of the Sky. He is the son of the God Uranus and the Goddess Gaia in Greek mythology. He falls in love with Cleito, fathering the Atlantean semi-divine heroes. The capital of Atlantis takes its name from him. Poseidon comes from *Posis* in Greek and means the married one, married in Hyperborea, at the pole.

Precador Stage which follows that of the *Fenhedor*, when the troubadour-initiate implores his Beloved and describes her beauty.

Purusha Monad, ultimate separated entity of the dualist, Samkhya philosophy.

Quetzalcoatl One of the American White Gods. He is also called the

Plumed Serpent. According to the researcher Jacques de Mahieu, who lives in Argentina, he was a Viking or a Hyperborean, who created first the Toltec and Mayan civilisations and later, in the south and under different generic names, the civilisation and empire of Tiahuanacu.

Rama Hero of the epic poem of the *Ramayana*; avatar, guide in Aries, the Age of the Lamb; Hyperborean, Aryan hero.

Raslila Dance of Krishna, in the centre, with his Beloved – and also outside the circle, with all the shepherdesses of the forest of Vrindavan, but only with Her.

Rebis The Androgynous created in the alchemical Opus.

Rongo-Rongo Tablets on Easter Island, bearing inscriptions which have so far remained undeciphered.

Rubedo The final alchemical stage. It is the equivalent of resurrection in a red, immortal body, made of *Vajra*.

Runes Very ancient signs, mudras and mantras. Their origin is not known. From them is derived the alphabet of the Philistines, a nordico-Hyperborean tribe, from which, in turn, is derived Phoenician script. However, the runes go beyond written script and correspond to the inaudible Orphic Cabbala of magical and cosmic signs.

Sadhaka Tantric initiate, novice.

Sâhu Immortal double of the Egyptians.

Samadhi Supreme Vedantic ecstasy, fusion with the One. *Sam:* with; *Adhi*: Primordial Being. It is the road of the saint.

Samhara-Mudra Sign of dissolution, mudra of voluntary death.

Samsara The movement of the illusory forms of creation. The dance.

Sangam Meeting-place. In India, it is the point at which the waters of the Ganges, the Jumna and the invisible river Saraswati converge. The Manipura chakra is a *sangam*, a meeting place for the rivers of the soul.

Sarmiento de Gamboa, Pedro Spanish conquistador, who was said to have secretly searched for the City of the White Gods.

Selcnam Man of the south of the world, from Tierra del Fuego. According to some anthropologists, he reached there by crossing the Antarctic (from the Interior, Hollow Earth?).

Self or Selbst The ultimate and central point in the persona, which tries to attain itself in Jungian practice. Totality, the 'non-existent', the Ultimate Flower, the city, the Thule of Hyperborea, the Grail, etc. The face of the Beloved, the face of the soul.

Shakti Universal feminine principle, the counterpart of Siva, the creative and active energy of the universe. Although she is the Creator, she does not represent a matriarchy, since she is the wife of Siva, his creative, energetic principle. Siva dances in Her.

Shambhalla One of the hidden subterranean cities in which is performed the tantric initiation that transforms, transmutes and transfigures matter and the world. There are those who say that it is the capital of Agharti.

Siddha Divine being who has made himself immortal, inhabitant of

Agharti and Shambhalla. Formerly he lived in polar Hyperborea, which is now submerged.

Siddha-Ashram Centre where the Siddhas live and teach. Temple of the Immortals.

Siddha-rupa Immortal body of the Siddha.

Silver string Cord which unites the immaterial, astral body with the physical body. It is cut at death.

Siva God of the Hindu Trilogy, of Destruction; he is also the lord of tantric yoga and of virile, solar energy. He destroys so as to open the way to fresh creation.

Skua Seagull of the South Pole, of the Antarctic.

Smara God of Desire.

Soma Sacred, magic drink of the Hyperborean Aryans.

Sophia Wisdom for the Gnostics. It is said that it is Sophia whom the Cathars and the troubadours worship through women. It is she whom Dante seeks in the guise of Beatrice.

Soror Mystica The mystical sister, the woman who is always at the side of the alchemist, handing him the metals to be transmuted. She must touch them with her hand so that they may become impregnated with the feminine vibration necessary for any transmutation, resurrection and immortalisation. This is the process of Tantrism and also of the troubadours' alchemy of A-Mor. The Hyperborean *Hieros-Gamos*.

Sunya The void beyond the last chakra, the leap into the void, into a Black Hole, where the light of the Sun of Gold ends, within the Black Sun, in order to separate and become NOS, separate and united for ever. The Ultimate Flower. The resurrection in the Ray of Green Light, crossing beyond the Black Sun. Its mantra is *HAMSA*.

Svecharin He who can do everything, to whom everything is permitted, through the true liberty achieved in tantric practices.

Swastika, Lefthanded The Swastika which begins the journey back to Hyperborea, the polar homeland and the Morning Star, Venus, the celestial point of origin of the semi-divine beings. The movement of return, towards the Golden Age, when the axis of the earth (the Pillar of Atlas, of Poseidon) was fixed on the Pole Star. Towards the First Earth, towards the Other Earth. The astral, parallel earth.

Swastika, Righthanded The rotatory movement which begins when the Golden Age is lost, Hyperborea is submerged and the Second Earth appears, together with the Age of Iron and the involution of Kaliyuga. It is the Swastika of the Exodus, with which Odin and Rama start on their pilgrimage once the primordial, Nuptial Homeland has been lost.

Synchronicity Coincidence between a deep emotion, an internal event and an external occurrence. They are Nietzsche's 'lucky occurrences filled with meaning'. The road of internal fulfilment must coincide fully with the transfiguration of the external world and the pilgrimage in the exterior landscape, with the immortalisation of the individual. 'What is above is below, what is inside is outside,' states the hermetic saying. Through synchronicity, the Self, the chakras, Kundalini, etc. must have their real equivalents in the hidden cities of the Siddhas and the

immortals, in the interior, hollow earth, in the sacred, magnetic places of the earth and the sky, in the White Gods, in the flying Discs of Light, in the Grail and in an incarnate Beloved who is dead and has returned to life on this earth. This is only possible in the legendary, Hyperborean Martial Initiation of A-Mor.

Tantra System which was codified some 600 years before the present era. Yoga which makes use of sex, either symbolically in the Way of the Right Hand, or practically in the Way of the Left Hand, in order to achieve the mutation into the Superman, into Divya, attaining the Absolute Personality. Tantra means systematisation and also to explain.

Tao The meaning of the universe in the Chinese philosophy of Lao-tse.

Taruka Black antelope. Quichua-Sanskrit name.

Ten-Ten The Serpent of the Earth in the mythology of Chiloe.

Thule or Ultima Thule Capital of Hyperborea.

Toromiro Tree of red wood, found on Easter Island. It symbolises *Vajra*, the red, immortal matter.

Trapalnanda Another name given in America to the Enchanted City.

Tree of Life, The Symbolises the pillar which supports the sky. Up its trunk climbs the *Vitis*, coiling itself around it like the Serpent of Paradise. That is to say, life. The crown of the tree supports the sky or is the sky. Its golden fruits are the stars. In the Nordic legend, it was an ash tree called *Irminsul*. The *Edda* call it *Mjotvidr* and state that it will be felled during the Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods, when the Gods die. That is to say, during Kaliyuga.

Troubadour Comes from *trovare*, to find, rediscover something that was lost, e.g. the Golden Fleece, the Grail, which Jason sought and rediscovered.

Trovar clus To sing in code. The Occitanian troubadours did so in order to convey their messages and their initiation without giving themselves away. Amor, for example, was the opposite of Christian, papal Roma. Roma is Amor spelt backwards, the opposite of the A-Mor of the troubadours.

Tuatha De Danann In Irish tradition, they are the Æsir of Norse legend, the divine ancestors who descended from the stars, the Hyperboreans.

Tulku Kind of Bodhisattva of Tibetan Tantrism. A liberated being who becomes reincarnated as an avatar, ubiquitously, in a number of beings or in a whole people, a kind of Race Spirit.

Tupahue Native name for the hill of San Cristobal, in Santiago de Chile. It means 'Abode of God'.

Turn of the Wheel Eternal Return according to the Nietzschian concept, distinct idea of reincarnation. It is the original, polar, nordico-aryan concept. The eternal return of the same thing.

Ultima Thule The capital of Hyperborea, the lost holy land. The Greek navigator and researcher Piteas of Marseilles searched for it in the north, 600 years before our era.

Nowadays, we use Greek terms for these regions and continents be-

cause we don't know their true names. Doubtless the Germanic, Nordic tradition approximates more closely to the true original.

For the Hindu-Aryans, it was Aryanabaiji, the land of the Aryan, of the Aryan Brotherhood.

Urdhavaretas To go backwards, towards the point of origin, retracing the involution of Kaliyuga.

Urna Superior energy, spiritual power. The fifth-born women of Hyperborea, the priestesses of magic love, possessed it on their foreheads.

Vajra Immortal, red matter, as hard as diamond, immortalised.

Vajra-cita Language of the immortal mind.

Vajra-rupa Immortal body made of Vajra.

Vajra-yana Way of Vajra, of immortality.

Valkyrie Disincarnate woman, mystical wife of the hero, who accompanies him in his struggle and waits for him in Valhalla to hand him the cup of the Grail filled with the ambrosia of eternal life.

Vanir Name of the divine Hyperborean ancestors in the *Edda*. They enter into battle with their relatives, the Æsir, and later they intermarry, giving rise to the Teutonic peoples. They are like the Pandavas and Koravas of the great war of the *Mahabharata*. The Vanir lived in the Hyperborean north. Atlas or Irmin is said to have been a Van. He supports the pillar. Odin or Wotan is an Asa. The God of the Axe, who travels with an axe.

Vara-Mudra Magic gesture which destroys fear and bestows favour.

Varna Means colour and also caste.

Vimana Mysterious flying object, impelled by melodious sounds, Flying Disc spoken of in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

Vira The tantric hero, the semi-divine man-hero.

Vishnu God of the Hindu Trilogy. He is the Preserver.

Völuspa Most important part of the *Edda*, in which the Ragnarök or Twilight of the Gods is described. Nevertheless, the Gods will come back to life. The name comes from the prophetess, Völa, a Hyperborean Norn.

Vril Magical, spiritual power or organ which puts one in touch with all the universes, with the other 'parallel worlds', and with the other dimensions. The Hyperboreans – especially the female magician, the female guru, the fifth-born in a family – possessed this power.

Wafeln The ghost ship of the North Pole. It searches for the lost Hyperborea. It also symbolises Kundalini, because it tries to return to the point of origin, navigating beneath the surface of the water with all its lights on. It is like Quetzalcoatl's fiery Winged Serpent.

White Gods In American legend, they are said to be the Hyperboreans who came to America in times long past, before the Hyperborean continent was submerged, when the poles changed places and the axis of the earth shifted.

Wildes Heer The Furious Horde of the dead warriors of Odin-Wotan

which will return at the end of time as the 'last battalion', to fight the decisive battle for the return of the Gods and the restoration of the Golden Age. The transfiguration of man and the earth. The resurrection.

Woevre Saelde Mysterious woman, guide of the *Minnesänger*, the German troubadours, the Sons of Woevre Saelde, of Isolde.

Wotan Odin. His emblematic weapon is the axe, a Hyperborean sign.

Yggdrasil Another name which the *Edda* give to the tree. It is destroyed during the Ragnarök.

Yoga Hindu philosophical system, science and technique of 'unity' or reintegration, in the Vedanta. Technique, science of absolute 'disunity' in Samkhya dualism. Art of 'individuation', of totality, in the Tantra. Way of Absolute Personality and the Superman, of Resurrection, in the revelations made in this book. The way of NOS.

Yogini Initiated woman of Tantrism.

NOS

BOOK of the RESURRECTION

Miguel Serrano sees *Nos* as the culmination of his work, a hermetic autobiography based on Nietzsche's idea of eternal return rather than on the idea of reincarnation. It is a continuation of *El/Ella: Book of Magic Love*, and in this new book Serrano goes beyond the search for the androgynous to find a new unity of self and soul. NOS is WE, when the one becomes more than one (as in the Tibetan *Tulku* and the Indian *Boddhisattva*), when man becomes one with his soul or *anima* to become EL/ELLA, when woman becomes one with her soul or *animus* to become ELLA/EL. The absolute man and the absolute woman.

In telling this integrated, symbolic tale, the author draws on many different traditions: the myths and initiations of the troubadours, the Grail legend, alchemy, Amerindian legends, and the ideas of Jung. Jung once told Serrano: 'Only the poet will understand me.' This book is Serrano's poetic continuation of Jung's work.

The Author

A former Ambassador of Chile in India, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Austria, Miguel Serrano now lives in the Chilean Andes. He has been a traveller and explorer in southern Chile and in Antarctica, searching for the myths and legends of the aboriginal people of the South of the world. He was a friend of the Dalai Lama, C. G. Jung and Hermann Hesse, and an account of his friendship with Jung and Hesse appears in *C. G. Jung and Hermann Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships* (Routledge & Kegan Paul). His other books include *El/Ella: Book of Magic Love*, *The Serpent of Paradise: The Story of an Indian Pilgrimage* and *The Ultimate Flower* (all published by Routledge & Kegan Paul).

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